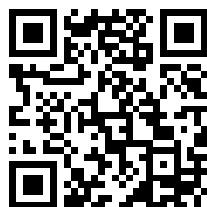

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The Rosary magazine

Dominicans

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

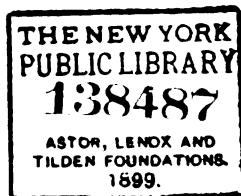
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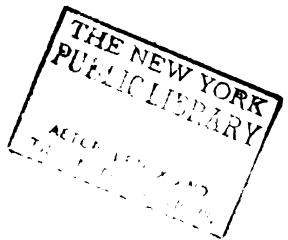
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No. 1



WITH THE CHANGING YEARS.

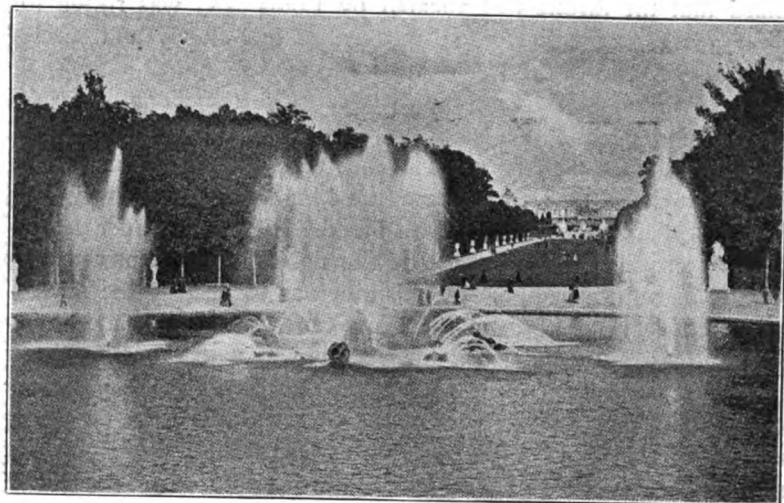
WILLIAM D. KELLY..

DIRGE and a tear for the dying year,
To its doom in the darkness driven;
Let the ills it brought and the wrongs it wrought
Be forgotten and forgiven.

And a song of cheer for the newborn year
As it enters the open portals;
May love, joy and peace with its days increase
And gladden the hearts of mortals.



Marie Antoinette.



APOLLO BASIN IN THE PARK AT VERSAILLES.

FRENCH WOMEN OF THE OLD REGIME.

COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI.



HEN in 1774, Louis XVI. ascended the throne of France, he seemed to have a prophetic conviction that under the golden lilies of his regal diadem were concealed sharp thorns that were to wound the wearer's brow.

Louis XV. died of virulent small pox in the evening of the 10th of May and a few minutes later, the Comtesse de Noailles entered the apartment of the Dauphin and Dauphiness and hailed

them King and Queen of France. The young sovereigns burst into tears and, moved by the same impulse, fell on their knees exclaiming: "My God, help us, we are too young to reign!" And at Vienna, the wise Empress-Queen, Maria Teresa, in her motherly care for her royal daughter, wrote that she "was anxious, truly anxious, for the burden is a heavy one." Yet neither the far seeing Empress, nor the straightforward Louis, still less his fair, young wife fully

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realized that the throne just vacated by Louis XV. was rotten to the very core, that the errors of past rulers had slowly and surely dug an abyss beneath the feet of their successors.

The evils of which Louis XVI. was to be the victim were of long standing and all the Bourbons Kings, since Henry IV., had unwittingly contributed to prepare the terrible Revolution which, a few years later, was to upheave the kingdom, sweep away the throne and deluge the country with blood. Richelieu, under Louis XIII., by crushing the influence of the nobility, had deprived the throne of its natural supporters; his aim was to destroy the sovereign's possible rivals, but, at the same time, he thus isolated and left defenseless and unguarded the very power whose prerogatives he intended to protect. The endless wars of Louis XIV., glorious and successful though they were at the outset, drained the financial resources of the land. Moreover, by concentrating all the life of the upper classes at Versailles, he necessarily diminished the influence exercised by the great nobles in the provinces where they possessed property. A number of noblemen spent the whole of their lives at Court, deserting their stately ancestral homes in order to bask in the sunshine of royal favor. "There is not in the kingdom a single large estate whose proprietor does not reside in Paris," says a writer in 1756, "consequently his houses and lands in the provinces are neglected." To reside at Versailles or in Paris, whence a daily visit to Versailles was possible, became the custom, only the poor noblemen remained in the provinces and to be sent by the King to live in the country was considered by those who had incurred his displeasure as a grievous punishment. Hence the ties that bound the nobles to their tenants and dependants naturally became looser and the dangerous effects of this system were only too evident at the outbreak of the Revolution.

Louis XV., by the vices of his private life, hastened the general disorganization and under his reign the teaching of the so called philosophers gradually sapped the principles of religion and morality among the educated classes. The millions lavished by the King on his favorites, the incapacity or corruption of many of his ministers continued to exhaust the finances of the kingdom and excited general discontent. At the outset of his reign, Louis XV., the last direct descendant of Louis XIV., young, handsome, had been invested by his enthusiastic subjects with every virtue and surnamed by them Louis the Beloved; through his own fault he lost the popularity lavishly bestowed and in 1774 stones were thrown at him when it was carried to St. Denis!

At this grave juncture, it would have needed a mind unusually clear, a firm judgment and a strong will to cope with the thousand difficulties that lay in the path of the new ruler of France. Reforms were sorely needed, but they were demanded with an impetuosity that was in itself alarming. "It will be impossible to please every one in a country where people wish things to be done immediately," wrote the young Queen to her mother.

In peaceful days, Louis XVI. might have been a popular and prosperous sovereign, but he lacked the gifts of a ruler in stormy times. Heavy and ungraceful in appearance, abrupt in his speech and manner, he did not possess those brilliant external qualities, which secondary though they be, are prized almost too highly by the impressionable and impulsive French people. He was essentially sincere and honest, deeply religious, full of good intentions and blameless in his private life. But the late king and his ministers had deliberately kept him in ignorance of the affairs of state, consequently he had acquired no experience. This might have been remedied had he vigorously taken in hand the reins of government, but there existed in his otherwise estimable character an incurable defect: he was hopelessly weak and undecided. Throughout his reign, this absence of decision was a source of grave evil and bitter suffering to himself and his surroundings.

The Queen, Marie Antoinette of Austria, who, at the age of fifteen, came from Vienna to share the apparently brilliant prospects of the heir to the French throne, has been the subject of as many



MADAME ROYALE.

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

historical controversies as her hapless namesake, Mary Stuart. Recent publications in which a spirit of grave and impartial research is happily blended with the romantic interest that attached itself to the most unhappy of Queens, have given us what appears a faithful portrait of Marie Antoinette in the two distinct periods of her life. As Dauphiness and as Queen before 1789, she was a singularly beautiful and charming woman: generous, high minded, kind hearted, absolutely pure in mind and morals. Her faults in the days of her short-lived prosperity reduce themselves to a somewhat childish contempt for the stringent and, we may add, most wearisome etiquette of the French Court, an exaggerated fondness for dress and jewels; a certain easy good nature, half indolence, half kindness, that made her the prey of designing or ambitious spirits and a love of excitement and amusement, that exposed her to severe criticism. Nothing graver can be laid to her charge when in the flush of youth, beauty and outward prosperity, she was the central figure of the French Court. After the birth of her children, her nature seemed to develop in depth and gravity, she proved herself not only a most tender, but a wise and firm mother. After 1789, a complete transformation took place: the thoughtless and impetuous Queen became a heroine, whose patience, devotedness, dignity and Christian spirit amidst unexampled trials must command respect and admiration.

The change that was worked by suffering in the beautiful Queen of France may be traced, in a more or less degree, in the women of the old Régime, who, reared in ease and pleasure, proved themselves heroic in days of trial and the transformation is all the more remarkable when we consider that to most of them the horrors of the Revolution came as a ghastly surprise.

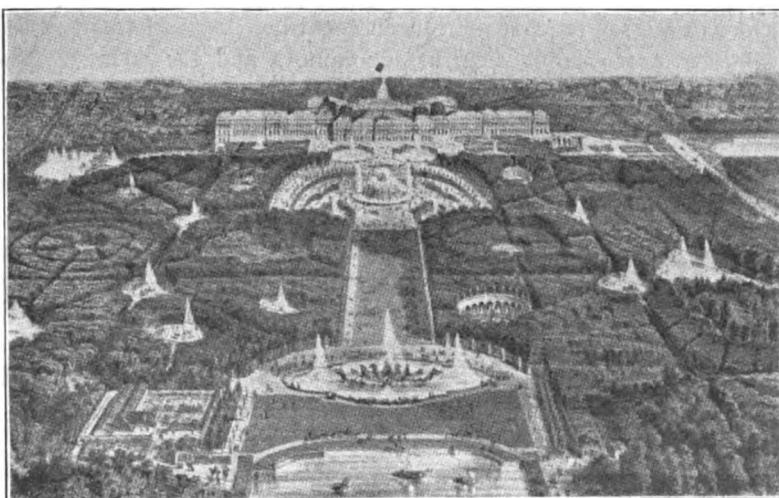
No doubt, a certain number of thoughtful spirits realized that there was danger ahead, but to any ordinary spectator, the Court of Louis XVI., in its early days, presented a reassuring aspect of splendor and prosperity.

Both sovereigns were young and, at the outset, seemed beloved by the people; their blameless lives contrasted favorably with the vices and abuses of the last reign.

It was well known that the new King was interested in the welfare of his subjects and that he wished to fulfill his duties towards them to the best of his ability. On public occasions, his somewhat undignified appearance, brusque manner and natural timidity were forgotten at the sight of the Queen's beauty and graciousness. A superficial observer might have concluded that a golden age of hap-

piness was about to dawn for France! But alas, the picture that contemporary writers give us of the Court of Louis XVI. during its brief period of splendor has the pathetic charm of things about to vanish for evermore, the fascination of a sunlit landscape before the storm.

The Queen young, lovely, and apparently popular, although at an early date calumny sought to tarnish her fair name, was its central figure. Indulged by her husband, indifferent to politics, having as yet no children to divert her thoughts into safer channels, she spent her time in organizing amusements into which she threw



THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES, FROM THE PARK.

herself with the innocent, but thoughtless gaiety of a beautiful child. She loved to follow the hunts in the Bois de Boulogne, to be present at the races that took place in the plain of Longchamps. It amused her to break the monotonous existence of Versailles by frequent visits to Paris, where she used to attend the balls given at the Opera sometimes surrounded by regal state, or else incognita with a few intimate friends. At one time, she bought so many jewels that her mother wrote her a somewhat rough letter of reproof, or again she invented new "coiffures," which, when copied and exaggerated by the Court ladies, roused the caustic irony of contemporary writers. Great ladies of the period, we read, used to raise on their heads elaborate edifices, in which their own hair was mixed with a pro-

fusion of gauze, feathers, flowers, fruits and ribbons, ingeniously arranged to represent a mountain, a landscape, a garden, a stormy sea or a group of persons! The Duchess de Chartres appeared, wearing on her head a group representing her infant son,—the Duc de Valois, afterwards King Louis Philippe,—his nurse, a little negro boy and a parrot! Others indulged in similar inventions, no less extravagant, much to the horror of the outspoken Empress Maria Teresa whom the bewildering “coiffures” of the French Court seem to have shocked even more than her daughter’s extravagance in buying jewels.

It was at Trianon, the fairy palace given to her by the King, close to Versailles, that the Queen spent her happiest hours. Here, she strove to forget the irksome honors and the stringent rules of etiquette that weighed so heavily on her impulsive nature. Here, surrounded by a group of chosen friends, she dressed in plain white muslin and discarded the costly jewels and eccentric “coiffures” that excited her mother’s indignation, in order to play the shepherdess and to move freely about the dairy and farm of her miniature domain. In more peaceful times, when respect for royalty was still firmly rooted in the hearts of the people, the amusements of this Queen of twenty would have been indulgently smiled upon, but a spirit of rebellion and criticism had been steadily growing up in the minds of men for the last fifty years. Neither the young sovereign’s charm and beauty nor her kind heart, delicate feeling and generosity to the poor could disarm her enemies and almost from the hour of her accession her motives were misrepresented and acts that were merely imprudent magnified into serious offences.

Around Marie Antoinette, in her prosperous days, gathered a group of women, many of whom we shall meet again, a few years later, in very different circumstances.

Louis XVI. had two aunts, who were aged and somewhat soured; the wives of his two brothers, the Counts of Provence and Artois, were sister-princes of Savoy, unattractive in appearance and insignificant in character, but younger than these and remarkable by the nobility of her nature was the Princess Elizabeth, the King’s youngest sister, who remained unmarried. She is undoubtedly one of the most perfect women of these stormy times and proved an angel of consolation to her family in hours of suffering. Less brilliant and less beautiful than the Queen, who was eight years her senior, she became later on Marie Antoinette’s dearest comforter, but, before the Revolution, the two had few tastes and pursuits in common and no real intimacy existed between them. As a child,



THE DAUPHIN, SON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

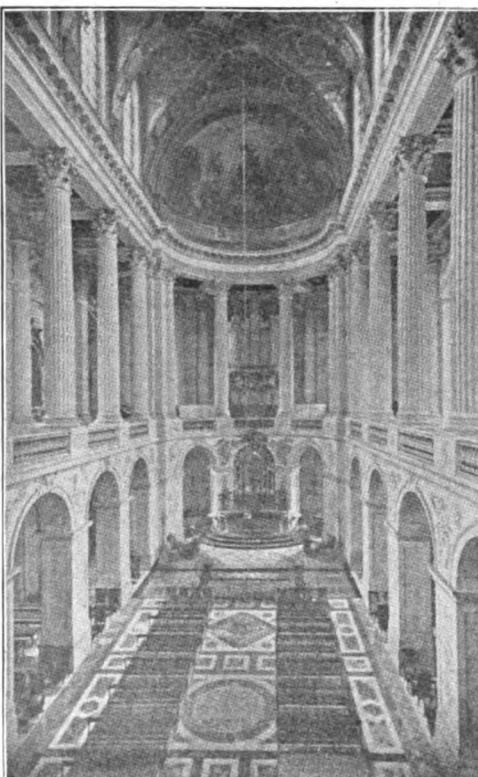
Madame Elisabeth had alarmed her teachers by her violent temper, but, under the influence of religion, the haughty spirit had softened and the overbearing, passionate little girl became an energetic and noble woman. Surrounded by a few ladies, who had been her playmates and who remained her friends, Madame Elisabeth led a quiet, active and useful life under the same roof as the Court, but outside its turmoil of dissipation. Sometimes, to her intense delight, she was able to live for some time together at Montreuil, a country house that the King had given her in the neighborhood of Versailles and the letters of her friends give us a charming picture of her simple and happy life in this beloved home. Her arrival at Montreuil was a cause of rejoicing among the peasants, whom she cared for as though they were her children. She considered her revenues as the property of the poor and only kept for herself what was strictly necessary. The needy, the sick, the unhappy who lived near her were the objects of her constant attention. The milk from her dairy was given to the little children of her poor neighbors and constantly she refused to spend money on furniture or improvements, saying: "If I do not incur this expense, I shall be able to help another poor family."

She was active in her habits and her days were divided between prayer, reading, needle-work and conversation with her ladies, whom she treated with sisterly kindness. Their moral and material interests were dear to her and they returned her affection by a passionate devotion, of which the correspondence of two of them, Madame de Raigecourt and Madame de Bombelles, offers a striking example.

Unlike her brother the King, Madame Elisabeth possessed energy and decision together with a sound good sense that enabled her to measure, almost from the outset, the extent of the danger that threatened the throne of her ancestors. Willingly and sweetly, she remained to share her brother's fate, but her clear-sightedness and natural firmness were often startled by the blind delusions and weak policy of the King. "It seems to me," she wrote to her friends, "that in affairs of government as in those of education, one ought never to say *I will* unless one is certain to be right. If once the word is said, it must be strictly kept to. * * * The King is always afraid of making mistakes and wondering if he has not committed an injustice."

More intimate with the Queen than Madame Elisabeth during her happy years of youth and splendor was a princess of the house of Savoy, who had married the Prince de Lamballe, cousin of Louis

XVI. and who, after a few months of wedded misery, was left a widow at the age of nineteen. Marie Thérèse de Savoie-Carignan, Princesse de Lamballe, was fair and graceful in appearance, blameless in her private life, delicate in health, with a somewhat narrow intellect and a temper sensitive to a fault. During several years, she was the Queen's favorite companion, then their friendship seemed to cool and Madame de Lamballe partially retired from Court life to devote herself to her aged father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre. When the Revolution broke out and the



THE PALACE CHAPEL.

Queen's safety was threatened, the Princess generously returned to take up her post by the side of her royal mistress, for whose sake she eventually sacrificed her life.

Madame de Polignac, who succeeded the Princess de Lamballe in the Queen's confidence and affection, was charming in appearance and manner, but the exaggerated marks of favor which the Queen, in her impulsiveness, lavished on her new friend aroused public indignation. The finances of the country were in a critical condition and the enormous sums of money and unmerited honors bestowed on the Polignacs and even on their friends produced, it must be owned, a deplorable effect.

Marie Antoinette did not realize the danger until it was too late, but the Austrian ambassador Mercy, in his letters to Vienna deplores her "blindness," a blindness all the more to be regretted because of the scoffing and critical spirit that was prevalent in the

highest circles. The writings of the so called philosophers were responsible for the development of this irreverent and free thinking tone that respected neither God nor the King. Society was gay, witty, frivolous, when it was not blasphemous; immense importance was attached to trifles and a vague sentimentality, the result of the writings of Rousseau, had taken the place of religion among a large portion of the fashionable world. These things impress us all the more forcibly, knowing as we do the yawning abyss that stretched beneath the feet of those brilliant, gay courtiers and fair women.

Among them here and there, however, we find, even among those most closely connected with the Court souls of great and solid virtue, whose worth was perhaps little recognized in the sunshiny days of the old Régime, but whose unworldly lives were an unconscious preparation for the tragic sorrows that the future held in store.

Among the noble French families, that of the de Noailles is one of the most illustrious and its members were conspicuous for the services they rendered to their king and country. Under Louis XVI., the eldest son of the Duc de Noailles bore the title of Duc d'Ayen; he had married a daughter of the Chancellor d'Agnesseau. Madame d'Ayen was the worthy descendant of an honorable, dignified, if somewhat austere race of lawyers and magistrates. The "noblesse de robe," as it was called, had a very different stamp from the "noblesse de cour" and the duchess bore with her among her new surroundings the gravity and strict sense of duty in which she had been reared. She was deeply religious, somewhat rigid perhaps in her tendencies, for the "noblesse de robe" had certain Jansenistic proclivities, charitable to the poor and devoted to the service of God and to the training of her five daughters. Her husband, the Duc d'Ayen, must have been of a very different character: brilliant, witty, brave, with the easy grace and rare conversational powers of the courtiers of the day, he lived chiefly at Court, when his military duties did not call him away to the provinces. Like those of his race, he was a good soldier, had taken part in many campaigns and filled several important military posts. These duties and his love for society absorbed his time and he rarely made a prolonged stay at the great Hôtel de Noailles, in the Rue St. Honori, where the Duchess consecrated herself entirely to the education of her children. The hôtel stood almost in front of the Church of St. Noch, it has long been destroyed and streets and houses built upon its large gardens.



MADAME ELIZABETH,
SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.

of evil. Just and charitable, she possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the virtue of detachment." "We were," writes another of her daughters, Madame de la Fayette, "the objects of her tenderest love and of her foremost attention." She herself regulated every detail of her children's education, read with them, conversed intimately with them, formed their judgment and raised their hearts above the vicissitudes of life.

We shall, in succeeding chapters, have a further glimpse of the Duchess d'Ayen and her daughters. Of the five, one, Madame de Thezen, died before the outbreak of the Revolution; the others were: Madame de Noailles, who married her first cousin and was her mother's close companion in life and death; Madame de la Fayette, the brave wife of the celebrated General; Madame de Montagu, whose ruling passion was her love for the poor, and Madame de Grammont, who went

According to the fashion of the day, Madame d'Ayen's daughter married young, at 15 or 16, and amidst trials and difficulties of no common order, proved themselves worthy of their early training. That training was founded deeply on Christian principles: "My mother," writes one of the sisters, "had a sincere heart, a strong character, a deep and wise intelligence, she was entirely devoted to what she believed to be her duty, whatever the cost might be. She was extremely well balanced in mind and her words, like her feelings, were always reasonable. She dreaded 'the very shadow



PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.

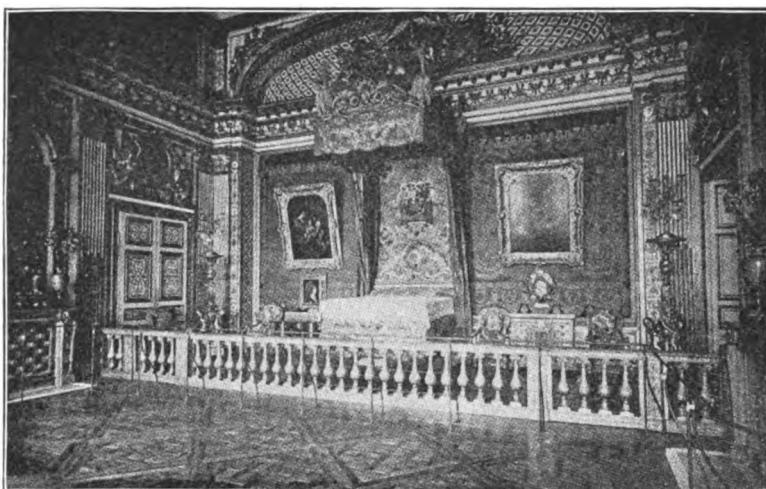
through a long and chequered life with an untroubled tranquility, the result of her absolute acquiescence to the will of God.

Of a somewhat similar stamp of character was the Marquise de Tourzel, to whom, when the Tolignacs had to leave the Court, the Queen entrusted the education of the little Dauphin. She was left a widow in 1786 with five children and was living in retirement, when the King appealed to her well known devotion to his family and begged of her to accept a post, which was, even then, a post of danger. Madame de Tourzel obeyed and at the outset of the Revolution she undertook the training of the unfortunate little prince, whose tragic fate cast a shadow over her own life. She was a woman of deep piety, brave, dignified and absolutely devoted to her royal masters. Her daughter tells us that the chief motive that made her accept the King's proposal was the sight of the sorrows and dangers that were beginning to gather round the royal family.

The examples we have just quoted prove that even in the worldly atmosphere of Versailles and Paris there were souls unspoiled by the scoffing and frivolous spirit of the day. In the distant provinces, their number was still greater. In the far away manor houses of Brittany, in Norman Châteauy, above all in the remote districts of la Vendée, the dangerous theories of Voltaire, Rousseau and their disciples had not undermined old customs and traditions. Life was simple and active, the relations between landlord and tenant cordial and peaceful. Habits of travel had not penetrated into the provinces and whole families lived near together from year's end to year's end in tranquil monotony, but also in great union and peace. The Duchess de Reggio gives us, in her memoirs, a pleasant picture of the life of a noble provincial family, under the old Régime.

The family she describes consisted of Monsieur and Madame de Coucy, their ten children, four sons, three of whom were soldiers and one a priest; six daughters, one of whom was a "chanoinesse," one a nun and four unmarried at home. "All lived together in perfect union," writes the Duchess, "when in the summer time the young officers and the 'Abbé' came home, the old house became quite gay. * * * The neighbors gathered under its roof in joyous parties; their families were enormous and in those days ten and twelve children might often be seen assembled around the table * * * neither the parents nor their children appeared to suffer from that distrust of Providence and dread of the future that in our days poison the family happiness of so many."

Another attractive sketch is that given of an ancient manor



BEDROOM OF LOUIS XIV.

house in the mountains of Savoy, where the Marquis and Marquise Costa, the latter's aged father, five children, an "Abbé" who was at once chaplain and tutor and an old friend of the family, whose home was under its roof, lived far from the world in an atmosphere of peace, harmony, noble thoughts and aspirations amidst the simplest surroundings. "The home," writes a descendant of the Marquis of that day, "was without any luxury, there was not much money to be found in it, but that little was put in common between masters and servants. No one was troubled about the future, for in those days the King could not die and each member had his definite duties towards his country and his God."

In Brittany and la Vendée, where the landlords seldom left their country homes, the ties that bound them to their dependants were singularly affectionate. A writer says in 1760 that Brittany was at that date an "earthly paradise"; the traveller observed "real patriarchal authority on the part of the landlords and the attitude of the peasants towards them was that of affectionate children. * * * The "seigneurs," he adds, "speak to the peasants kindly and cheerfully, between them reigns mutual affection."

In Vendée, where on account of the agricultural system that prevailed, the interests of the landlord were still more closely bound up with those of his dependants, the "seigneur" visited the farms frequently, shared the joys and sorrows of his tenants, was present

at the wedding of their children. "On Sundays, a ball is organized in the court of the Castle and the ladies of the manor take part in it. When the 'seigneur' intends to hunt the wolf or the wild boar, he begs the parish priest to announce it at High Mass for the peasants to be ready to accompany him, which they do most willingly."

But the ties of mutual affection could only subsist where the landlord resided among his people and identified himself with their daily interests. Since Louis XIV., the most wealthy of the nobles had abandoned their country homes. M. Tanie, the eminent historian, whom we have just quoted, observes that "an all powerful attraction draws the nobles from the provinces to the capital"; it was at Paris and at Versailles that they hoped to find the worldly advantage of position that the King was able to give to those who attracted his notice and gained his favor. Hence more solid advantages were overlooked and the ties that might in an evil hour have helped to save the monarchy, were gradually loosened and broken.

And so, from the very outset of the new reign, threatening clouds hung over the kingdom. In spite of its apparent splendor, elements of discord were at work in the Court itself, a few noble, but visionary souls believed in an era of prosperity, during which the sceptre of a right minded sovereign was to redress all abuses and heal all wounds; but other more thoughtful spirits felt that a deadly peril was at hand and braced themselves to meet it with truly Christian courage.



LOUISE DE NOAILLES.

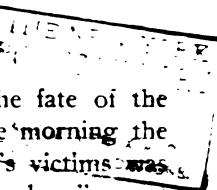
(To be continued.)

THE NEW GRAVE AT HAVANA.

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.



TRUST my poor boy escaped the fate of the many," I said, with a shiver, the morning the blowing into glory of the Maine's victims was flashed over the country. "My poor boy," meant Sears Baxter, the sailor-soldier, who a score of years back, first crossed my path—then a shock-headed, freckle-faced boy of thirteen. An ambitious young teacher, I had crossed the state line, with a pardonable pride, at having been selected to teach the first public school in that mountain county. Of course there had been public schools in other parts of the state years and years before—good, first-class schools, too, presided over by capable, up-to-date teachers. In fact the Pan-Handle counties, staunch and loyal, had a splendid system of education in operation—fully fifteen years previous—ever since the spunky little state of West Virginia had announced her intentions of taking care of herself. The people in the mountain districts were very poor, the schools heretofore, dependent on private subscriptions, had necessarily been both few in number and inferior in quality, hence, as might have been expected, the pupils were far up to the average in point of advancement. They were eager to improve, however, and during my year's labor in their midst, progressed in a way that was both complimentary to themselves and gratifying to me. The improvement in my little friend, Sears Baxter, was phenomenal, and from being a very commonplace, inert, indolent scholar, he became a leader, industrious, persevering, with an ambition worthy of himself, looked forward to something beyond a mountaineer's plodding in the years to come. In succeeding he did in a modest way, though his desire to be a soldier set him aside from the career I had pictured out for him. In getting an appointment to West Point, he honored well as his friends by the high standing earned by his conduct.



Despite my remonstrance he always credited me with "making him over," though it was quite evident to me as well as to others that all I succeeded in accomplishing, was merely rousing him to a knowledge of his dormant powers, which, but for his close, intense application, would never have been developed. However, I appreciated his gratitude — a gratitude that ended only with his life, the very last letter I received from him, written after the Maine was moved over that treacherous mine, referring to his obligations incurred in that little old log school-house at the foot of the mountains.

I feared the very worst when I read of the terrible catastrophe on that February morning, and the next day when the list of the saved was published and no "Sears Baxter" among them, I decided at once to go to the poor old mother and sister, alone with their sorrow in the lonely little cabin far up on the mountain-side.

Making the few necessary preparations, I took the afternoon train, but on account of delay in changing cars, I was obliged to remain in Parkersburg over night. I went up to the little mountain station on the first train in the morning, but it was almost noon before I succeeded in inducing one of the thriftless mountaineers to risk his neck in making the trip up the slippery route to the Baxter cabin. In fact, when I saw the crazy old "jumper," to which he hitched his apology for a mule, I decided that his diffidence about earning five dollars was quite pardonable, and only the importance of the mission upon which I had started, induced me to venture up the icy ascent.

The little two-roomed cabin had not changed materially in appearance during my twenty years' absence, and despite the lapse of time, everything around and about it was in as exact order as it had been in those old far-away, never-to-be-forgotten days. "I'll wait a bit before unhitchin' the 'critter' to see if you will want to go back with me," said the owner of the dilapidated rig, stamping his feet and rubbing his finger to get some feeling into them.

"Better come in and warm yourself while waiting," I urged, and the half-frozen man replied by springing nimbly to the ground and following me up the freshly swept path to the cabin-door.

The whirr of the spinning-wheel within stopped short at my knock, and pulling the latch-string that hung outside, in answer to the provincial "come in," I pushed the heavy door open, and entered.

"Good morning, madam," said Sears' mother, with a little old-fashioned "curtsy," stepping forward, her knitting needles moving mechanically meanwhile, to welcome the strangers.

"Isabel!" exclaimed 'Lisbeth, springing up from her wheel, upsetting the old splint-bottomed rocker in her excitement. "Isabel, my dear friend!" she repeated, wringing my hand in her intense fashion. Then turning to her mother, she said, "This is Isabel, mother, don't you mind Isabel? Her that was Isabel Burt, Sears' best loved teacher?"

"La, yes, I could never forget her," answered the old woman, dropping her knitting to press my hand in both of her own. "You see, I was sort of blinded with the sun shinin' on the snow," she added, not willing to admit that it was possible to forget any one who had ever befriended Sears. "Yes, indeedy, I mind Isabel Burt, and I am mighty glad to see her. My! wouldn't Sears like to be here to welcome her to-day! You haint forgot Sears, Isabel; him that took such a likin' to learnin' when you taught?"

"Oh, dear, how you do run on, mother," 'Lisbeth said. "Do give the half-frozen woman time to take off her things."

I submitted to 'Lizbeth's pampering, glad of a few minutes to collect my thoughts. Evidently the news of the Maine calamity had not reached them. Secluded in their mountain-fastness, the world had been weeping over the fate of their dear one, for three whole days, while they, blissful in their ignorance, were still looking forward to the time when the "boy's" annual visit would bring them enough cheer to brighten their lives for another twelve months. I had traveled over a hundred miles in the dead of winter, to mingle my tears with theirs, to comfort them with my sympathy, and now alas! instead of the healing words I had come to speak, I must crush their hopes and break their hearts with the heavy tidings I bore. I was tempted to leave their shut-in world as I found it, thus adding a few more happy days or possibly only hours to their unbroken peace, but a moment's consideration of this cowardly project convinced me that this procrastinating would only add to the weight of the crushing blow when it did fall. Satisfied that the responsibility weighing upon me should not be shifted to other shoulders, I decided to break the tidings at once and with all the tenderness in my power. And I did the best I could, though I have no recollection of what I said nor how I said it. All that I could remember then or afterwards, was the stony expression that crept

into the old mother's faded eyes, forcing from her lips a heart-broken sigh.

With a groan 'Lizbeth covered her face with her hands, and rocking back and forth, gave vent to her grief in tears and sobs and loud lamentations.

But the mother's eyes remained dry, her voice was low and firm as with infinite tenderness, in which there was a suggestion of pride, she rehearsed the story of Sears' patriotic ancestry, in which the legacy of a soldier's death was handed down from father to son, handed down from generation to generation, until — with the passing of her own boy — her baby Sears, the sixth had been reached — the sixth and last, since Sears had left no son into whose keeping the legacy of patriotism could be intrusted.

I had heard before of the five generations of soldier-graves in the little burying-ground on the mountain-side, and being anxious to look upon them and read their quaint inscriptions, I dismissed my driver and went with 'Lizbeth and her mother to the graveyard. There, in a row, were the five tombs, old, old fashioned sandstone slabs covering all but the last one -- that of Sears' father. To this grave had been erected a more modern memorial, a plain marble shaft, the pride of the three dear ones, who had toiled and saved and sacrificed that father might have a head-stone worthy of the life he had given to his country.

These noble ancestors had all fallen in battle — a record of place and time as inscribed on the tombstones I have copied as follows.

After the "Sacred to the memory of" in the oldest script — the lettering of more than a century ago — the record stands.

1. "Hugh Baxter of John. A member of ye Virginia Rangers, Killed at Braddock's Defeat, near Fort Necessity, July 9, 1755. Aged 38 years."

2. "David Baxter, of Hugh, Killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1774. Aged 29 years."

3. "Watson Baxter, of David, Killed at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814. Aged 41 years."

4. "Sears Baxter, of Watson, Fell at the Battle of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846. Aged 43 yrs."

5. "Hugh Baxter II, of Sears, Killed at Petersburg, April 2, 1865, aged 37 yrs."

"There will be one more grave in our lot to be strewn with flowers next Decoration Day," said 'Lizbeth, and then the thought of Sears' burial place, forcing itself upon her for the first time, she looked at me, and said half doubtfully, "They are bringing his body home?"

I shook my head, explaining the hindrances in the way, and what I had read about the burial at Havana. At this 'Lizbeth became hysterical, and wringing her hands, said, emphatically: "I will never submit to that, never."

"Poor girl! poor 'Lizbeth," consoled her mother, laying her hand kindly on the excited girl's bowed head. "You see, Isabel, she was merely a baby, only eight years old when our other grave was dug, and she thinks —"

"I know I cannot endure it, mother," interrupted 'Liz'beth. "The dreadful trial and then no grave, I don't think, I know."

"The angels will watch over the dear dead's grave, daughter; watch until the way is opened to bring him back to his own country and his own people," soothed her mother.

"I will die, I must die," persisted 'Liz'beth.

"Trouble does not kill, daughter dear," the little mother remonstrated. "I've carried a broken heart for more'n thirty years, and yet it beats on and on, and on, as if the pain was only food to keep it alive. Some day, as Isabel says, he'll come back—still and silent—to fill the vacant place in the lot left for him, but 'Liz'beth, may be many other graves will have to be dug first."

"There ought to be many to avenge his death," cried 'Liz'beth. "I feel like going to war myself. It is blood for blood, you know."

"Will it ease the pain in our hearts to know that other mothers and sisters are suffering with us?" asked her mother.

"Poor mother!" said 'Liz'beth, at sight of her mother's white, drawn face. "You have suffered so much, and I am cowardly adding to the pain you are now enduring. Can I be the sister of a hero and a daughter of a race of soldiers brave, and yet be so weak as to talk of revenge? No, mother dear, we will suffer together, suffer and endure unto the end, hoping that other mothers and sisters will be spared the pain and anguish of such partings."



AN IDEA.

"As a man thinketh, so is he."

ANNA B. PATTEN.

 TINY seed, within ourselves implanted,
Waiting its sacred time from hour to hour
Until some sunshine from the soul is granted
And bids it blossom into fragrant flower.
Sometimes it comes with lightning revelation,
And thrills the heart in an immortal verse,
Or speaks, in trumpet tones of accusation,
That wake the world with tidings, true and terse.

Sometimes it grows by slow and sure transition
Until, full-armored, ready for the fight,
It springs upon the citadel, in fierce sedition,
Like Trojan's steed, within a single night.
For, whether swift or slow, it is immortal,
This noble image, in the silence wrought;
The cruel world can crucify the mortal,
But naught on earth can kill the eternal thought !

'Twas an idea that led those brave defenders,
When danger threatened their beloved land,
Before the Magazine their lives to tender
And draw a cordon with each clasped hand.
Thus, standing face to face with the hereafter,
And looking, fearless, in the eyes of death,
They touched the fuse! Sending to heaven's high rafter
The cry—"For England!"—with their latest breath !

The Spartans followed an idea to glory,
And sacrificed their lives for one, great cause;
Writing with sword-point, dipped in blood, their story—
"We die, to save our Country's holy laws!"
The Christian Martyrs felt its inspiration,
Before the Amphitheatre's opening door;
With songs upon their lips, in rapt laudation.
Shouting "Pro Christo!" to the lion's roar!

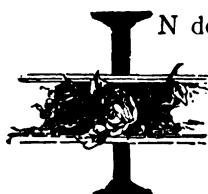
For every one there awaits the sublime occasion,
When he shall show himself without disguise;
Live so to meet the test without evasion,
Facing your fate with firm, unfaltering eyes.
Let no unworthy deed the soil encumber
But nurture noble thoughts from hour to hour;
Some day, the hidden host may rise from slumber,
And shake a kingdom with its godlike power !

THE PROBLEMS OF THE POOR IN GREAT CITIES.

ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.

VI.

CHICAGO.



IN dealing with the Problem of the Poor in Chicago, we meet with entirely new conditions—conditions which are, at a first glance, so hopeful that we are tempted to forget their accompanying dangers. The iron rule of conservatism, the perpetuation of injustice because it has always existed, which confront us in London, have no place here. The hopeless acceptance of misery and suffering, as among the unalterable facts of life, which we find in Paris, does not belong to our civilization. The topographical and economic tendencies, which, by overcrowding and its accompanying evils, increase the wretchedness of the poor in New York, need not be felt in Chicago, where "the lay of the land is against local congestion, and where the Lake maintains a glorious ventilation, moral and material."*

On the other hand, a keen sense of the disgrace of voluntary poverty, a high standard of commercial honor, and an enlightened tone of public opinion, are apt to be less conspicuous in a new than in an older civilization. It should be said, however, that these are steadily becoming more general, and that the lofty spirit of our national institutions is gradually elevating not only our own people but the vast foreign population of Chicago.

This foreign population is undoubtedly the most difficult element to deal with. In the whole city it constitutes 40.98 per cent of the population; in the slum districts 57.51 per cent. "For depth of shadow in Chicago low life," says Major Joseph Kirkland in "*The Poor in Great Cities*," "one must look to the foreign elements—the persons who are not only of alien birth but of unrelated blood—the Mongolian, the African, the Slav, the semi-tropic Latin. Among these may be found a certain degree of isolation and therefore of clannish crowding, also of contented squalor jealous of inspection

* *The Poor in Great Cities.*

and interference. It is in the quarters inhabited by these that are to be found the worst parts of Chicago, the most unsavory spots in their moral and material aspects.

Chicago is "the third largest Bohemian city in the world."* There are two Ghettos, in one of which the Jews constitute nine-tenths of the population; and within the past few years the influx of Russian Jews has, as elsewhere, created new economic conditions, especially in the clothing trade.

The Italians also have a colony of their own, in which they live as in a walled city of the Middle Ages; "sometimes becoming American citizens, but always remaining Italians," as one of their own nationality declares in the Hull House Papers.

The Scandinavian population, on the other hand, is easily assimilated, and Major Kirkland considers it "the finest addition to the Northwest. The Scandinavians are largely agricultural, are temperate, industrious, strong, frugal and hardy."

The Negro element is, on the whole, doing remarkably well. "There is a perceptible advance in the race, and it shows but little of poverty and dependence and still less of crime."

The Chinese population is increasing, and here, as elsewhere, it presents a problem of which there is as yet no social, moral or political solution.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society does admirable work in Chicago. In the year 1895, for instance, the Society collected and expended nearly \$20,000 in relieving the destitute and deserving, "without the expenditure of a dollar for help in carrying on the work of the Society." Among the many duties undertaken by the officers of the Society are — care for the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor, especially the "neglected poor," visiting the hospitals, giving medical aid free of charge, preparing children for their First Communion, (and when necessary supplying them with suitable clothing,) and, assisted by the Ladies' Aid Society, furnishing clothing and bedding to needy women and children.

The Catholic Orders and institutions in Chicago are numerous. Besides colleges, schools and hospitals, there are homes for the aged, for working women, for distressed women of good character, reformatories and orphan asylums. Two Orders — one the "Little Company of Mary," and another with the touching and beautiful name of the "Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ," care for the sick poor in their own homes.

* Hull House Papers.

Including non-Catholic institutions there are 57 asylums and hospitals, 28 infirmaries and dispensaries, 41 missions, and 60 temperance societies in Chicago, filling in all, (according to Major Kirkland,) 37 columns in the City Directory devoted to beneficent associations. There are free kindergartens and schools for the poor of various nationalities and creeds, model lodging houses for men and women, great free libraries with splendid endowments, and University and other settlements among the poor, of which Hull House is the most prominent. Begun in 1887, through the benevolence and with the means of Miss Jane Addams and Miss Ellen Gates Starr, it is managed by women. Its aim, according to its Report, which is modestly called an "outline," is to bring into it and develop from it those lines of thought and action which make for the higher life." Its main work, says Major Kirkland, "consists in bestowing friendship and sympathy, the sisterly heart, hand and voice, on all who are willing to come into its sweet and pleasant influence." Although not a religious institution, it has proved to be a centre of moral influence, and has materially elevated the condition of the poor in the slum districts of Chicago. It has established evening schools, a day nursery, a kindergarten, a diet kitchen, industrial classes and district nursing.

All these good works are done for the poor of Chicago, and yet, according to the authorities consulted, there should be no poor in Chicago! The Report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society represents—"The efforts of the officers of the Society in this line are frequently met with the objection that there is no need of the Society in many parishes—that there are no poor." Major Kirkland observes—"How the other half lives is pretty much as it chooses. * * * Americans born, and the better natures among the foreign-born, (supposing them to have physical strength,) can select their own kind of happiness. If they choose the joy which springs from sobriety, they can have it in plenty. If they prefer the delight of drink, that also is abundant." Five Bohemian Building and Loan Associations, it is stated in the Hull House Papers, paid out, between 1885 and 1893, the sum of \$690,092.09. "We can safely estimate," it is added, "that within the last 8 years these societies have disbursed over \$4,000,000, which is all invested in property by the working people" of their race.

When Bohemian immigration began, the same authority states, good artisans were compelled to work for low remuneration, even \$1.25 per day; still, out of this meagre compensation, they managed

to lay aside a little for that longed-for possession, a house and lot that they could call their own. When this was paid for, then the house received an additional story, and that was rented, so that it began earning money. When more was saved, the house was pushed to the rear, and in its place an imposing brick or stone building was erected, containing frequently a store or more rooms for tenants. The landlord, who till then lived in some unpleasant rear rooms, moved into the best part of the house; the bare but well-scrubbed floor was covered with Brussels carpets, the wooden chairs replaced by upholstered ones, and the best room received the added luxury of a piano or violin. * * * Some of these early settlers now own property ranging in value from \$50,000 to \$100,000." This mode of progression partly accounts for the fact that nearly one-third (30.53) of the tenements in the slum districts have no back yards. Many of the children of the Ghetto have never seen a blade of grass growing. "In our summer excursions," said a lady of Hull House, we have much pleasure in watching them; they kneel down so as to study the grass and feel it with their hands."

The Italians have not been identified with the wonderful intelligent growth of the city, but they have grown rich with it, from the increase in value of real estate, or from their business of selling fruit.

Why then, since the conditions are in favor of prosperity, is there such terrible destitution in Chicago? It is caused not by inevitable poverty, but by drink. "The drink bill of Chicago is estimated at \$1,000,000 a week, of which three-fourths comes from the pocket of the poor man," says Major Kirkland. "Beer is the alleviation and perpetuation of poverty." He cites two blocks in the slums of the city where there are *sixty saloons* — sixty centres of crime for how many men and women, of demoralization for how many children, of misery for how many households? Let us not continue this dreary arithmetic. Let us turn rather to the comforting thought that God loves His Poor, and pray that He will remove from them this bitter shame, this terrible curse, as He alone can save those who cry unto Him.



SOME CANADIAN WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH. D.

I.



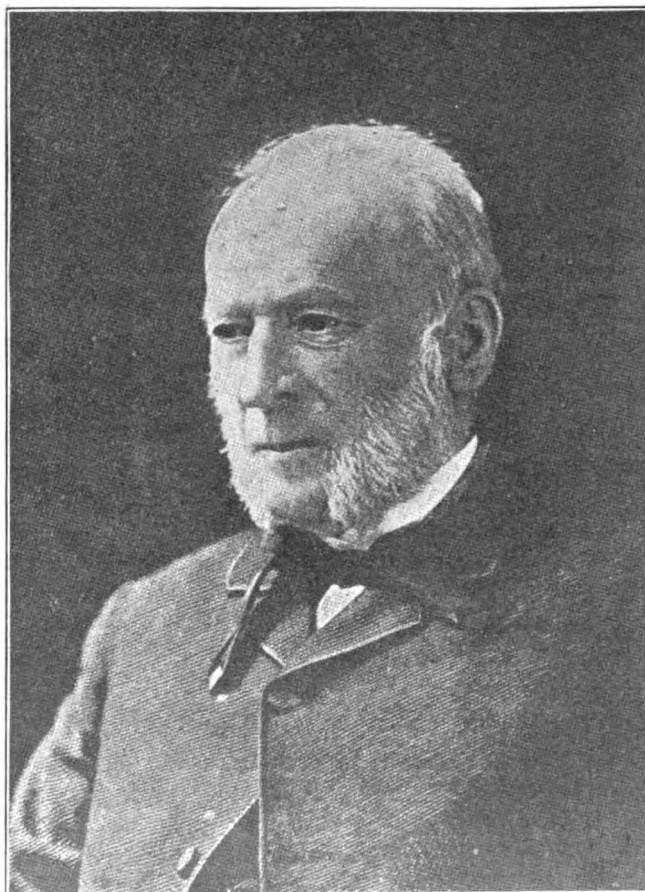
If literature be a reflex of the life of a people, then assuredly is Canadian life of to-day as reflected in Canadian letters sound, wholesome, hopeful and virile. From ocean to ocean a note of optimism stirs the hearts of our people. We are inheritors of a great and historic past and heirs to the glory and splendour of a full-orbed future. There is no room for pessimism by our firesides. Our fathers were heroes; shall we, their sons, grow less in stature?

Everywhere is manifest in Canadian letters this courage and resolve — this full-blooded hope. To-day our French-Canadian brothers unveil a monument to the founder of New France within the historic city of Quebec and recount in the glorious periods of a Mirabeau and poetic diction of a Chateaubriand the illustrious deeds of a Champlain; to-morrow the heart of Ontario presses around the monument of that great Canadian statesman, Sir John Macdonald, whose forty years of public life were devotedly given to the upbuilding of a Canadian Nation. There is no doubting the sentiment which inspires both celebrations — Canadian patriotism.

So does the Canadian literature of to-day find a double expression — through the lips of *la belle France* and the heart of Mother England. Gallic genius in the New World has flowered brilliantly. Especially is French-Canadian literature rich in the departments of history and poetry. In this the literary expression of Quebec resembles that of Louisiana, a colony which also flowered from the lap of old France, but as a poet and historian respectively, it must be conceded that Frechette and Garneau take much higher rank than French Louisiana's gifted twain, Dominique Rouquette and Charles Gayarré. French-Canadian achievement in fiction has however not been so marked. The best three distinctively Canadian novels "*The Seats of the Mighty*," "*The Golden Dog*," and "*The Forge in the Forest*," belong to the English department of Canadian literature, being the work of three very gifted writers — Gilbert Parker, William Kirby and Charles G. D. Roberts. It is, however,

to New France and its romantic past that these three authors are indebted for their theme of inspiration. Nay more, it was French-Canadian historical research that made possible two of these popular and brilliant works.

The most honored and illustrious name to-day in Canadian letters is that of Sir James Le Moine, historian and ornithologist



SIR JAMES MCPHERSON LE MOINE.

of Spencer Grange, Quebec. Our author is of French and Scotch extraction, his father being Benjamin Le Moine, a genial and polished gentleman of the old French school, and his mother, Julia Ann McPherson, the daughter of a United Empire Loyalist. He was born in the city of Quebec in 1825, his education being obtained

chiefly at the *Petit Séminaire de Québec*, where he studied *Belles-Lettres* under an accomplished French Professor from the College of Saint Stanislaus at Paris, the Abbé P. Bouchy. After leaving College, young Le Moine studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1850.

The literary career of Sir James Le Moine, who is unquestionably the *doyen* of Canadian letters, began as far back as the year 1862, when he published his first volume, "Legendary Lore of the Lower St. Lawrence." It is worthy of noting that the last work of our scholarly Canadian antiquarian and historian, just issued from the press a few weeks ago, is entitled "The Legends of the St. Lawrence," making in all thirty volumes as the rounded literary life-work of this gifted Canadian *litteratur*.

Some of our author's chief works in French and English — for Sir James writes with equal facility in both languages — are: Six volumes entitled "Maple Leaves," "Picturesque Quebec," "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," "Mémoire de Montcalm, Vengée" and "L'Ornithologie du Canada." In addition to the thirty works referred to above, Sir James has published in pamphlet form thirteen valuable papers which from time to time he has read before the Royal Society of Canada.

Spencer Grange, the beautiful home of our Canadian historian and archæologist, has been for years a literary Mecca to which some of the most eminent writers and scholars of our time have made pilgrimages. Amongst others who have at times visited Sir James at his Manor-house at Sillery and partaken of his generous hospitality, are: Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, George A. Sala, W. D. Howells, Gilbert Parker, Goldwin Smith, Charles G. D. Roberts, Professor Henry Drummond, William Kirby, John Reade, Abbé Casgrain and Louis Fréchette.

It is to the wealth of Canadian historical lore and legend, that has had sacred and secure keeping at Spencer Grange, that many of our romancists and historians owe the data of their valuable works. Parkman, in the prefaces to his brilliant series of historical volumes, acknowledges this indebtedness, while Gilbert Parker, now the chief of Canadian novelists, makes a similar acknowledgment in the preface to "The Seats of the Mighty," where he says: "Through Dr. Bourinot's good offices I came to know Mr. Le Moine of Quebec, the gifted antiquarian and President of the Royal Society of Canada. Mr. Le Moine placed in my hands certain historical facts suggestive of romance."

Sir James is an honorary member of some twenty-six literary



LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE.

at Levis, Quebec, in 1839 and educated at the Seminary of Quebec and Nicolet College. During the early years of his manhood poetry and politics contended for supremacy. From 1861 to 1885 Dr. Fréchette was largely connected with journalism, editing in turn *Le Journal de Quebec*, *Le Journal de Levis*, *L'Amerique* (Chicago) and *La Patrie* (Montreal). He has also been a contributor to the *Forum*, *Harper's Monthly* and the *Arena*. Two volumes of poems from his pen: "Les Fleurs Boréales" and "Les Oiseaux de Neige," were crowned by the French Academy in 1880. His other published volumes of verse are: "Mes. Loisirs," "La Voix d'un Exilé," "Pêle Mêle," "La Légende d'un Peuple" and "Les Feuilles Volantes." He has also published a number of dramas, including "Felix Poutre," "Papineau" and "Veronica," the latter for the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt. Among his translations into French are Howell's "A Chance Acquaintance" and Cable's "Old Creole Days."

Fréchette has been accorded by critics the title of "the Lamartine of Canada," his muse being characterized by great tenderness and delicacy. Crémazie sang of Quebec of the past, Féchette sings of Quebec of to-day. His verse is as spontaneous and natural as the song of a bird — joyous in its note, sweet, tender and true. He is by far the greatest poet that the genius of France has inspired in the New World. Indeed, he may be justly regarded as one of

and scientific societies of Europe and America, was for five years President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and in 1894 was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada. For his literary services our author was knighted by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in January, 1897.

Let us now turn for a moment to consider the work of Louis Honoré Fréchette — the greatest perhaps of Canadian poets. Both Fréchette and Le May are indeed worthy successors of the first great French-Canadian poet, Octave Crémazie. Fréchette was born

the New World's sweetest and truest singers. Dr. Fréchette is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by Queen Victoria in 1897.

We always associate with Louis Fréchette the name of Pamphile Le May, one of the most gifted singers in the academic groves of Canadian song. He was born at Lotbinière in Quebec in 1837 and educated at the Quebec Seminary and the University of Ottawa. His first work "Essais Poétiques," published in 1865 attracted wide attention and gave him a place within the charmed circle of French-Canadian poets. In 1870 appeared his clever, scholarly and graceful translation of Longfellow's beautiful Acadian Idyll, "Evangeline," which won for its author at once the warm praise and commendation of the leading scholars and poets of the continent, including Longfellow himself, who, it is said, regarded some of the lines of Le May's translation as an improvement on the original.

Among our author's other chief works are: "Poèmes Conronnés," "Les Vengeances," "De Pèlerin de Sainte Anne" and "Picou-nacle-Mandit" (both novels), "Une Perle," "Fables Canadiennes," "Petits Poèmes," "L'Affaire Sougraine" (a novel), "Ton Kouron," "Rouge et Bleu" and *Le Chien d'or*, a translation of Kirby's Golden Day.

Le May's poetry is tender, melancholy, dreamy. It lacks the note of joyousness found in Fréchette's work. Both poets are intensely patriotic, as such poems as Fréchette's "Le Drapeau Anglais" and Le May's "Hosanna" attest. Mr. Le May has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Laval University and is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

A name of much worth in the department of French-Canadian literature is that of Rev. Henri Raymond Casgrain, better known to Canadian *literati* as the Abbé Casgrain. This



PAMPHILE LE MAY.

gifted, industrious and erudite scholar and biographer was born at Rivière Ouelle, Quebec, in 1831, and received his education chiefly at the College of St. Anne and the Quebec Seminary. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1856 and soon after became a professor in his *Alma Mater*. In 1858, 1867 and 1873 our author visited Europe for the purpose of consulting the French Archives at Paris and gaining access to many valuable manuscripts relating to the

early history of Canada, among which were the journal and papers of the Marechal de Lévis as well as personal papers of General Montcalm, none of which had been previously given to the public.

Abbé Casgrain has been a most indefatigable worker in his chosen field — that of biography and historical research. He is certainly the chief of French-Canadian biographers and to his busy and polished pen Canadian literature is indebted for some of its most valuable contributions. Among his chief works are: "Légendes Canadiennes," "Histoire de la Mère de l'Incarnation," "Vie de



THE ABBÉ CASGRAIN.

Saints," "Légendes et Variétés," "Biographies Canadiennes," "Histoire de l'Hôtel Dieu de Québec," "Un Pélerinage au Pays d' Evangélus" and "Montcalm and Levis."

There is no other writer of to-day, save it be Edouard Richard, who has made so full and accurate a study of the Acadians and their sad history as Abbé Casgrain and in recognition of his scholarly labors in this direction his "Un Pélerinage au Pays d' Evangeline" was crowned in 1888 by the French Academy.

Laval University conferred upon the Abbé in 1877 the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters and in 1889 the Royal Society of Canada honored him with its Presidency.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL'S SEARCH.

G. H. DIERHOLD.

A weary, wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an early weight;
A palmer through the world and sky
Seeking the celestial gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers,
Who all night gaze upon the skies,
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate
With joy which makes your voices
strong,
Have ye not at the crystal gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
Ye seas, which hold the starry night,
Have ye not from the imperial bourn
Caught glimpses of its light?

Ye hermit oaks, and sentinel pines,
Ye mountain forests old and gray,
In all your long and winding lines
Have ye not seen the way?

Thou moon, 'mid all thy starry bowers,
Knowest thou the path the angels
tread?
Seest thou beyond thy azure towers
The golden gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
While earth was yet a sinless star,
Have the immortals heavenly birth
Within your realms afar?

Thou monarch sun, whose light unfurls
[skies,
Thy banners through unnumbered
Seest thou amid thy subject worlds
Thy flaming portals rise?

All, all are mute! and still am I
O'erburthened with an early weight,
A palmer through the world and sky
Seeking the celestial gate.

No answer wheresoe'er I roam—
From skies afar no guiding ray;
But, hark! the voice of Christ says
Arise! I am the way!" ["Come!

THE TAINT OF IND.

HELEN F. PURSELL.

XI.



WEEK sped by and Julian thought no more of Mustang the death of her early social power, looked upon father Villa. He had more serious things to think about. Slowly the realization came to him that there is no perfect happiness on earth to those who do not deserve it. He saw that Leon's waxen nature had not successfully resisted the stylus of the world and that it bore a deep inscription. The inscription told of every passion gratified and of trouble yet to come.

An old dame who dwelt in luxury and bemoaned and son as they stood together in her presence. She was a mean old woman with a heart of iron, and her lips were fond of uttering the thoughts that rankled there.

"He is good to look at, Julian, but his blue eyes swim with lies. Better chain him up in a dungeon or monastery, and push the donzellina into the world a bit. You have a nun and a devil on your hands. You should join them in holy wedlock, then each might bring the other to a happy human medium. Leon is like Antonius in his looks, but all I have to say of his nature is, '*Giovine santo, vecchio diavolo.*' "

Lucia spent most of the week in her favorite cathedral, but on one or two occasions, her new found cousin, Victor Julian, prevailed upon her to visit the ancient ruins of the wicked city. They were a marvellous song to him, a mighty epic. But she shuddered at the vision he described to her. When she looked at the shattered Coliseum, with its ghostly pillars, its crumbling arches, its death pit and the peaceful Cross, she thrilled with nameless terror. There was nothing majestic, nothing mournful in the scene for her. That it was a ruin, a sepulchre of crime, she thanked God fervently.

In the Vatican, she saw art with Victor's eyes, and loved it. But there was a feeling of unrest that burdened her. Her mind was set on Mustang Villa.

Another week passed by, and then she spoke to Margaret. The mother gave her consolation. But it was not until the eighth day of October that the family went on to their deserted country home.

A mellow autumn reigned and there was no shadow near, of coming winter. Santa Rosa still towered in its massive strength, and Lucia's heart rejoiced that it at least was true to time.

To Julian the return meant nothing. To his daughter, it was the beginning of the end.

The first day was an uneventful one. There was considerable bustle and straightening up of effects at Mustang Villa. Lucia looked longingly at the convent, but waited patiently until her presence was not needed in the house.

Early in the morning of the second day, she started forth, not knowing how her pilgrimage would end. Julian had instructed Leon to watch her every movement, so that she was not alone.

They walked near the convent, and as Lucia paused to gaze at it with tearful eyes, her brother sneered:

"A miserable dungeon!"

"My childhood home lies on the other side," she answered gently.

"You have no sentimental affection for that poor little hovel, or that pile of mortared stone?"

"You have told me that Rome was the brightest heaven you could ever hope for, Leon. I can not think like you. When I die, I shall hope to die there in the holy atmosphere of Santa Rosa, with pure voices chanting above me and prayers ascending like sweet incense to the sky."

"If I were you," Leon sneered again, "I wouldn't talk like some insane female evangelist, Lucia."

"What are they, my brother?"

"Women who say heroic things about heaven, and tell the people all about their personal virtues."

"I was not taught to consider such things abominations. Why do you always mock what is good?"

"Perhaps it is because I am not ignorant like you, and know that they are folly. You will not always remain so blind."

"You would drag me from my pure beliefs back to the haunts of sin?"

"I do not want to drag you anywhere. You will come in time, of your own accord. But how is it by this time with your old ambition?"

Lucia paled. "It is a purpose, Leon. A fixed, unalterable purpose."

"In spite of the fact that you are my destined bride?"

"I shall take my destiny in my own hands. You must look elsewhere for a bride."

They had paused in Julian's old retreat. The scene of Viola Raimondi's blow had been enacted there. Its atmosphere was fatal.

"But the powers of earth are all against you," Leon answered angrily. "You are mine at last, in spite of all."

"The powers of heaven will protect me. Stifle your hopes at once. I will not listen to you!"

The young man looked into his foster sister's face with the glare of a savage beast. He could not win the girl by fair or foul expedient, and realized the fact at last.

"In stifling my hopes, I will stifle you! There are no gypsy devils here, thank heaven — the time I told you of has come!" He seized her fiercely in his arms and crushed her in a mad embrace that was born of utter hate, not love.

She struggled of course, but uselessly. It was not long before Leon's anger spent itself, and then she lay across his knees, stricken down by fear and scorn. Her face was ashen — pain-drawn like the Bruenhaut's, and still as death.

Leon looked at her with blood-shot eyes and quivering lips. He knew that he was a coward. Then rising suddenly, he thrust her from him. She dropped like a broken lily on the grass.

Then he turned, and a blow aimed straight at his face, brought him to a halt.

"You!" the culprit gasped, facing the man he called his friend. "You a traitor — "

"We have no time to talk," the artist answered him. "I am of her blood, Leon, and will be the brother you are not. You know what that blow meant."

"Then I will kill you here at noon! Do with your sister as you please."

"Don't stake too much on your success, my friend. In the meantime, to save the feelings of her mother, you may as well help me to remove the victim of your wrath. I have visited the little home where Sandro the gardener lived, and found Viola there. It is the best place for Lucy now."

Silently they carried their burden thither, and then returned to Mustang Villa.

Together they sat and smoked until the hour of noon drew near. Then Victor arose and bade his friend to follow him.

When they reached the still retreat, the artist threw his pistol down upon the grass.

"This is child's play, Leon," was what he said.

"Is it your purpose to crawl out of it?" the prodigal answered with white lips.

"I was rash. I forgot that you are a victim of impulse — that you had lost your head of rage. I do not want to kill you."

"Coward!" the other cried: "I am no woman, that you should show such sickening gallantry! You do not want to kill me — it is but a miserable excuse. If you require another challenge, I extend it now and here!"

Victor Julian looked into his companion's eyes, and saw the devil lurking there. The fire of his wrath had cooled, but there was something more fatal growing out of it just then.

Without another word, he picked up the discarded weapon and held his hand to Leon.

"Twelve steps," the prodigal cried, "then turn and kill me if you will!"

They placed their bodies back to back, and then upon the artist's count, advanced.

"One, two, three, —" A pistol shot rang on the air, and Victor Julian fell. Leon Driscoll had violated his covenant.

His victim lay stretched upon the earth at his feet. A thin stream of blood poured from his side and trickled through the grass.

At that moment, a woman's hand touched Leon on the shoulder. "He told me of your trouble when he brought my Lucia back to me. Have you killed him honestly, Signore?"

It was Viola Raimondi who spoke. Leon gnashed his teeth and looked at her in terror. She pointed toward the prostrate figure, stood erect, and searched his heart like a spirit of judgment. He could not hear her accusation.

He turned from her piercing gaze, and spoke to Lucia, for he saw her clinging to Viola's dress with quivering hands.

"For love of you," he said with intense agony, "I sold my soul to Hell! For love of you I have slain my dearest friend. For love of you I will die, die now, a crime-stained wretch, torn from hearts that love me as I never have deserved!"

As his last cry rang upon her ears, Viola saw him turn his pistol to his head. Like an arrow she sprang toward him, and checked him in his ghastly purpose. A second shot did not disturb the holy calm, for the death dealing weapon lay upon the earth.

"For their sake," the gypsy cried, "forbear!"

"For their sake!" he answered with a moan, as he covered his haggard face and wept. "How have you served them all your life? This crime is the result of your own wickedness!"

"You speak aright!" Viola's voice was hoarse and loud. She tore at her throat with one of the black marked hands. "My very being has been a curse to all mankind. My revenge is frightful, hideous!"

Lucia was bending over her cousin, unmindful of the tragic scene behind her.

"See!" she cried, and her words were a sort of anti-climax. "While you are tearing out your hair because of Victor's death, he calls to you for help!"

Leon flung himself upon his knees beside his friend. The stricken man reached for his hand, and smiled into his eyes.

XII.

Lucia arose to her feet. She was strangely calm for all her late experience.

"I will go," she said hastily, "for my father and the servants. But, Leon, listen to my words. You are a coward and a sinner, but that smile of Victor's, whether it were one of scorn or comfort or forgiveness, will be your greatest punishment. Listen! If you are repentant, it is all I ask. Go home to my mother with your victim and pray for forgiveness to God. I will act the lie for you again. Your friend has met with a serious accident slaying the little birds that make the convent eaves their home. I will nurse him through his trouble and so have reason for remaining longer here. If you find your life and lie a burden, then do you go back to America. If I ask it of your friend, he will keep his lips forever sealed. Or if I may have my way further than this, I would ask you to stay by and learn endurance. For our parents' sake! Speak quickly — shall I thus defend you!"

Leon heard and stood before her in a moment's contemplation. Then he answered, "I see wisdom in your words and I will do as you request." Then with strained eyes, he saw his sister speed away toward the villa. Viola was nowhere to be seen. He felt like the spirit of a murderer doomed to wander ceaselessly through desert wastes until the judgment day.

It was not long before his father came with help, and bore the vision of his crime away. He hardly had the strength to follow them.

The night passed and Victor did not regain consciousness. A surgeon came from Florence on the following day, but his skill availed nothing. Fever set in with its intermittent spells of delirium and exhaustion, and not until a week had passed, did Victor open up his eyes in knowledge of his low condition. It was Lucia alone who sat beside him then. She saw the change and waited eagerly.

"What is this?" he asked with arid lips. "I dreamed I was in heaven once, but the golden gate swung backward and a devil entered there. He cast me into a pit where little imps with whips of flame pursued and scourged me. Then I wakened —"

"Hush, hush, you know not what you say," his watcher murmured, scarcely hoping that his words were not delirious vagaries. He seized her hand as it sought to remove the cover from his throat.

"Lucia! I remember now!" He did not wait — he did not understand!"

The girl saw what lie he was trying to make himself believe, and shuddered.

"He did not remember that it was twelve — not three. Was it yesterday, or was it weeks ago? My memory is not distinct."

"Yesterday, perhaps," she answered, believing that such an assurance would soothe him. "And you will be much better after this." She longed to call the surgeon and tell him of her cousin's return to reason, but his wild eyes held her chained.

"No, Lucia, I feel that my time has come. But tell me this, has my friend become repentant?"

"His heart bleeds with shame. He has cared for you in your illness like a brother, and I have heard him pray to God for your recovery."

"Then I have been ill a long, long time. These are not the changes of a day."

"He has not slept by day or night — he is walking like a sentinel outside the house this instant."

"My breath is growing very short, or I would call to him. Still it were best I passed away without his knowing it. When I am gone, seek him, my cousin, and tell him if he did it purposely, that I forgive him. But if by accident, misunderstanding, please tell him not to grieve. Tell him I always loved him, Lucia."

"It pains me to hear you talk like that. You must tell him this yourself, when you are well again."

"I never will be well again — the time has come. Dying men are wiser than all the living earth. I know it for I see the death angel in the doorway. I never believed there was a death angel until now. He is not hideous like the painters make him, Lucia; his face is not fleshless or his eye sockets empty. There is no winding sheet, or damp, or mold about him. Look, if your human eyes are strong as mine, and see how bright his face is, how kind and mild his eyes. The welcome of his smile is good, and full of precious promise."

She placed her hand upon his lips. Her heart ached to hear the insane babble of delirium.

"You will not die — you who defended me at the risk of your dear life!" she cried. You should have let the insult pass, and waited. He would have paid for it tenfold another way. If heaven would take me in your place, I would willingly go to-night!"

"No, no," he gasped, "your place is here — good bye."

She bent above him and kissed his marble brow as a mother would kiss her ailing child. Pure tears fell like dew upon his pillow. She did not realize that death was near.

For a moment his eyelids closed. But when he opened them

again, there was an ethereal gladness in his face. "Tell him, Lucia, that I forgive him if he sinned. And that I — loved him always. Then pray for me — good night."

His hand fell limply from her own, and she saw the death shade come upon his face. Frightened almost to frenzy, she ran for Margaret. Then together at the bedside of their cousin, they beheld the closing scene. The dying man was quite at peace. Like a happy child he sighed and wandered over the borderland of earth into the Great Unknown.

When it was all over, Lucia sought her brother. He was walking up and down in the night outside, fearfully awaiting the moment of his friend's release from fever. The week had nearly brought prostration to the murderer. He had passed through a terrible transition. His whole weak nature had collapsed and the only passion left to him was one of grief unbearable.

"Leon!" he heard his name called in a faltering tone.

A great hope rose. "All is well?" His voice was hoarse but glad.

"He is dead."

The young man heard, and fell face forward on the ground. Lucia approached and stood above him.

"And I am Cain. A murderer after all these days of tortured hope! Lucia, I can not bear it. The thought of it will kill me!"

She stooped and placed her hand upon his stricken head. "It is very hard, I know, but every man must bear some burden through his life. Woe to you that yours is the greatest of them all."

"My hands are wet with human blood — the blood of a man who loved me, Lucia. I will publish it to the world —"

"And make your burden heavier?" she asked. "No! Let it be marked with the emblem you derided, Leon. And let it be the lesson of your life."

"What is that emblem, sister?"

"En toutes nika. By this sign, conquer."

"Do you ever think that I will be forgiven?"

"Victor forgave you with his dying breath. Take your grief to God, and He will not forsake you. He cleansed a sinner crucified on Calvary, and He will do the same for you who are nailed to the cross of your own remorse."

Together they went into the house and gazed upon the face of the dead. As they stood there, a man's harsh sobs awakened echoes in the night. But after a while peace settled over all, when Leon fell upon his knees with streaming eyes upraised to the eternal Comforter.

XIII.

"This world is full of bitterness," Julian muttered when he had come back from seeing the last of his father's kindred laid

away in sacred ground. "This place has brought me all the pain I ever knew. We will go back to Rome!"

He had gone to the burial ground under protest and had listened to *Fra Lippo* drone the Requiem mass. Like the Jews of the Ghetto forced out to Christian service, he had filled his ears with other sounds—the cries of his groundless hate. The sacred precincts were hideous to his eyes, and torture to his tread. His foolish prejudice surged strong, and thoughts of his former life had forced themselves upon him.

When the "Requiescat" was pronounced, he had looked angrily about him and fancied that he saw Viola's face. But it could not be, for there were no other women there than Margaret and Lucy. Afterward, Viola's face remained before him.

The family sat together amidst the timeworn grandeur of Mustang Villa, and talked of serious things that night.

"Death is most frightful," Julian muttered, "frightful!"

"Unless one is prepared to meet it," Lucia answered. "Our cousin was a noble man. His life was as near perfect as it could be in this wicked world, and so to him, death had a most beautiful meaning. I shall always pray for the repose of his soul."

Julian flung his head upon his arms and let his brain drum on to keep from hearing what his daughter said. When she had ceased speaking he raised it again—his still handsome head with just a glint of silver near the temples. It was merely to continue his first complaint.

"I will die some day, and die in agony. Because the reaper will be a grinning skeleton with claw-like hands. His accusations will be many, for I have untold wrongs to face—wrongs that none of you have ever guessed."

Lucia tried to calm him. She could talk of horrid things like death and sin without a fear. He would not hear her.

"They were early errors," he continued. "Almost twenty years of my life have been honest, but memory brings pain. I am afraid to suffer for the life I lived, and the errors it is past me to redress."

"There is a light already dawning in your life," Lucia answered, "the light that sometimes comes too late. No unbeliever ever died without acknowledging his ignorance. Then why will you not know that repentance while there yet is time, will put you on a plane with better men? Why will you not believe that confession of your sins will bring you untold peace? Expiation now, will make your future life a happy one."

"Such promises have always been empty sounds to me. Don't preach to me of heaven's temptations, for they are only temptations, just the same as the devil's, and about as vain. I don't desire to enter into any further discussion of religion. I have my law, my

church and everlasting creed in one small line with one amendment. 'An honest life is its own reward, for happiness and sin are enemies. No power can injure the man who does not injure himself.' "

"So said Chrysostom, father."

But Julian was not thinking of that good old saint. His mind had again flown to Viola, and he said no more. He had not seen the gypsy since that night she mocked him on her knees before a shrine — lied to him in the face of the Holy Mother she adored! Her words came back to him as through a mist: "You will find perhaps when many years have fled, that Viola's hands, blackened as they are by the memory of another's crime, have been as white as angel hands all through her stainless life. Vengeance! I would not lower me in the sight of Him I love, for such as you!" She had lied to him, yes, as her grandsire had, for at that moment his child lay sleeping in the little lodge.

How often, when the Peterson Detective Agency had given him back his own, had he smiled to think how the law of common justice had thwarted the gypsy's plans, and cut down her insidious hope of vengeance. The Peterson Detective Agency and the common law of justice! There was no power back of them in Julian's estimation. "Vendetta," she had asked him if he knew the word. What had her "vendetta" turned out to be? A breath, a mockery, a hungry woman's scream. For had his own not been restored to him at last?

Long live the Peterson Detective Agency of America!

"Lucy!" A hoarse voice broke the silence.

"Yes, father?"

"When I die, I hope that my earthly surroundings will be harmonious!"

"If I am living, and mother and Leon, we shall try to make them so. I know of no more simple boon — what say you, brother, to our father's wish?"

Leon had not spoken for some time. He was heavy hearted and his voice was hoarse with tears.

"Hush father — sister — the death of our cousin has made the whole world dark. There are bright days coming soon again."

"I want to see the union of my well loved family sealed," Julian went on, still stubbornly fretful.

Lucia's heart turned sick at the words and her face grew very white. The young man moved nervously and dropped his burning brow into his hands.

"Leon loves you, and you have but to answer him. I ask the question for my boy, will you be his wife? Answer it directly!"

"Directly then, I tell you as I have already told him — no!"

Julian started to his feet. He was grey with the greatest passion that ever shook a strong man's frame.

"You refuse me that?" he cried.

"I do not wish to marry." Lucia's reply was firm but not defiant.

"Perhaps you prefer a nun's veil to a bridal wreath?" It was a chance thrust, but it struck home with a crash.

"I do prefer it, father, and no matter what earthly power may intervene, I will wear a nun's veil for my bridal wreath when I am wedded to my Church."

Julian staggered and fell into his chair. "Whose teaching has brought you to this!" he almost screamed.

"The teaching of Viola Raimondi, the woman you deceived."

Margaret opened her frightened eyes. "The woman he deceived!" she repeated again and again. "Then it was through such iniquity as that, that my child was taken from me!"

Her husband began to pace the floor up and down like a caged lion. "But I will escape her hellish vengeance yet!" he cried in thunder tones. "You are mine at least—not hers. If you will not submit voluntarily, I will force you to obey my law. God knows the boy deserves a better fate!"

"Hush, hush," Margaret murmured, "you know not what your mad tongue speaks!"

"Revenge!" he went on, "where will be that gypsy hag's revenge while I still have power to govern what is mine?"

A woman stepped through the long window. A woman with a beautiful grave face, and scars upon her hands.

"You know now what my revenge has been? Tell me if I have sinned against you! I have not sought this last sweet requital, it has come to me unasked." Her voice was tremulous, and her lashes wet.

He turned and faced her, he whose greatest suffering had come from those pale hands with livid chains upon them. He had crushed her love, her pride, her very heart into the dust, and she had not forgotten. But fate had been good to her, and she was the final victor.

She stood before him like some humble saint. There was no triumph in her glance. But she was great and grand and beautiful. She did not say to him: "Look at the one you reared. His hands are red with human blood. Your loved and trusted son is Cain!" Her victory was complete without that final blow.

"Why do you come here, woman?" Julian exclaimed. "To trample me when I am down; to rob me of my only peace on earth; to steal away again the child that is not yours, but mine?"

"Your child has but to choose," Viola answered meekly.

"And I have already chosen." Lucia moved toward her and clasped her trembling hand.

She in whose breast the taint of Ind was buried deep, drew back her breath in a scarcely audible sob. "To Santa Rosa, or—to Rome?" she said.

"To the convent, dear Viola."

A curse rose to her father's lips, but Margaret sprang forward and dashed her hand against his mouth. "I defend her!" she cried, although her features spoke of grief subdued. "She has chosen aright! There, no harm can come to her; her whole life will be pure. Leon and I will go back with you to Rome. Our son will be a staff to us in our declining years. In spite of you, the husband I have ever loved and honored, my Church is first to me now. It will not tear my daughter from me—it will only bring her nearer to her mother's heart."

Lucia threw her arms about the white-haired woman's neck. "Bless you, my mother, I love you for those holy words. My single regret was the thought of leaving you of all the rest, estranged from me, but I see that your dear eyes are open to the right, and I am glad! Father," she said, touching his bowed head gently, "let me go in peace. Leon will ask it of you also."

When she turned to him, the weak American youth stood erect in new-born strength, and Lucia saw that the old expression of worldliness had departed from his face. The shroud of glaring imperfection had dropped from his conquering limbs.

"I surrender you, not without sadness, but with my earnest prayer for the peace of your hereafter. You go to a better life than the world would ever grant. You will be happier far than I could ever make you. Father, let her go in peace!"

Julian raised his head. His eyes were full of tears. "Lucy," he said, "I can not oppose my feeble will to all that are combined against me. Go, if you must, and may the Lord you love, be with you evermore."

Then turning to Viola, he addressed her almost gently. "You are avenged at last. I thought that you were baffled in your plans, but even nature is my enemy. Go, take my daughter with you, and be satisfied. She is yours now, so let the spectre of revenge be buried."

Viola Raimondi, the Italian gypsy with chains burnt in her hands, looked for the last time into Julian's eyes. "It is all I ask," she said.

Shortly afterward, the convent bells chimed for the Ave Maria. Leon went to his mother and kissed her snow-white hair.

"Dearest," he said to her, "I realize the sacred duty that I owe to you who trust me as your son. I will never violate it now. We will try to make the old days new, in Rome."

The End.

OLD MAGAZINES.

JOSEPHINE GOTTSBERGER.



REMARK, which was passed on paper not long since, about the quantity of good literature laid away in old magazines, set me thinking upon the subject; and, busy memory supplied so many odds and ends in proof of the assertion that it seemed worth while to set them down, haphazard. Having been, from my childhood, thrown much in the company of magazines, of early and late issues, I felt the force of the reflection, and, also, that it would bear enlarging on. But, as I contemplate the undertaking, such an array of volumes, of all sorts and conditions, come crowding in upon me, that, small hope remains of giving more than a suggestion of my personal indebtedness to some among the motley crew. And, still they come,—rows of "Littel's Living Age," bound in black, and, ranged in due order on walnut shelves behind glass doors,—volumes of "Dickens' Household Words," in sage green, and, fine close print, put by in the drawers of the same set of book-shelves,—six or eight bulky specimens of "Harper's Monthly Magazine," profusely illustrated with queer old wood-cuts, and furthermore embellished by most astonishing fashion-plates and funny pages.

So profound was the impression these last-mentioned big books made upon my childish mind, in the days when my elders used to reach them down for me as a sort of reward for good conduct, and, so interesting I found them, on reperusal lately, having attained, meanwhile, to the comfortable consciousness of being able to reach for even higher things, that it might not be amiss to let the others go, and devote the rest of this article to a detailed consideration of their contents; but, we will *refrain*, I was going to say, only for having an aversion to that particular expression; so we will simply let them be, to gather more dust, and, grow more antique and entertaining; and, indeed, the host of the unrecognized, who still claim our attention, is quite formidable.

In the first place, there is a trunkful of "Catholic Worlds." unbound, and, but for some stray numbers, continuing from the inauguration of that periodical down to somewhere late in the seventies. At one time, these were almost my only reading; and, how

solid and wholesome that reading was, it would be quite conceited in me to try to tell. However, there is no need of paying all our debts; some, we can afford to leave standing; only, it is grateful and agreeable to recall them to mind now and then, and, acknowledge the extent of our obligations.

Lest I should seem to be passing myself off for "unco guid," let me here confess that the first magazine I recollect reading, was, a huge volume containing a whole year's output of ~~some~~ Boys' Weekly. The continued tales of adventure therein set forth had such alarming illustrations, and the hero's character was really so reckless that I couldn't quite keep up with him; but, there was a "Comic History of England" appearing in many numbers which answered better. Dickens' "Child's History of England" and Peter Parley's discourses upon the same subject had made some of the names familiar; but, the flippancy with which they all referred to the Pope was a trial to me; and, altogether I regarded them as only fit for grown-ups, and seldom had recourse to them, save during the intervals between re-reading my private pet storybooks.

The kind of magazines I enjoyed, in those days, were such as had a "children's corner," with a companion picture to some mild poetry, a diverting and instructive episode from real life and a fairy-tale. I would skip over remorselessly all the strange haps by land and sea, just giving a glance at the pictures, all the love-stories, all the little sermons in the shape of editorials, all the paragraphs of padding, and feast upon the pages (alas! how few!) that were meant for me to read, until their contents were quite exhausted: then I would fall back upon the foregone proceedings in search of matter suited to my mind.

Being, as I am, a victim to the habit of association, it is not easy to separate my recollections of books from the places in which I read them; in consequence, magazines are especially held in my remembrance as the peculiar attraction to the billiard-room, beyond the library, (in an old-fashioned country-house) whither they were conveyed as soon as they got to be back numbers. One of the closets in this apartment was so crammed with these stow-aways that the door would hardly shut. And, many a time and oft, at different periods in my existence, have I betaken myself to this retreat in quest of printed stuff wherewith to while away a lonely hour.

After a spell, fairy-tales ceased to interest me; another space, and the short-stories and serial novels went the way of fairy-tales. But, a well-regulated magazine is a match for all humors; and there

were few in that accumulation that had not some merit in their variety. In every case, age added interest. The notes on current events referred to facts that have since become historical. Here were prophecies and promises that have failed and been forgotten, judgments which the sentence of time had reversed or ratified, vehement attacks on abuses that are constant still, sarcastic cuts of fashions which are now absurdly out of style..

And, the fashions in sentiment,— how precisely, these, are recorded in the columns of old magazines! Herein, we may behold what a host of imitators Dickens and Thackeray brought into partial favor, and what a shabby lot they were,— making even the virtues of those great men seem cheap and coarse. How familiar, yet, how out of place, "Little Dorrit" seems, as she appeared with the original illustrations month after month in "Harpers'"! And "Colonel Newcomes,"— how faithfully, his high hat and the ladies' queer gowns and the initial flourishes to all the chapters were reproduced on this side of the Atlantic! And, how the small fry strove and failed to mimic the subtle humor and tender irony, conspicuous on every page! All this is told just as it happened in old-time periodicals.

Our own writers as well, what a pleasant company they were, and, how numerous! Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Willis, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and, so many more,— authors of genuine worth, making grist of all that came their way, cheerfully contributing to magazines, and, incidentally, laying the foundations of American literature, so that the most ambitious of their successors need but follow in their footsteps. Then, Poe's erratic genius was being forced and thwarted into such strange shapes that the critics have been finally constrained to give up wondering whether, in more agreeable circumstances, he would have written better, worse, or not at all, until, now, they seem likely to forget his faults descanting upon his originality. Then, Washington Irving went about, posing as "Geoffrey Crayon" and filling his portfolio with scenes from life in the new world and the old, which found such favor in the eyes of the reading public at home and abroad that he was soon involved in discussions concerning the international copyright. Doubtless, the copyright has, long since, lapsed; but, the publishers tell us, the demand for his works is still considerable.

We are so accustomed to many-volumed, elegantly-bound, editions of these authors, now known as "American Classics," that we easily lose sight of their small beginnings. Upon one occasion, I had the good-fortune to be most realistically reminded of these

first ventures, as, one day, in that billiard-room *closet*, I came across a very old "Godey's Lady's Book" containing an essay of Nathaniel Hawthorne's. It was like finding a pressed rose between the leaves.

Quite sensational, too, it seemed, although in a different strain, to read in a way-back number of "Little's Living Age" a lengthy critique on Hawthorne's latest novel, so appreciative, and yet, so properly critical as to give a fair idea of what we might expect, were we, indeed, "to see ourselves as others see us." In particular I was impressed by a word of warning concerning the theatrical use of natural and supernatural effects. Hawthorne was sharply criticized on this score,—and, not without reason, for such errors mislead others until the whole nation has gone astray.

. In some of its manifestations, superstition resembles faith; but it is merely a passing show, deceiving none but willing dupes. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The first requirement of the Church at the baptismal font is an act of self-denial,—that we *renounce* the devil and all his works and pomps, the ill-will of our own hearts. How different are the counsels of unbelief! Even in acts of apparent mortification, superstition seeketh still its own. Self-pity, self-approval, self-conceit, distorting the fair face of nature into fancied harmony with its own conditions,—how often such mental portrayals are reproduced for the benefit of magazine readers, and entitled stories, sketches, essays, what you will, the theme is still the same!

Now this posing for effect in a moral situation, with the forces of nature thrown into sympathetic commotion in the background, was precisely what this plain-spoken English critic objected to in the behavior of one of Hawthorne's heroes,—seemingly unaware that he was reviling a national characteristic. If it were only weak minds that were infected with this folly, it would not be worth mentioning; but, unfortunately, we see it in the works of our best writers.

Sensitiveness to the influences under which we are living, social and elemental, is a necessary qualification for composition; but, of itself, it should induce a healthful reaction; and, moreover, it should be directed and held in check by a reasonable knowledge of the past and, a sound religious hope for the future. Many of our modern writers are exquisitively sensitive; and so, their views of life are keenly relished for the time being; but there is a something wanting to them of the true literary quality, a certain lack of principle which leaves them at the mercy of public opinion and, finally, destroys their individuality. Genius, of whatever order, to preserve its identity must practice self-restraint. Revelers are all alike: it is the still small voice of duty which keeps each one in his place

and thus sustains the harmony of creation. Jars and discords, there must ever be in real life; but art is ideal, and artists should never lose sight of the higher order of things. Now, there is no denying that most artists, writers especially, are quite indifferent to this higher order, and, even seek to subvert it completely by undermining the principles on which it rests.

Has it been always so? It seems, not, taking the testimony of old magazines. Their moral and intellectual standard was higher and more consistent: their *best* had more true worth. Look at the class of men who entered the Catholic Church from other communions, in England alone, fifty years ago: what a wonderful race they were; absolute masters of thought and expression! They all wrote for the reviews. There was something incongruous, nothing accidental about their conversion: they were marked men in their natural sphere of life; and after the change, it was seen that they had but widened and intensified the influence they exercised.

Have they left aught for us to do? Much, if we be in earnest. They have left us their work to read and weigh attentively; they have left us their lives to write and write again until we have given them their true place in the world's history. Especially, they have left us our own lives to lead, encouraged and enlightened by their example, so that the next generation will not have cause to be altogether ashamed of us; they have left us our own share in the good work, our own vocations to follow after, humbly and honestly.

One worthy old-time magazine writer devotes an article to expatiating upon "ce que c'est une classique"; and Cardinal Newman, also, gives us a dissertation upon the same subject. With characteristic modesty, while deprecating the idea that *classics* are to be regarded definitely as things of the past, they have little hope of their own times and places producing anything of the sort. Now, both of these writers are revered as classical; and, although some of the qualifications they deemed requisite for that degree are evident in many writers of our day, still, our children must be our judges, and we are scarcely taking them into account.

Here, we may conclude is the reason why we can find so much to interest us in odd volumes of old magazines; the writers actually had us and our needs in mind; they were considering what effect their words and actions would have on those that should come after them, resolving to give us all the assistance in their power. Such dispositions could not fail to attract and interest us in return. But, half their labors will have been in vain unless we are led to imitate them in the chiefest of their virtues,—their simplicity and unselfishness.

THE FATE OF FATHER COIGLY—A VICTIM OF 1798.

DR. O'RIORDAN.



N June 7th, one hundred years ago, Father James Coigly was hanged on Pennenden Heath outside Maidstone, in the county of Kent, England. The late W. J. Fitzpatrick in his "Cloncurry and his Times" asks, "What Irishman is there who has not known of Father James O'Coigly who in 1798 paid the usual penalty of patriotism?" I am sure I may answer that comparatively few Irishmen of the present generation have heard of him, and that fewer still know anything about him beyond his name and his fate, except in County South and about Belfast,

where I am told his name is well remembered and revered. The memory of him seems to have been cut short in Ireland as his life was cut short in England. The names of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Fathers John and Michael Murphy, etc., are kept fresh in our memory through narratives, songs and sketches; but one has to look for the name of Father Coigly in some out-of-the-way record, although hardly any one of those deserves to be remembered as dearly as he. Arthur O'Connor and he were tried for treason together, yet O'Connor is more or less remembered, whilst Coigly is forgotten — and that in spite of the fact that O'Connor got free not without suspicion of dishonor, and Coigly was condemned and executed when he might have been released if he would only purchase his freedom at the cost of revealing what he knew of O'Connor without any bond of secrecy. I suppose the oblivion under which this self-sacrificing man has lain is in great measure owing to his having been executed and buried in England; if his ashes were with his own, the presence of his grave would have helped to keep his memory green.

During his confinement in Maidstone prison awaiting execution he wrote several letters — six to Valentine Derry supposed to be his friend Lord Cloncurry, containing an account of himself and

his family, also observations on his trial and conviction; one to the publisher of the "Maidstone Journal"; one to the attorney-general; one to the Duke of Portland; and an address to the people of Ireland. Valentine Derry published these immediately after his execution. From that pamphlet which is now very scarce, and from the official report of his trial, which is also very scarce, I give the following account of this intrepid and persecuted priest.

He was born in the parish of Kilmore in the county of Arwagh and baptized on August 8th, 1761, by the Rev. Eugene Laverty, .P. P. He was the descendant of ancient Irish tribes. John O'Donnelly, one of his ancestors, was son-in-law of Tyrone — he who bravely fought against the forces of Elizabeth. His ancestors were deprived of their lands in the confiscations of James I, they "choosing to fall with a falling state rather than survive its destruction." But the scattered remains of the family opposed Cromwell, and were debarred from the rights of the Court of Claims in the reign of Charles II. Nevertheless they fought under the flag of James II, forgetting their grievances in what they vainly thought to be a struggle for Ireland's rights. His maternal great-grandfather, O'Donnelly, together with seven of his brothers, fell at the battle of the Boyne. His grandfather Coigly constructed the famous boom at Fort Culmore for the blockade of Derry, which kept the English ships from coming up the Foyle, and three of his brothers were afterwards slain at the battle of Aughrim.

His father he describes as "a plain, honest farmer." One of his brothers was an extensive linen manufacturer and kept some hundreds of hands employed. Of himself he writes: "In point of moral conduct even my enemies will not, nor ever did, attempt to impeach me — never did I knowingly injure any one — was ever an obedient child, dearly beloved and cherished by my parents. Alas! my untimely fate will bring down their hoary hair in sorrow to the grave. I have also three brothers behind me; my fate will injure them materially." "My father," he says, "gave me an education superior to his situation, of which I profited as much as my health would permit." When he grew to manhood he found he had a vocation for the priesthood, and was ordained on January 2d, 1785. With a view to pursue an advanced course of ecclesiastical studies, he went to the Irish college in Paris, where he arrived on June 8th, 1785. At that time there were two Irish colleges in Paris. One was the old Collège des Lombards — a grant made by Louis XIV; the other was built in 1776 by the Rev. Lawrence Kelly, and

is the establishment which exists at present. The latter was occupied by students, the former was for the accommodation of young priests who attended lectures at the Sorbonne. It was in the Collège des Lombards that Father Coigly resided, for he refers to Dr. Walsh as the Rector. When he first arrived at the college it was ruled by Dr. Charles O'Neill, but in 1787 Dr. Walsh was transferred from the Irish College in Nantes to succeed him. Father Coigly says that he narrowly escaped being lanternized at the commencement of the Revolution. He made his escape from Paris on October 12th, 1789, but was arrested when he reached Dieppe. He again escaped, embarked on a Brighton packet-boat, and reached Ireland in safety.

On his arrival in Ireland he found Orangeism rampant around him. He worked with energy and with some success to unite the Catholics and the Dissenters of the North. "I had," he writes, "to combat many deep-rooted prejudices on both sides; but my success would have been comparatively trifling had it not been for the spirited exertions of that truly reputable, virtuous and enlightened body, the Dissenters of County Antrim, but chiefly and in particular those of Belfast." The Orangemen feared the strength of that union which Father Coigly sought to effect, and he on that account became the object of their special hatred. He writes: — "The Church and king mob, calling themselves Orangemen, commenced their bloody system of attacking my father's house about two years ago. My helpless hoary parents, the younger of whom is seventy-seven years, carefully avoided even the semblance of resistance, by throwing open the doors and windows at their approach; yet they wantonly fired one hundred shots into the house, one of which slightly grazed my father's head — my mother fell seemingly lifeless on the spot; and though she still lives, yet she is rather an object of general compassion, dragging on a wretched and miserable existence. My father they took prisoner, hauled him out of his own house, and, with blunderbuss directed to the head and breast, vehemently threatened his life if he would not immediately swear to recant the errors of the Church of Rome, and conform to the established religion during the remainder of his life. Though in such a perilous situation, with his usual fortitude he boldly refused to comply, declaring that neither threats nor promises should ever induce him to abandon his duty." They then plundered the house, taking away cash, plate, clothes, and whatever valuable articles they could lay hands on. They set fire to the furniture, to Father

Coigly's library, and to some valuable manuscripts and materials which he had collected with great labor and expense for the purpose of writing a history of the rebellion of 1741. They worked like havoc on the house of his brother; and other Catholic families suffered similarly. He tried to have the offenders brought to justice; but there was little justice for Catholics in those days, and he succeeded only in becoming himself a victim marked out for their vengeance. About this time he was engaged as prison chaplain in Dundalk, but he soon found it necessary to quit the country. He crossed over to Liverpool, thence he proceeded to London, where he arrived penniless. Through the kindness of an old school-fellow and a few friends he got as much money as took him to the continent. He visited Bremen, Amsterdam and other places in Holland. The Napoleonic wars were beginning, and Father Coigly was arrested on suspicion of being an English spy, but was subsequently released. He had spent all his money, and was able to make his way to Paris only by selling whatever articles he could dispose of to the Jews in Holland. He lost his hat at sea on his way from France, and with only a few pence in his pocket he arrived again in London, where a friend procured him money enough to cross over to Ireland. Since he left Ireland he had traveled under the name of Fivey, which, he says, is the English translation of Coigly.

But he was not to be at rest. No sooner had he reached Dublin than he learned that it was not safe for him to stay in Ireland. He again set out with the intention of going to Douay, where he hoped to live the peaceful life of a professor. But he never saw Ireland again, nor did he ever reach Douay. A friend in Dublin provided him with a military dress and advised him to travel under the name of Captain Jones. According to Mr. Fitzpatrick this friend "was no other than honest Mathew Dowling who aided Rowan in his escape from prison, and two years after gave the wink to Napper Tandy at Carrickfergus to be off." The same friend gave him a letter of introduction to the Hon. Valentine Browne Lawless — Lord Cloncurry, who received him hospitably at his house in London, where he arrived on February 11th, 1798. It was at the house of Lord Cloncurry that Father Coigly met Arthur O'Connor for the first time. O'Connor had been commissioned by the United Irishmen to go over to France for help in the Irish Rebellion. So they arranged to go together, O'Connor traveling under the name of Colonel Morris, and Father Coigly under the

name of Captain Jones. They were accompanied by three others — John Binns, John Allen, and Jeremiah Leavy, a boy of seventeen years. After several fruitless attempts to engage a boat to take them over to France they at length decided to go to Margate, where they hoped to hire one. They stayed at the King's Head Inn in High St. Two Bow street officers were sent in pursuit of them, and early in the morning of February 28th the house where they stayed was surrounded. The officers first arrested Binns, Allen and Leary; they then went up stairs and arrested O'Connor and Father Coigly. The priest was at breakfast in his room when the officers broke in upon him. In the pocket of a great coat which he had with him they found, besides certificates of his baptism, confirmation, ordination, and of his character as a worthy priest, a document which purported to be "An Address of the London Corresponding Society to the Executive Directory of France"; and in a box belonging to O'Connor they found a large sum of money, a military uniform, and a cypher letter from Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The loyalty of the travelers was at once suspected, and they were taken back to London guarded by a company of dragoons. On March 1st, they were brought before a magistrate at Bow street, and were committed for trial on a charge of high treason. Meanwhile they were imprisoned in the Tower, and on April 7th they were removed to the Kent county jail at Maidstone to await their trial. A special commission was summoned, and three judges were sent down from London to try them. The trial commenced on May 21st, 1798. The indictment was that the prisoners "being subjects of our Lord the King, and well knowing the premises, but not having the fear of God in their hearts nor weighing the duty of their allegiance and being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil as false traitors against our Lord the King on the 27th of February and on divers other days and times as well before as after with fire and arms at Margate in the County of Kent maliciously and traitorously did, amongst themselves together with divers other false traitors, conspire, compass, imagine, and intend to put our said Lord the King to death."

The Report of the trial fills an octavo volume of 550 closely printed pages. I have read it through, and it is very clear that in the minds of all, from the judges to the lowest witness in the case, Father Coigly was separated from the other prisoners as an object of peculiar prejudice. Even the lawyer engaged for his defence made a suspiciously feeble criticism on the evidence given against

him. The great point on which the case for the crown against the priest hung was the identity of the documents found in the great coat already alluded to. How anxious the crown was to get a witness to swear to the priest's handwriting and identify the documents appears from the following letter, written by the Under-Secretary Wickham to Lord Costlereagh:

Whitehall, April 11th, 1798.

My Lord: —

. It is most exceedingly to be lamented that no person can be sent over from Ireland to prove O'Coigly's handwriting. Proof of that kind would be so extremely material, that I have no doubt that the law officers would think it right to put the trial off if they could have any hope of any person being found in a short time who could speak distinctly to his handwriting."

When the crown looks for one to do the needful in such an emergency, a suitable person is sure to turn up, nor did he fail in Father Coigly's case. A man named Frederick Dutton, a Kentish man by birth, who had been in various situations which he left under discreditable circumstances, swore that he knew the priest's handwriting well, and even descended to particulars in support of his statement. Although he had to admit on cross-examination that he was at one time convicted of theft, and at another gave false evidence in court, his evidence now was considered reliable enough to satisfy the court of the guilt of the defenceless priest. In one of the letters written by Father Coigly before his death he declares solemnly that Dutton could not have known his handwriting, also that he himself knew nothing of the document found in the pocket of the great coat, and that if it was there it must have been put there without his knowledge. Indeed his dying observations on the evidence against him show that much evidence was not needed for judge or jury. Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," written in 1806, but published many years after, wrote of Father Coigly's trial: "O'Coigly was condemned on false and contradictory evidence. I do not mean to aver, as Lord Chancellor Thurlow assured me he did to Judge Buller who tried him that 'if ever a poor man was murdered it was O'Coigly', but simply to allude to a circumstance which, in the case of a common felon, would probably have saved his life. The Bow street officer who swore to finding the fatal paper in his pocketbook, and remarked in court the folding of the paper as fitting that pocketbook, had sworn before the Privy Council that the same paper was found loose in

O'Coigly's great coat, and, I think, had added that he himself had put it into the pocketbook. An attorney of the name of Foulkes gave me this information, and I went with it to Mr. Wickham, then, I think, Under-Secretary, who assured me that the circumstance should be carefully and anxiously investigated before the execution. But the order had gone down, and while we were conversing the sentence was probably executed."

After Judge Buller had charged the jury, they retired, and after thirty-five minutes returned with a verdict of "guilty" against the priest and a verdict of acquittal for O'Connor and the others. It is said that, after the trial, owing to his questionable conduct toward the priest, Lord Cloncurry and Wolf Tone shunned the company of O'Connor, who sometime after went to France and died in the French army service.

When asked if he had any observations to make on the evidence given, the priest said: "My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury — As I cannot prove a negative, I think it a serious duty I owe to myself, to my country, and to you, in the awful situation in which I now stand, to declare to you under all the solemn impressions of that situation that I never was the bearer of any former address from any man or body of men, in this country or my own, to the Executive Directory of France, and that the absurd and contemptible paper which is made the ground of the present serious charge against me is not mine. Upon the very face of it, it was intended to be taken to France by some person who was the bearer of some former address. I repeat, Gentlemen, I was not the bearer of that address, or of any other. If I had been, that, although it was impossible for me to prove the negative, was a fact clearly capable of positive proof on the part of the prosecution; but that has not been proved, because it was not the fact, I must also warn you with the same solemnity that I am not, nor ever was, a member of a political society in this country. If I had been, and that was also a probable fact, but has not been proved on the part of the prosecution, although the contrary is incapable of proof on mine. Gentlemen, with these few observations arising not only from the facts, but also from the evidence, I consign myself with confidence to your justice. You will acquit yourselves as Englishmen to your own consciences, to your country, and your God."

The terms of the sentence were these: "That you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be

hanged by the neck; but not until you are dead: but that you be taken down again, and whilst you are yet alive your bowels be taken out and burnt before your face, and that afterwards your head be severed from your body; your body to be divided into four quarters, and your head and body to be at the king's disposal — and may God Almighty have mercy on your soul."

In all Father Coigly's letters, written from Maidstone prison whilst he was awaiting execution, although he ably and vigorously exposes the injustice that doomed him and the persons who contributed to bring it about, he repeatedly expresses hearty forgiveness for them. In one letter he writes: "As for my part they can only put a period to a life fraught with continual troubles, afflictions and persecutions; and in my death I trust I shall triumph over their iniquity." In another letter he writes: "As this is the last you may ever receive from me, and as you know of old the attachment I had for Belfast even so far as to wish my ashes there — that being now impossible I pray you to signify my last request to —, or some other friend, to put up a small stone to my memory, with only my name on it. I will send you my watch, etc., by my solicitor. If you will not wear it for my sake, I have a nephew I have long been unfortunate; it will soon have an end. It is not in mortals to command success.

"But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.' I have not courage enough to write to my father. May the God of our forefathers give him and my distressed mother consolation."

On the morning of the 7th of June, 1798, he was chained to a hurdle drawn by two horses, and guarded by a company of soldiers. He was thus dragged before the public from Maidstone prison to Pennenden Heath, where the fatal sentence was carried out. When the body had been hanging for some minutes the head was cut off. The executioner raised it aloft and invited the crowd to behold the head of a traitor. The rest of the sentence, namely the disembowelling, was by the royal clemency not carried out. The remains were buried at the foot of the scaffold. Whether his dying wish of having a stone erected to his memory in Belfast has ever been carried out I cannot say. If not, the omission is unpardonable; and at least it would be a tribute which might be worthily paid to his memory on this the centenary of his death.



THE HYMN OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.



HEN the night has fallen
And the world is hushed in heavy sleep,
Out of the darkness and the gloom,
Adown the aisles of clouds.
When the moonbeams lie in silver bars,
And the light is dim
Of the torchlights of the stars,
The echo of a hymn
Comes resonant and grand and deep—
The echo of a mighty melody
Out of the vaults of broad Eternity.

The glory of the sounding song.
Reverberating low and long
Rings with the whirr of the whirling earth ;
And the sob and surge, as the billows boom,
Beating the rocks
And breaking in foam,
Are only faint whisperings out of the night.
And the mists uplifted from the waves,
Grey and sombre shrouds
Palling the dismal desolated moor,
Quiver and break in its shivering might.

The echo of a song once broke before
A score of centuries ago
Over the hushed Judean hills
At the Incarnate Godhead's birth :
Glory! Glory! Glory! – the Holy Angels's Hymn,
Sounding back from the Endless Hall,
Holding the world in its awful thrall !
Glory! Glory! Glory! O Hymn of the Holy Angels
Silence the rebel voice that speaks in my blinded soul !
Hymn of the Holy Angels, sanctify !
Hymn of the Holy Angels, purify !
God, in the lonely night, O hear my cry !
Stretch out Thy saving hand !
Hear Thou my puny voice
Over the angel's chant
Whisper my gratitude !

The thunder of ocean is only a whisper now,
Drowned in the voice of the Holy Angel's Hymn.
How little and frail and weak my voice, O God !
But, Holy Angels, could it only be !—
Blend my poor note of praise and adoration,
As ocean's thunder and earth's singing is,
With thine to God ! Amen.

A WORD MORE ABOUT THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

ELLEN AUGUSTINA CONWAY.



FOR the first time in her history the United States has entered the field of conquest. She has broken down the intangible barriers of early republican tradition and has carried her conquering arms into the far East as well as into Cuba and Porto Rico. The treaty to be agreed upon at Paris will definitely settle the extent of her acquisitions, but it seems hardly probable that she will return any part of the territory where her flag now waves to the misgovernment of Spain.

The problems presented by Cuba and Porto Rico are comparatively simple, but public opinion is widely diverse as to the retention of the Philippines. From day to day the papers are filled with the expression of views, some wise, some puerile and silly beyond belief. The liberty of speech is an inherent right of the American citizen, and incidentally a great blessing to the newspapers which acquire much "copy" for nothing.

Above this discord of sound one note repeats itself with strident insistence. "The religious orders must go." Already the Protestant sects are planning the "conversion" of natives already Christian. An extensive propaganda is to be carried out and the territory of the various denominations is perhaps even now apportioned. But as a preliminary the religious orders which alone have made the Philippines of any value as a colonial possession to any country are to be driven out from ground which they have occupied for three centuries of self-denying work.

Let us consider the present state of the Philippines. It is three hundred and seventy-seven years since Magellan planted the flag of Spain on one of the islands and pre-empted the archipelago in the name of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Not until 1565 was a Spanish settlement founded under Legaspie and the conquest of the islands begun. From that day until this the history of the Philippines has been one of peaceful development of the gradual civili-

zation and Christianization of the natives until at the present time at least two-thirds of them are Christian and in the northern islands idolatrous worship is almost unknown. All this under Spanish colonial government notoriously the worst in the world.

To what are we to ascribe the striking differences between this and other Spanish colonies? The history of Spanish rule in the West Indies, in Central and South America is a history of pitiless atrocity. The extermination of the aborigines would seem to have been the end in view. The treatment of the Incas of Peru, of the Aztecs of Mexico was typical of the policy of Spain toward conquered nations. But in the Philippines the establishment of Spanish rule was achieved with ease and with the least possible bloodshed.

The explanation is a simple one. Hand in hand with the State went the Church. The State claimed the land and its inhabitants for Spain, the Church claimed their souls for Christ. The same royal commission that created Legaspi governor sent members of the religious orders to convert the nation to Christianity. It is to the everlasting praise of Philip II. of Spain that from the first the civilization of the Philippines was a Christian civilization, that the Church was at the beginning at work, converting, baptizing, consoling the living, opening the gates of Heaven to the dying. Philip II. has been held up to the execrations of three centuries as a monster of cruelty. He has been tried by the standards of a more humane age and found wanting, but Catholics may well imitate his unfailing devotion to the Church, his zeal for the purity of her faith, and his profound resignation to an agonizing death.

The work begun has been continued without a break. The Augustinians were the first in the field. The Franciscans followed them, then the Dominicans, later the Capuchins and the Jesuits; but all were established before the end of the sixteenth century. The first bishop was a Dominican. An unusual feature has been that the work has been largely confined to the religious orders. A comparatively small part of the nation are under the care of the secular clergy. In addition to their parochial and institutional work the religious have been zealous in the promotion of learning. Manila has institutions of learning which compare favorably with those in this country or in Europe. The Dominicans have a college for native youth equipped with every modern appliance. St. Thomas, the college of the Augustinians, has forty free scholarships for young men of Spanish birth. There are numerous convent schools for the education of girls, and the wants of the sick and the needy are met by numerous hospitals and asylums.

The greatest living authority on the Philippines is Mr. Ferdinand Blumentritt. In a paper read before the Vienna Geographical Society in 1896 he pays a deserved tribute to the work of the religious in ethnographic and geographical research as well as to their religious zeal. His account of the happy state of the natives under the care of the religious is confirmed by Mr. Reclus in Volume XIV of his *Geographie Universelle*.

The testimony of an unprejudiced outsider is often of great value. In an article published in the *North American Review* of February, 1897, the Hon. John Banste, Minister to Siam in the last administration, a man of wide knowledge of Asiatic affairs, has thus expressed himself in regard to the ecclesiastical system of the Philippines: "If at first one is prejudiced against it, the feeling in a measure vanishes and even turns into admiration. The Church and State are practically one, though nominally not identical. If there is evil in the ecclesiastical sway it is more than balanced by the good it accomplishes for the natives or common people. The majority appear happy and content." "A marked result of the influence of the Church is that the inhabitants of the Philippines are Christian—a condition which stands out in marked contrast to that of other lands of Asia." "Of the several millions in Luzon not over half a million are beyond the absolute control of the priests whose efforts to preserve order are so respected that lawlessness is rarely displayed within the sphere of their influence. Numbering nearly 3,000 they include many men of great ability, noble character, and wide learning. The majority are faithful to their vows and the few who backslide are usually of mixed blood or natives."

The identification of the Church with the government does not necessarily imply approval of the colonial methods of the Spanish government. It is well known that the spirit of the Liberal Spanish government is opposed to the Church. It is said that personally nearly every priest in Spain is a Carlist. But it is the principle of the Church to uphold the civil authority. Our blessed Lord set the example when He paid tribute to the Roman government and St. Paul inculcates the same principle in his epistles. The Church stands for order, not for anarchy. She laments the evils of Spanish misrule but she cannot commit herself to revolution. Therefore she has refrained from espousing the cause of the insurrectionists. We may be sure that if the rule of the United States will be established in the islands, the Church, so largely represented by the religious orders, will be the first to welcome the new government and to coöperate in every way with the constituted authorities. The Arch-

bishop of Manila has already expressed himself as grateful for the tranquility secured to the city by the American occupation.

When we inquire into the character and antecedents of the insurgents we fail to find them such as to lead us to attach great value to their pretensions, or to their qualifications for self-government. They are mostly half caste, the children of Chinese fathers and native mothers, who have in the larger towns come in contact with the offcomings of European anarchy, and imbibed from them the principles of rebellion to constituted authority. They are not in any legitimate sense representative of the native population, nor of the foreign settlements. They are largely members of secret societies against which, as we know, the Church sets her face unflinchingly. A combination of anarchy and freemasonry seems hardly to be entitled to much respect, especially when one considers that to the Church which they oppose so bitterly the insurgents owe not only what education they possess but their material prosperity. For it is the Church and the religious orders which have developed the material resources of the islands.

Now what is the animus of the attacks upon the work of the religious orders. In this country it is the work of a jealous and covetous Protestantism. Protestantism sees in the great work of the Church in the Far East an occasion not for generous approval of devotion and zeal but for the display of a mean jealousy of a work more successful than its own. Cain, we are told in Holy Scripture, slew Abel because his sacrifice found favor in the eyes of God, and the feelings of Protestants toward the great mission work of the Church is akin to the spirit displayed by Cain. In the great body of the religious bound by vows to lives of the severest self-denial Protestants see an implied condemnation of their own missionaries who go out to the foreign field accompanied by their wives and families and taking with them the comforts of home. They would replace the present state of things by a Philippine confederation dominated, as is Hawaii, by "the sons of missionaries."

In its three hundred years of work in the Philippines the Church has acquired much property. The funds at her disposal have been wisely used for educational purposes, for the maintenance of her missionary work, in the building of churches, hospitals, schools and asylums. Protestantism casts upon these possessions of the Church its covetous eye and demands that they be confiscated to the State. This is nothing new. Read in the pages of Froude, the Protestant historian, the defender of Henry the Eighth, the history of "the great pillage," as some of its adherents have not hesitated to call the

English Reformation. Trace the history of the great fortunes of some of the Scotch nobility. Call to mind the destruction of the property of the Church by the Protestants of the Netherlands, and learn the attitude of Protestantism toward the goods of the Church. The Church covets no man's goods. She teaches her children to give liberally as God has prospered them for the support and extension of her work. Their gifts are hers by an inalienable right, and she protests against the division of her property for the spread of heretical teaching or for the purposes of a non-religious government. She claims at the hands of the State, for her interests in the Philippines, the same protection which is accorded to the humblest citizen.

Again in the persistent abuse of the wise and beneficent work of the religious orders in the Philippines, the yellow journalism of the day has found a certain way of promoting its sales. Nothing so appeals to the Protestant public as wholesale denunciation of the Church in her priests, her ritual and her administration. The best exponents of Protestantism, men of really high character and attainments, receive but a luke-warm attention, but the renegade monk, the nun dismissed from her convent for immoral conduct find multitudes to listen to their filthy fabrications. So the yellow journal is sure of increased sales when it prints column after column of so-called facts accusing men and women who are living lives of great self-denial amid circumstances of difficulty and often of danger, of the vilest immorality and the most inhuman extortion. Catholics should make it a point of loyalty to the Church to refuse to buy these papers which insult our holy religion and insidiously undermine the morality of the young by casting discredit upon those whom the Church has set in places of authority.

On the one side we have a body of men and a work on which God has set the seal of His approval by granting it most wonderful success; on the other hand the enmity of the insurgents who owing everything to the Church yet display the base ingratitude of the cur which bites the hand which feeds it, the self-interest of Protestantism which desires to claim the Philippines for itself, and the insistent craving for notoriety of the yellow journals. Can there be any doubt as between the two?

Let us then cast whatever influence we possess into the scales on the side of the Church and her devoted servants, the religious orders, and let us pray with the utmost earnestness for the religious who in this hour of trial are sealing their adhesion to our Holy Faith with their blood.

LIFE OF FATHER ROCCO, FRIAR PREACHER.

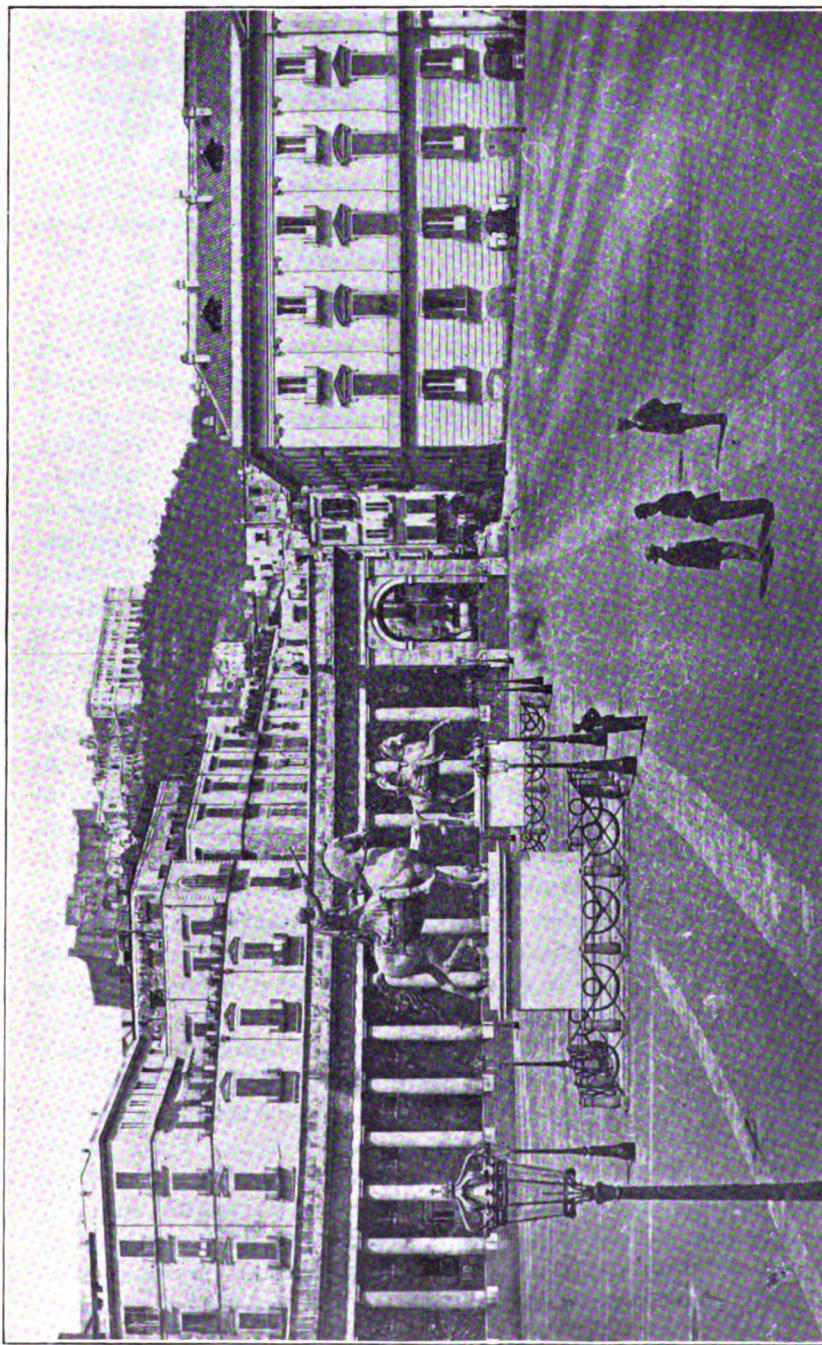
Narrated for the Italian People by CARDINAL CAPECELATRO, and done
into English by EDWARD LINTHICUM BUCKEY.

III.

PREACHING OF FATHER ROCCO.



ET us glance backward for a moment and consider Father Rocco when, between his twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth years, having finished his short term as teacher of philosophy, he turned more ardently than ever to the thought of his long loved mission to the Indians. As the time seemed now opportune, he wrote an humble letter to the General of the order begging permission to carry out this early desire of his, and join some other Dominicans who were on the eve of leaving for this field of labor. The General did not seem to be opposed to the idea, but rather favored it and took time to consider it. But when no answer was vouchsafed after many months, Father Rocco wrote again, and in answer to this second request received forthwith a peremptory answer "no." He must then give up this thought of his, cherished for so long a time, even from the first days of his priesthood; abandon it and cast it away without hope of recall! With his sensitive and impulsive nature, it is needless to say that the good father experienced an intense disappointment and suffered much, but on the other hand, his piety and habit of obedience enabled him to master himself, and accept in peace the command of the Superior. His great devotion toward St. Philip Neri assisted him much in bearing this heavy trial with such sweet serenity of mind. He remembered that St. Philip also had had a most impelling desire to go to India, and had two companions ready to follow him there, but when a Carthusian monk, a man of prayer and miracles, said to him in the name of the Lord, "Thy India shall be Rome," that forthwith he accepted patiently and without a murmur the will of God. Why should he not imitate his dear Saint Philip and submit likewise? Why should he not bear in mind the words by which the Apostle praises Jesus Christ, and say that he also was made obedient unto death, even the death of the cross?



SAN MARTINO (WHERE EFFIGY OF FR. ROCCO IS KEPT) CRESTING THE HILL ON THE RIGHT.

Seeing then that God did not wish him to preach the Gospel to the heathen, Father Rocco turned his thoughts to something else. With his fine intelligence he could easily have resumed his studies, and without doubt have attained the grades of the Baccalaureate and Mastership which bestow so many privileges and honors in the Dominican Order. But, as has been already said, he did not feel at all inclined to such a life. Nevertheless wishing only to fulfill the will of God, he betook himself most earnestly to prayer, saying with great devotion, "Lord, Lord, teach me what Thou wouldst have me do"; and these words he repeated all day long. Now it happened that whenever he prayed most heartily his ever dominant thought seemed to be that he must consecrate himself to the apostolic work of preaching. Although he could not preach to the heathen, why should he not preach to Christians? Had they not need of it, and was it not true that even in the heart of Christianity the harvest was great but the laborers few? It seemed to him as if he heard also a voice saying within him, "Leave to others the rich and cultured, and give thyself wholly to an apostleship among the poor. Too few love the poor, but is their need not just as great and are they not as worthy as others of the bread of life?" How noble it was (so thought Father Rocco to himself) for a priest of the Lord to make himself poor with the poor, and bestow upon them the treasure of heavenly hope. Those words which Jesus Christ said of Himself, "The Father has commanded me to preach the Gospel to the poor," coming into his mind, seemed to him to have a special application to himself. He resolved then in his heart to spend his entire life, if his superiors will consent to it, in the evangelization of the masses, even the lowliest and most vile. He accordingly requested his superiors to appoint him a missionary to the Neapolitan people, and he not only met with no opposition, but was praised for his good desire, and aided in every way to fulfil it.

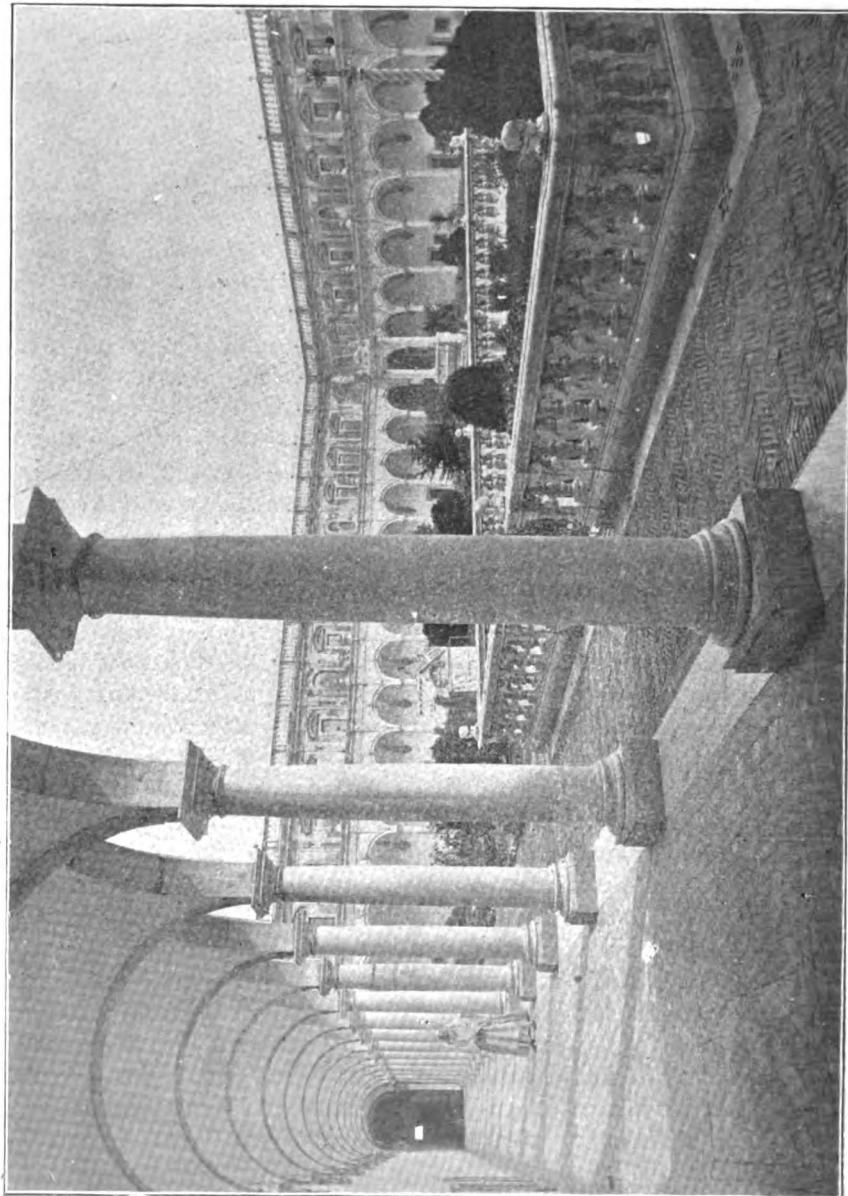
To be the people's missionary, according to the idea of Father Rocco, and even according to the sentiment of the time, did not mean to preach in this or that church on certain days appointed for the celebration of the Divine mysteries, as Sunday or even every day. According to Father Rocco, the missionary must be at the same time an intimate friend of the people, and a man of authority among them; a man who by means of affection and influence would be able to direct them, discipline them, and convert them to good. He must be able to inspire them with a love of the Gospel, especially

as seen in its moral beauty, since faith without charity is like a plant which no sun warms into life. Therefore every park, every street, every house, every shed was suitable for Father Rocco's kind of preaching.

The preacher was not to wait in the church for the people to come in search of him, but more often he must go to them, and seek them where they were obliged to work and gain with difficulty and often with hardships their daily bread. He must seize a fitting moment and improvise on the spot a discourse capable of moving them, of exciting them to grief, of renewing in them good intentions, in a word to touch the consciences of sinful men. It is a kind of preaching that is full of difficulty, and for which education and a Christian disposition do not alone suffice. Often indeed education is of little or no value at all. There is needed rather a certain kind of ready and popular eloquence, vigorous, pointed, and courageous, combined with a great charity manifest to all. Father Rocco was admirably qualified for just such a work, and if Catholic sermons are to be judged chiefly by their fruit, he was easily the rival of the best preachers of his time or indeed of any age.

Now we must remember that this kind of wholly popular preaching is to-day quite obsolete or nearly so; wherefore to understand it, and judge it fairly, we must, in imagination, transfer ourselves to the times of our subject. It is true indeed that those times are not in reality so far away; for in truth it is little more than a century ago that Father Rocco's preaching stirred our city, and drew around him such immense crowds, but in this short space of time, how great have been the changes in our mental attitude in affairs, and in the conditions of civil life. We hardly recognize ourselves, and we can well, as it were, ask ourselves, "But are we really the children of these Neapolitans of a century ago?" To-day, no doubt, Father Rocco's style of preaching would seem to us strange and bizarre enough, and what is more, of little or no profit. And yet, as far as results are concerned, how happy I should be, if my preaching could effect the half that his accomplished. Father Rocco in truth wishing to become an efficacious preacher, began at that point where all should make beginning. He tried to be fervent in his piety and love of God, and to gain authority over the people by means of the report of a chaste and mortified life wholly corresponding to his Rule. He rose very early in the morning, said his Mass devoutly, and spent a considerable time in prayer. Then he studied his Bible, read some holy books, and often, according as

CLOISTER OF SAN MARTINO.



he felt minded, wrote some arguments in defense of religion and good morals. He would also recite the office in choir with the others, and then go forth with the intention of seizing any opportunity which presented itself to him to preach. Father Rocco was now in the full vigor of life, barely thirty years of age. He was of good complexion, normal in height, dark, and a trifle heavy in weight. His head was large and round, and his mouth big. His splendid forehead, however, and brilliant, sparkling black eyes added much to his personal appearance. Impulsive and quick in his movements, emphatic in his gestures, he had moreover a rarely beautiful voice, deep, rich, and strong, capable at once of compelling both fear and attention. It was remarkable too how long he could use it without fatigue, preaching often not only once but four or five times the same day. His clothing was coarse but always that prescribed by his Order — a white habit and a black hood. On one side of his belt he carried a large crucifix, and suspended from the other, a rosary of the Blessed Virgin. He kept his head, according to Dominican use, almost completely shaved, covering it with a small biretta, though sometimes with two small caps, one white and one black. He generally carried with him also a stick of rough wood without knob or ferrule. When on the street he seemed always in a hurry, and when summoned to a call of charity was wont to make such haste that frequently he arrived quite out of breath. In conversation he was most affectionate, often witty, and even gay, though there was an abiding look of gravity in his face altogether uncommon.

The people from the very first began to love him, then they feared him, but loved him still. Love however predominated, and Father Rocco saw it and was glad.

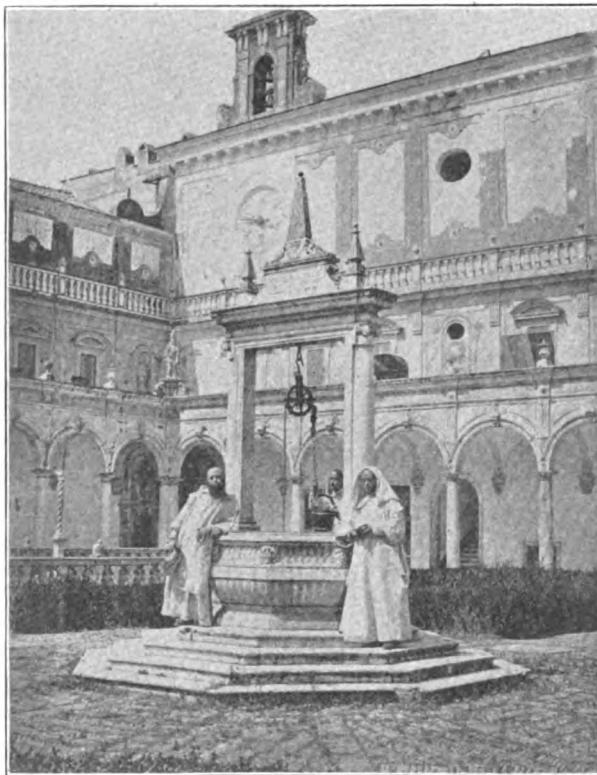
His ordinary way of preaching, at least in the beginning, was this. He went into the most densely populated quarter of the city, and where the lowly, with us always gay and noisy, were wont to assemble and carry on their loud and boisterous conversations. When there he made choice of some bit of parking and standing in some spot a trifle higher than the rest, began to preach, not in Italian, but in the dialect which was then much better understood by the people, and which consequently had more efficacy with them. The topics which he chose were very different but always contained arguments in which good morals were interspersed with religion, and in this kind of combination he seemed wonderfully skilful and expert. He used especially to draw forth the two emotions of fear

and love, passing with great facility from one to the other, able to strike the greatest terror in the multitude and at the same time equally capable of awakening in them the most exquisite and tender sentiments of religious love. Thoroughly to accomplish his purpose, he wished to acquire, and in a short time did acquire, all the arts of popular preaching. He learned so well the habits of the Neapolitan people, that it seemed he must have lived at least fifty years. He knew perfectly all the popular sayings, and made use of all those little tricks of conversation by which the people gave emphasis to their speech. He was also a master in the art of expressing his thought by means of gestures, according to the custom of our people, and often used it with advantage in his preaching. His sonorous voice, his natural fluency of tongue, his vivid word-painting always apposite and tasteful, gradually drew the people around him. The great square of Mercatello, of Castelmore, and more frequently that of Mercato, were henceforth packed with people, and in the crowd might be seen priests, religious, and even some of the aristocracy. Father D'Onofrio records that many times the gentry made as it were a circle around the people with their carriages, all hearing him with the greatest admiration. As soon as he began to preach, it could be easily seen how all hung upon his lips. They watched him with intent look, anxious not to lose one word which he should say, betraying both by their attitude and look, and often by some involuntary movement, that his words had struck home, and what is more, affected them strongly. And Father Rocco on his part knowing how difficult it was to keep the attention of the people very long upon the lofty mysteries of religion, after duly quoting the Bible and such Fathers as he needed, was wont to make use of all kinds of homely illustrations, similitudes, parables and what not, anxious to excite their curiosity and retain their interest, while he never for a moment forgot his purpose of making it all subserve some important practical deduction.

It is true that sometimes in this search of striking comparison the good father seemed to outstep the limited propriety, condescending too much in his effort to clothe in simple language some truth rather spiritual and transcendent, but yet nearly always was he able, in his marvellous way, to lift up his hearers to the required plane, duly explaining the significance of all that he had said. Any one hearing one part only of some of his discourses, might have gone away, greatly scandalized, just deeming it at once both erroneous and vulgar; but having heard it all he would most certainly

express a very different opinion. One needed especially to keep in mind the lively disposition of the people, the exaggerations of our language, and even the state of souls at that time, justly to value the winsome and popular preaching of our good brother.

Although there have not come down to us any complete sermons of his, yet a bit here and there, some recollections still remaining, will assist us much in comprehending with some degree of truth the manner and style of his preaching. One day wishing to rebuke



THE WELL IN THE QUADRANGLE.

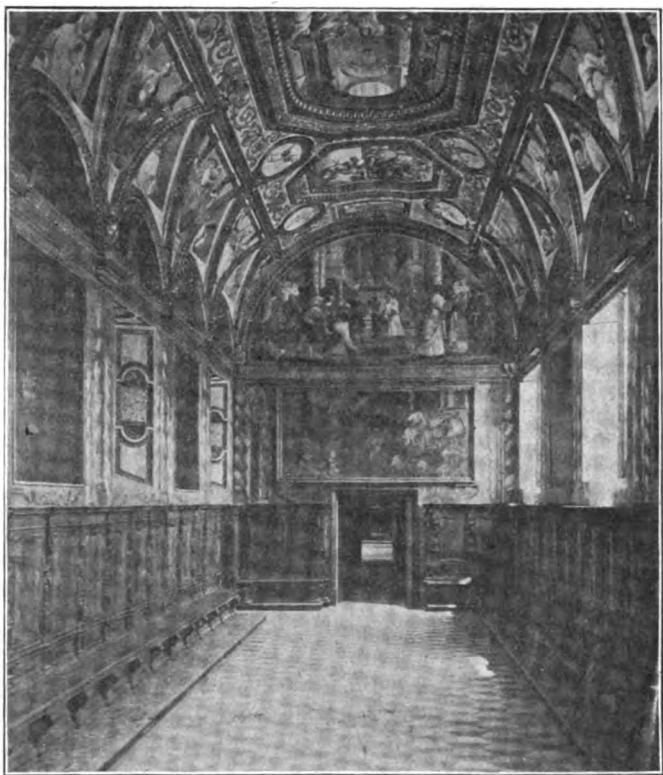
the fathers of families who to no purpose corrected their children, because they themselves always gave such bad example, he took for his subject "the Crab." It is the common opinion that this fish, although wishing to go forward, on account of its crooked movement only succeeds in going backward. Now our good brother spoke thus one day in parable to his hearers: "It happened once upon a time that a great father crab rebuked his sons for their awkward motions, saying to them, 'Why do you always walk so crooked

and go backwards?" His sons replied, saying, "But please, father, show us how we ought to walk. For surely nothing can be better than to follow your footsteps." So when the old crab began to move, it was observed that he too walked crooked and always backward, perhaps even more so than did his sons. So they made great sport of him, and ever thereafter paid no attention at all to his advice." Another time Father Rocco, desirous of increasing in his people the fear of hell, said to them: "The hell for you, Neapolitans, will certainly be a more dreadful place of torment than that of other people, for God has blessed you spiritually and temporally, as beloved children, and you only take advantage of His gifts in order to make yourselves so much the worse. Who ever had in this world a climate so sweet, a sky so lovely, a sea so glorious, and a land so rich as yours! Since therefore God has placed you here in the very center or as one might say, the heart of this most beautiful earth of ours, so if you go to hell, your place will surely be in *its* very centre, the portion of the worst sinners in that most dreadful place of torment." In speaking of the divine chastisement, he would often take his examples from the eruptions of Vesuvius, and the earthquakes which abound in Naples, and which so much terrify and alarm the people.

The plenty of the corn and wine and oil, the beauty of the city, of the coast, of the mountains, and of the sea, served him in giving to his hearers images of heaven. In short all of his comparisons and analogies were drawn from things well known to the people, and were always so aptly applied that they never failed to be deeply affected.

It is related that one day wishing to stir up the great concourse of people who stood about him, he made use of a sort of stratagem. He wore then as always on one side a crucifix and on the other his beloved rosary. With the crucifix he spoke to them of sin, painting it in dark and gloomy colors, making them understand as best he could the full meaning of the divine scourging. And so impassioned were his words and full of such feeling that the people became greatly moved. Then suddenly changing his tone, he turned his discourse upon God's goodness and mercy with such sweetness and tenderness and withal such enthusiasm that the souls but a moment ago cast down were lifted up again, and became filled with a lively and earnest hope. Wishing then to make use of both the fear and love which he had excited in his hearers, he inflamed himself with fresh zeal, and with his most persuasive voice sought to awaken in their souls the heartiest contrition. It seemed that never before as on that day

had his words been so convincing and therefore to make one last attempt upon his hearers in order to thoroughly convert them, he suddenly stopped in his discourse and said: "Well now, I wish to-day of you some visible and external sign of your repentance, which is a thing, you know, so wholly interior and invisible. You say, perhaps, that you are penitent, but who knows it? O that I could penetrate into the depths of your souls! O Lord God, Father of Mercy, why not grant me this divine gift that I may look into these



CHAPTER ROOM OF SAN MARTINO.

hearts before me! But no, give me yourselves, O my beloved children, some external sign of your grief. Those of you who are well disposed and truly penitent raise up your right hand so they can be seen." At these words, all raised their hands. But Father Rocco did not seem yet to be content: he remained for a moment in silence gazing with soulful eyes upon his crucifix and his rosary. Then suddenly he raised his eyes and with a terrible look turned to the people and said: "O my God, now I wish for a sword to cut off

these hands which are raised and which have offended Thee with acts of deceit, and usury, with murder, theft, and deeds of baseness, and are not yet penitent; if only that they may no longer sin against Thee!"

As soon as he had said this, all immediately withdrew their hands, and hid them in their breasts, as if expecting the immediate fulfilment of that prayer, and straightway began to weep. Then the good father, taking again a tone full of affection, gave them his blessing. And behold! they all walked up to him, kissed his habit and his hands, accompanied him to the convent, chanting and singing spiritual songs along the road as if it were a feast day.

What fruit Father Rocco gleaned from this kind of preaching will be seen from time to time. It is sufficient here to make clear what his particular talent was. I only wish to offer one consideration which seems to me useful. Everyone knows how dear to St. Philip were the Dominican friars and how he inspired his children with this same love. Father Rocco had no better friends in Naples than the Filippini (Girolamini) whom he visited nearly every day. And it is very likely that in his preaching he had before his eyes our own beloved Saint, especially as St. Philip used to preach in the street, on the benches and in the shops of Rome, and because St. Philip, too, loved simple and popular preaching. While however the Florentine Saint, preaching to the Romans, to the simplicity of his speech and the grand fervor of his holy words, joined all the well-known Tuscan gentleness, Father Rocco, in preaching to the Neapolitans, embellished his words with the lively colors and images familiar to the lowly, increasing the efficacy even by the frequent use of the common exaggerations of daily talk.

But however it was, it is certain that Father Rocco's preaching was followed by grand results. It must however be noted that though his preaching was wonderfully successful, yet he did not gain these results solely from his native eloquence. As long as Father Rocco preached to the people in the manner described, he did them good, and gained in consequence and by reason also of his holy life, an ever increasing authority and influence over them.

Whatever he said, even though it was severe and hard, was received by the people as the admonition of an affectionate, kind, and loving father. Religious truths nearly always enter the soul by way of the heart. The masses, who naturally have but limited intelligence and slight capacity for abstractions, love above all things to judge by their hearts the men who announce to them the word divine, and rarely do they find themselves mistaken.

APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTION OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII.

ON THE LAWS, RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE CONFRATERNITY
OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

LEO, BISHOP, SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.



HEN first, by the secret designs of Divine Providence, We were promoted to the Chair of Peter, seeing the evils that were threatening, We deemed it our Apostolic duty, for the salvation of souls, to consider by what means we could best guard the interests of the Church, and the integrity of the Catholic faith. Our mind at once turned to the great Mother of God, who was a partner in the work of man's Redemption, and to whom Catholics have always had recourse in times of danger and adversity. How safe they were in putting their trust in her is seen by the wonderful favours she has bestowed on her clients. Many of these, we know, have been obtained by that beautiful form of prayer, given by her and propagated by the ministry of Saint Dominic under the title of the Rosary. Our Predecessors, the Sovereign Pontiffs, have again and again decreed that the Virgin should be honoured by the practice of that devotion, and We also, emulating their zeal, have dwelt very fully on the dignity and power of the Rosary of Mary in several Encyclical Letters published since the first of September, 1883, exhorting the Faithful to practise either publicly, or in their own homes, this most salutary devotion to Our Lady, and to join the Sodalities of the Rosary. All these We called to mind, and, as it were, summarized in a recent letter given on the 5th of September this year, in which We expressed our intention of publishing a *Constitution* on the rights, privileges, and indulgences which those enjoy who join this holy confraternity.

Now, to carry out our design, at the desire of the Master-General of the Order of Preachers, We publish this *Constitution* in

which, enumerating the laws made for the Confraternity, and the benefits granted to its Members by the Sovereign Pontiffs, We decree the manner in which this holy society is to be ruled.

I.

The end for which the Confraternity of the Rosary has been instituted is, that many being banded together in fraternal charity by that most devotional form of prayer from which the association takes its name, may be drawn to praise and honour the Blessed Virgin, and by unanimous supplication secure her patronage. Wherefore, without any subscription or payment whatever, it admits persons of every condition of life amongst its members, and binds them to one another by no other bond than the recitation of the Rosary of Mary. The result is, that while each one contributes a little towards the common treasure, all receive a great deal from it. For whenever a person fulfills his obligation of reciting the Rosary according to the rules of the Confraternity, he includes in his intention all its members, and they in turn render to him the same service multiplied.

II.

The Dominican Order, which from its very beginning, has been most devoted in honouring the Blessed Virgin, and by which the institution and propagation of the Confraternity of the Rosary was accomplished, holds as its inheritance, all that belongs to this devotion.

Only the Master-General of the Dominicans, therefore, is to have the right of erecting sodalities of the Rosary. When he is absent from Rome, his Vicar-General has the right; and when he dies, or is removed from his office, it belongs to the Vicar-General of the Order. Wherefore, whatever sodality may be hereafter established cannot enjoy any of the benefits, privileges and indulgences with which the Roman Pontiffs have enriched the lawful and true Confraternity of the Rosary, unless a diploma of institution be obtained from the Master-General, or the aforesaid Vicars.

III.

Whatever sodalities of the most holy Rosary have been instituted in the past, and are in existence to this day, without the letters-patent of the Master-General, must, within the space of one year from this date, obtain the aforesaid document. In the meantime, however, provided there be no other defect, We by our Apostolic authority graciously declare, that these sodalities, until such time as their diploma is sent, are to be considered as sanctioned and lawful, and participating in all the benefits and indulgences.

IV.

For the erection of the Confraternity in any particular church, the Master-General is to depute by the usual document a priest of his own Order; where there are no convents of Dominican Fathers he is to appoint a priest approved of by the Bishop; but he cannot in general, and without limitation, transfer his power to the Provincials, or other priests of his own, or any other Order or Institute.

We revoke the faculty granted* by Benedict XIII., of happy memory, to the Masters of the Order, of delegating Provincials beyond the sea (*transmarinos*) without restriction. We grant, however, considering it expedient, that they may give power to the Priors, Vicars, and Superiors of Missions, in such provinces, to erect a certain number of Sodalities, of which they must render to them an accurate account.

V.

The Confraternity of the Rosary may be established in any church or public oratory to which the faithful have free access, except the churches of nuns and other pious women living in community, as the Holy Roman Congregations have frequently declared.

Seeing that it has been already decided by the Apostolic See that more than one Sodality of the Most Holy Rosary must not exist in one and the same place. We again enforce this law, and command that it be everywhere observed. If, however, at present it happens that there are several Sodalities properly constituted in any one place, the Master-General of the Order has authority to decide the matter in whatever way he thinks just. In large cities, as has been already granted, there may be several Sodalities of the Rosary; these for their lawful institution must be proposed by the Ordinary to the Master-General.[†]

VI.

Since there is no chief Confraternity of the Most holy Rosary to which the other lesser Sodalities are aggregated, it follows that each new Association of the Rosary, by its own canonical institution enjoys all the indulgences and privileges which are granted by this Apostolic See to the other Sodalities of the Rosary throughout the world. These indulgences and privileges adhere to the church in which it is established. For although the privileges of the Sodality belong to the members, still many indulgences granted to those

*Constit. *Pretiosus die 26 Maii, 1727.*

†S. C. Indulg., die 20 Maii, 1896.

visiting its chapel or altar, as also the privileged altar, are inherent to the place, and therefore without a special Apostolic indult cannot be taken from it, nor transferred. Whenever, therefore, the Sodality is for any reason to be transferred to another church, a new document for that purpose must be applied for to the Master-General. If, however, the church is destroyed, and a new church under the same title is erected on the same site or in the neighbourhood, to this, inasmuch as it may be considered the same place, all the privileges and indulgences are transferred, and the institution of a new Sodality is not required. But if in any place, after the Sodality has been canonically instituted in a church, a convent with a church of the Order of Preachers be erected, the Sodality as a matter of right is transferred to the church belonging to that convent; but if in any exceptional case it may seem advisable to depart from this rule, we grant authority to the Master-General of the Order to arrange the matter according to his own discretion and prudence, maintaining in its integrity the right of his Order.

VII.

To what is above decreed, which pertains to the nature and constitutions of the Confraternity, other things may be added, if it be deemed advisable for the better working of the Sodality. The members may form for themselves certain rules by which their whole Sodality may be governed, or by which certain members may be encouraged to undertake some special works of Christian piety, with a subscription to be paid if such be approved of, and with the wearing a religious garb, or otherwise. But no variety of this kind is an obstacle to the gaining of the indulgences by the members, provided they fulfill the conditions for gaining them prescribed by the Apostolic See. Additional rules, however, of this kind are to be approved of by the Bishop of the diocese, and remain subject to his authority, as was sanctioned in the Constitution *Quaccumque* of Clement VII.

VIII.

The appointment of the Directors who are to enroll the members in the Confraternity, bless rosary beads, and discharge all the principal duties connected with the Sodality, belongs to the Master-General or his Vicar, as already stated, with the consent, however, of the Ordinary of the place, in case of churches under the charge of the secular clergy.

In order, however, the better to provide for the permanent establishment of the Sodality, the Master-General should appoint as Director some priest holding a certain office, or enjoying a certain

benefice, in the church where the Sodality is established, and his successor in that benefice or office. If, perchance, these be wanting, Bishops have the power, as already sanctioned by this Apostolic See, of deputing for that office the parish priest for the time being.

IX.

Since it often appears expedient, or even necessary that another priest in the place of the Director should inscribe the names, bless beads, and perform other duties in connection with the Sodality, which pertain to the office of Director, the Master-General can grant to the Director the power of sub-delegating, not in general, but in individual cases, another approved priest, who will act for him as often as for any reasonable cause he deems it expedient.

X.

Moreover, in places where the Sodality of the Rosary and its Director cannot be instituted, we give to the Master-General power to appoint other priests to take the names of the faithful who are desirous of gaining the indulgences, for enrollment in the nearest Sodality, and to bless their heads.

XI.

The formula for blessing Rosary beads or chaplets, made sacred by long usage, which has been prescribed from the earliest times in the Dominican Order, and is given in the Appendix to the Roman Ritual, is to be retained.

XII.

Although names may be lawfully inscribed at any time, it is, however, to be desired that the custom of having a more solemn reception on the first Sunday of each month, or on the greater feasts of the Mother of God, should be carefully kept up.

XIII.

The only obligation imposed on the members of the Confraternity, which does not, however, bind under sin, is to recite the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, devoutly meditating on them, once in each week.

But the true form of the Rosary beads must be used, so that they should always be composed of either five, ten, or fifteen decades. Other beads should not be called by the name of "Rosary."

In meditating on the mysteries of our Redemption, other mysteries should not be substituted for those in general use. The Apostolic See has already decreed* that those who do not observe the

*S. C. Indulg., die 13 Aug., 1726.

usual order in meditating on the mysteries do not gain the indulgence of the Rosary.

The Directors of Confraternities will diligently take care to have the Rosary publicly recited at the Altar of the Confraternity daily, or as frequently as possible, especially on the feasts of the B. Virgin. The custom approved of by the Holy See should be retained, so that each week all the mysteries may be recited, the "Joyful" on Mondays and Thursdays, the "Sorrowful" on Tuesdays and Fridays, the "Glorious" on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.[†]

XIV.

Amongst the pious exercises of the Confraternity the first place is, with reason, given to the solemn procession in honour of the Mother of God, which takes place on the first Sunday of each month, and especially on the first Sunday of October. St. Pius V. commended this ancient custom; Gregory XIII. mentions it amongst the "praiseworthy exercises and customs of the Confraternity," and many Sovereign Pontiffs have attached to it special indulgences.[‡]

In order that this ceremony may never be omitted, at least, within the Church, when it is impossible to have it in the open air, we extend to all the Directors of the Confraternity the privilege granted by Benedict XIII. to the Order of Preachers, of transferring the procession to another Sunday, when, for any reason, it cannot take place on the first Sunday of the month.*

But when on account of want of space, and of the number of the faithful, the solemn procession cannot conveniently take place in the church, we permit that whilst the priest with his attendants make the circuit of the church, the members of the Confraternity who are present may gain all the indulgences attached to the procession.

XV.

We wish the privilege of the Votive Mass of the most holy Rosary, so often confirmed[§] for the Order of Preachers, to be re-

[†]S. C. Indulg., die 1 Jul., 1839, ad 5.

[‡]S. Pius V. *Consueverunt*, die 17, Sept., 1569; Gregorius XIII., *Monet Apostolatus*, die 1 Apr., 1573; Paulus V., *Piorum hominum*, die 15 Apr., 1608.

*Constit. *Pretiosus*, die 26 Maii, 1727, §8.

[§]Decr. S. C. Rit. die 25 Jun. 1622; Clemens X. *Celestium munierum*, die 16 Feb. 1671. Innocentius XI. *Nuper pro parte*, die 31 Jul. 1679, cap. x., nn. 6 et 7; Pius IX in *Sunmarium Indulg.* die 18 Sept. 1862, cap. viii., nn. 1 et 2.

tained, and in such manner, that not only Dominican priests, but also priests who are tertiaries, and who have received from the Master-General the faculty of legitimately using the missal of the Order, may celebrate the Votive Mass. *Salve Radix Sancta*, twice in the week, according to the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

But other priests, members of the Confraternity, have permission to celebrate only the Votive Mass in the Roman missal, "pro diversitate temporum," at the altar of the Confraternity, on the same days as above, and with the same indulgence. The lay members of the Confraternity can share in these indulgences, if they assist at the Mass, and either having confessed their sins, or having contrition of heart, and the intention of approaching the Sacrament of Penance, they pour forth their prayers to God.

XVI.

The Master-General will, as soon as possible, draw up a complete and accurate list of all the Indulgences which the Sovereign Pontiffs have granted to the Confraternity of the Rosary, and to all the faithful who recite it. This list will be submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics for examination, and to the Holy See for confirmation.

We wish and command that what things are decreed, declared, and ordained in this Apostolic Constitution, shall be observed by all whom they concern, and that they shall not be questioned, or infringed, or called into dispute on any, even privileged, cause, reason, or pretence, but that they shall have their full and entire effect, notwithstanding whatever has been hitherto decreed. And as far as may be necessary for securing the effect of the above, we specially and expressly derogate and declare to be derogated, notwithstanding anything that may appear to the contrary, our own rules and those of the Apostolic Chancery, the Constitutions of Urban VIII., the other Apostolic Constitutions, though published even in Provincial and General Councils, and all statutes, customs, and prescriptions, even possessing Apostolic confirmation, or any other authority.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, October 2nd, A. D. 1898, in the twenty-first year of Our Pontificate.

C. CARD-ALOYSIUS MASELLA, *Pro Dat.*

A. CARD. MACCHI. *Visa. De Curia I De Aquila e Viccomitibus.*

ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.

THE NATIVITY.—LOVE OF IMITATION.



AM not worthy, O Divine Child, to cross the threshold of the stable wherein Thou reposest. I have neither Thy Holy Mother's purity, nor Thy Foster Father's humility, neither the simplicity of the shepherds nor the generous faith of the kings: but since I have a heart wherewith to love Thee, permit me to enter: permit me to prostrate myself near Thy crib, to contemplate Thy features, to kiss Thy swaddling bands and to tell Thee from the depths of my heart: Jesus, my Jesus, I love Thee.

The mysterious shadows of the winter's night which saw Thy Birth, the silent depths of Bethlehem's grotto, the radiant angels singing Thy Coming, the fervent homage of those who surround and visit Thee: all invite me to recollection and love. But, above all creatures, dost Thou solicitate my heart by the charms of Thy Infancy.

How beauteous art Thou, O Son of God, in the infirmity, want, misery of Thy first days; more beautiful than if Thou wert clothed in the worldly splendors ordinarily accumulated around the cradle of the kings of earth. My faith recognizes, admires and adores Thy infinite grandeur, whilst my eyes only behold Thy lowliness and annihilations. But the greater the contrast, the more lively the eloquence with which it speaks to my heart.

It is impossible not to love with the greatest love, the God annihilated through love.

I love Thee, O my Jesus, I love Thee, by the most chaste and fervent heart of Thy Mother, Mary.

I love Thee, by the most humble and devoted heart of Joseph, Thy Father.

I love Thee, by the simple and confiding heart of the shepherds.

I love Thee, by the generous heart of the pious kings, who offered Thee gold, frankincense and myrrh.

I love all that Thou art to me: my God, my King, my Savior, my model.

I love all that Thou lovest: the humiliation of Thy birth, Thy stable, Thy Crib, Thy swathing bands, Thy precocious sorrows, Thy religious silence.

Permit me, O Divine Child, to take a necessary and sweet revenge of love over Thee. Love made Thee like unto me. Notwithstanding the revolts of my pride, my flesh, and all my covetousness, I wish to be like Thee, humble, meek, patient, poor, mortified, silent, recollected, lost in God.—I wish to be another Jesus.



THE PARTY IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

E. A. LEMAN.

CWENT to a party in Printing House Square,
And I'll tell you of some of the guests that were there;
You may or you may not recognize them by name,
But, nevertheless, they are all known to fame.

The first to receive me was pretty Miss Comma,
For she was the hostess instead of her mamma ;
I passed on from her to Mark Interrogation,
And a few moments later met Miss Exclamation.

Then prim Mrs. Colon said, "How do ye do?"
And Sir Semicolon said, "Ah ! is that you ?"
While Uncle Sam Dollar Mark tested his cash
Before Dr. Hyphen and Gen. Dash.

Next, Com. Breve, who was looking quite brisk,
Insisted on showing me Judge Asterisk;
And the two Bracket Brothers, with hooks sharp as pins.
Presented me to the Parenthesis Twins.

Then Mme. Apostrophe passed criticism
On these like sisters, by name Asterism;
Because they admired the serpentine grace
Of a fair guest behind them, the queenly Miss Brace.

The Misses Quotation Marks could not but laugh
At young Master Caret and Prince Paragraph,
Who listened with interest to Major Index
Discussing the wonderful rays with the X.

Messrs. Parallels, Dagger, Ellipsis and Section,
Were telling weird tales to the Maker of Correction ;
And such was the clatter and drawing-room din,
That it made stubby round Capt. Period grin.

I don't think I'd care to go down there again
To meet all these strange little women and men ;
And if you should ask me the true reason why,
I'd have to confess they were more or less dry.

AUNT POLLY'S CHAT WITH HER CHILDREN.

THE HISTORY OF A WONDERFUL CORSICAN BOY,
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

E left in our last "Chat" our Corsican boy investing the soldiers of his army with the "legion of honor," an order which he himself made for his beloved army, and I told my children how these brave warriors valued the little bit of bronze and tricolored ribbon, hiding it, many of them, even in the very blood of their death wounds, as they lay gasping out their lives at the end of some famous battle.

Now we shall continue the story of Napoleon and his wonderful career. He never could keep still. He never would let the world rest, until England caged him at St. Helena; but we have not come to that time of his life yet.

After Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France on December 2, 1804, he was again crowned, after one of his battles, and this time he was made king of Italy.

Now when he had *that* honor the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy was placed on his head, and the wonderful history of that crown I am now going to tell my children.

It was made from the iron nails of the cross on which Our Lord was crucified. One nail was hammered out as a cincture for the head, and the other nails form the prongs that make the crown.

Such a head as Napoleon's to hold even for one moment that priceless relic — that remorseless, cruel, bloodthirsty, unscrupulous and ambitious man! That despoiler of churches, insulter of Popes, that ridiculer of Religion and universal robber! Truly it was a spectacle to horrify and amaze God and men to see such a head wear such a crown!

But we must return to the history of Napoleon's life.

In the year 1805, three great European powers declared they would stand him no longer. Now these powers were called England, Austria and Russia. They declared France must be reduced to her old boundaries, and the despot who had usurped her throne must be humbled.

This was easier said than done when the despot was Napoleon Bonaparte, our boy from Corsica! But they would do their best, they said. Accordingly they did.

Enormous preparations were made by the three of them to fight this terror of the world. Four hundred thousand men were soon ready for active service. "Pooh!" said Napoleon laughing to himself when he heard of this immense army. "So that's all you can do? I can beat you in numbers as well as generals, but before I tackle you all three, I am going for that small, impudent little island called Great Britain."

For this purpose he gathered together one of the most splendid armies which had been collected since the days of the famous "Roman Legions." It amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand men, four hundred and thirty-two pieces of cannon, and fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty horses. Plenty transport was prepared to convey this immense army to the shores of England. But she in turn had fortified all her coasts with her immense fleet of battle ships, "The famous wooden walls of Old England" sung by so many of her poets, ancient and modern. The Emperor, seeing her so well prepared for him in spite of the fact that her large army had been sent to help her two friends, Russia and Austria, concluded it would be unwise to attack her at home; rather chew her up in the company of her allies, and then after he had finished her on the continent it would be time to attend to her at her own home!

So he gave orders for the march of his different armies to the shores of the Danube in Germany.

England was scoring one of her little successes against him in the meantime, and that was a great victory by her famous naval commander Admiral Nelson at Trafalgar, by which the sea power of France and Spain was crippled for many years. Admiral Nelson was killed at this famous sea fight.

But to return to Napoleon. He marshalled his forces on the plains of Germany and the Austrians under the Archduke Charles met him there. After beating Charles, he pushed on to Vienna, seized an important bridge, which led to the northern part of the empire, and finally took up his abode at the city of Schoenbrunn.

On December 1, 1806, the celebrated battle of Austerlitz was fought. That was the most glorious of all Napoleon's victories, and the one in which his military genius was best shown, and it decided the campaign, for, poor Austria had to sue this mighty French Emperor for peace; and on December 27, at the city of

Presburg, the momentous meeting took place. Then the dethronement of the king of Naples followed; and the power of Napoleon was supreme over the whole continent of Europe.

This defeat of Austria at Austerlitz was a fearful blow to the three friends — England, Russia, and Austria, who, as we have seen, combined to try and crush the common foe. The health and spirits of one of England's greatest statesmen, William Pitt, her prime minister, were broken for ever when he heard the news, and he soon after died of grief, for he dearly loved his country and was terribly afraid this awful Emperor of the French would invade and conquer it. The last words he uttered as he died were: "Alas my country." At this terrible time mothers used to teach their little children to pray for protection from the "French Monster." Everywhere, but in France, he was hated and loathed and above all feared.

After the defeat at Austerlitz Prussia had a taste of the conqueror's power. That was at the battle of Jena, fought on the 14th of October, 1806.

Napoleon then entered Berlin in triumph and levied an enormous tax to the amount of one hundred and fifty-nine millions of francs, on the poor, already impoverished country.

In less than seven weeks he had taken three hundred and fifty standards from the enemy, four thousand pieces of cannon, and eighty thousand prisoners, and alas for the bloody horrors of war, but fifteen thousand men out of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand were able to go back with their sadly humiliated king to his own land of Prussia.

Napoleon next marched into Poland to meet the Russian Emperor and his army, and at a place called Eylau, on the 18th of February, 1807, a battle was fought in which fifty thousand men died, but there were more of this fifty thousand lost on the French side than on the Russian — which was unusual.

But think of this awful slaughter to gratify one man's ambition and insatiable thirst for war and fame.

This little change of fortune made our Corsican boy pause for a few days, but at it he went again hammer and tongs, when he had raised a conscription bringing his army up to the old strength.

Victory after victory followed, and at last he met the Emperor of Russia, Alexander, and King Frederick William of Prussia at a place called Tilsit on the river Niemen, and after imposing very hard conditions on the unhappy monarchs, consented to leave them alone and return to France, but the map of Europe had to be changed, and the two kings had to agree to it before he would sheathe the sword that had plunged Europe in a deluge of blood for so many years.



NAPOLEON IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

After this, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France, King of Italy and I do not know what beside, for at that period he practically owned all Europe, returned to Paris, proud and elated. He used to tell his favorite generals and courtiers that "Heaven had given him a special commission to reign over the nations of the earth."

But I must tell you children there was one little country that defied him yet!

That country was England.

He fully intended, he said to his admiring friends, to settle *her* insolence bye and bye, but he really must take a rest now.

Did he ever reflect, I wonder, in the dark watches of the night, on the hundreds of thousands he had been the means of sending to their long, long rest? Did he ever think of the weeping widows and fatherless children, of the desolate, darkened homes of the languishing, heart-broken, perhaps tortured and dying prisoners, did he ever think of all the horrors he, one man, had caused in this beautiful world?

Alas no, and conquerors like he never do. What a pity, we might say, that that beautiful, crowing, dark-eyed baby boy we first saw laughing on his mother's knee in the little Island of Corsica so long ago, ever lived? But we must not say that. God's plans are wonderful and mysterious and this terrible man had his work to do.

Once more let us return to Napoleon. "I am going to do a little home work," he said, "while I remain here" taking a rest in Paris.

And he did. He drew up a set of splendid and useful laws which he dignified by the name of "The Code Napoleon." He ordered many schools to be built and many magnificent monuments to be erected commemorating his numerous battles and victories, thereby giving good work to architects, sculptors and artists. He ordered theatres to be opened and encouraged by his patronage great histrionic artists to come to Paris. He called the great literary men and women around him. The Empress Josephine and all the ladies of the Court instituted "Salons," which were evening parties, where all the clever, talented people met together and engaged in brilliant conversation and enjoyed themselves. For you see, my dear children, the Awful Revolution in France had utterly disarranged things and society was in a state of chaos.

At this time he put his two brothers, Louis and Joseph, on the thrones of Holland and Naples respectively, as I think I mentioned in a former "Chat," and because King Charles of Spain had quarreled with his son, he kicked him off his throne and took Joseph from Naples and made him king of Spain against his poor brother's will, putting one of his favorite generals, who had married one of his sisters, on the vacant throne of Naples.

Now it was not to be supposed that the Spanish king would give up his lawful seat without a struggle, and England helped him in his fight against the usurper, by sending General Wellington with an immense army to his aid.

Napoleon was resting from his own individual labors at this time, and the war in Spain was conducted by his generals.

This famous war is known in history as The Peninsular War. It was a long and disastrous one to Napoleon, and to add to his difficulties, Austria was once more in the field with an enormous army, five hundred and fifty thousand men, under their former commander, the Archduke Charles.

Away went Napoleon to fight him, gained more victories, once more occupied Vienna, and dictated terms to the disgusted Emperor, and on the 14th of November again entered Paris flushed with fresh conquests.

Once more he settled down to rest and domestic life, and about this time he made one of the greatest mistakes of his life.

He divorced the Empress Josephine, his faithful, loving wife.

He had long ago discarded religion, so he was intent only on pleasing himself, whether the Church approved of his actions or not.

On the 11th of March, 1810, he married the Princess Maria Louisa of Austria. In the midst of all the marriage festivities the war in Spain was going on, and brave men were offering up their lives in thousands at the whim of this bloody, cruel, remorseless man.

He had seventy-five thousand men in Andalusia, under Marshall Soult. He had fifty thousand under General Mormont, at Leon. He had sixty thousand under General Bessieres, at Valadolid; forty-five thousand under General Macdonald, thirty thousand under General Suchet, and twenty thousand under his own brother, King Joseph, in all about three hundred thousand troops, scattered throughout Spain holding the country for France.

Now Spain, along with England, Austria and Prussia, could only give ninety thousand men to fight this imperial robber, and these troops were for the most part ill-disciplined and poorly clothed.

Victory perched on Napoleon's banner in many battles, but General Wellington defeated the French forces in a bloody battle at Albuera.

In 1812 General Wellington began to beat the French in victory after victory, all through Spain, and the French generals one after the other had to flee before his troops, though they themselves greatly outnumbered the English army.

Another mistake Napoleon made at this time. And that was, he determined again on a new war with Russia, and although he had such immense forces engaged in Spain he managed to get up another body of troops for this new enterprize.

He was at Wilna on the 28th of June, 1812, where he foolishly remained seventeen days doing nothing, and Alexander, who was as usual retreating before him, took advantage of his dilatoriness and hurried on to Moscow, and issued a proclamation to his subjects to this effect: "My countrymen, we can not successfully fight this robber, but we can starve him and his hosts to death. Let us set fire to our own beautiful city of Moscow ere it falls into his hands." And the people listened to their king and obeyed him. When Napoleon reached Moscow he found it in flames.

His disappointed and broken army, which had suffered fearfully in the battles that had been fought with the Russians, fairly



gave way when they saw to what a pass the foe had been reduced, and that consequently famine was staring them in the face.

Napoleon lingered in the vicinity of Moscow for some time hoping for the submission of Russia, but Alexander was too wise to treat for peace, he knew he had punished the Emperor at last. Starvation and cold would be an ample revenge.

And so it proved. For in all the annals of history, anything so fearful as the French army's retreat from Moscow has never been written.

The horrors, the privations, the sufferings the poor men endured can scarcely be imagined.

They were marching back through an enemy's country, the frost had set in, and the road was strewed with thousands who perished from fatigue and cold.

The Russians pursued the retreating army and cut off thousands whom the cold had spared. In less than a week thirty thousand horses died, and the poor, starving men used them as food, for of course the Emperor could not get sufficient provisions for his men or forage for his horses, and remember, my children, there were no railroads or any modern facilities of travel in those days.

Now let us see how this man behaved at this juncture.

He left his army before they reached Poland, and he himself and a small company of his officers brought news of the fearful calamity to Paris, long, long before what was left of the main body of the troops reached it. One hundred and twenty-five thousand of his men had died in battle, one hundred and ninety thousand had been taken prisoners, and one hundred and thirty-two thousand had died of cold, fatigue, and famine!

This terrible calamity was the chief cause of Napoleon's ruin.

Germany once more raised her head. Austria and Prussia defied him again, and asked Russia to join them in crushing "the usurper," as they called him.

Wellington got another big victory in Spain about this time. Again Napoleon had to take the field, for his enemies now would give him no rest, he was looked upon as a scourge that must be got rid of.

He again met the allied forces at Dresden on the 27th of August, 1813, where they had to flee as usual before his victorious troops.

Then on the 15th of October came the battle of Leipsic. In that battle the allied armies beat him once more. He had to get away with his troops as quick as he could to France, and defend his throne, if possible.

How he succeeded, and what finally became of him, Aunt Polly will tell in her next and last chapter of the history of this wonderful Corsican Boy.

(To be continued.)

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PREACHER.

LIVINGSTON B. MORSE.



LONG years ago, there came to a far-away land a great preacher, a wise and holy man who had mastered the secret knowledge of the East, and who was skilled in the healing of all manner of sorrows and affliction.

From all sides the people flocked in such great numbers to hear him and to be cured of their ills that in the city there was no building large enough to contain the half of them.

So the preacher led them, the old and the young and the little children, out into the broad, green meadows beside the river. And there, seated beneath a spreading tree, he listened to the story of their woes and gave them of the precious stores of his wisdom.

Many were the sorrows that he soothed; many the sick, the blind and the lame that he healed merely by the touch of his hand. And all the people loved him and revered him exceedingly.

But the day came at last when the great preacher was to bid farewell to his people and to journey onward to other and farther-distant lands. For the last time he led them forth to the green meadow beside the river to speak to them there his parting words.

And as they followed him sorrowfully and in silence, for they were very loth to let him go, a wonderful thing happened: —

Wherever upon the grass the preacher set his foot, and in whatever spot the hem of his robe swept in passing, there sprang up the most beautiful blue flowers, so that the whole meadow was starred with them. And the perfume that arose from them was like incense, indescribably sweet. And the name of the flowers was Faith.

And when the multitude began to clamor and to wail because of his departure, saying: "Who now shall heal our sick, and who shall comfort our sorrowing?" he pointed to the flowers and said: —

"I leave you these flowers as a parting gift; they possess the property of healing all diseases and of comforting all sorrows. If you truly love me you will tend them with care in remembrance of me and neither sickness nor affliction will come nigh to you."

But if you neglect them they will wither and die, for then surely will you have forgotten me."

Then he blessed the people and went on his way. And each of them gathered a great armful of the flowers and bore them to his home in memory of the preacher. And the people mourned him many days.

At first, for a time, they were obedient to his commands and tended the flowers with zealous care. But as the days went on they grew neglectful — perhaps they did not quite believe in the wonderful properties which the flowers were said to possess — for they forgot to water them; and one by one the little star-blossoms withered up and died until the very last of them was gone. Again sickness and sorrow returned among them as in the days before the preacher came; for they had quite forgotten him and his teachings and even his name was a dim memory to them.

Now, after a time it happened that the son of the governor of the city was seized with a strange illness that no physician was able to cure. In vain the father sent to all the countries round for the men most skilled in medicine: not one of them could help the youth and it was thought that he must die.

At length someone remembered a holy man, a hermit who dwelt a little way from the city on the outskirts of the meadow where he ministered to the poor and to the outcast, healing their diseases, some said by miracles. "Send for him," said these. "He is reported to have a wonderful gift of healing: mayhap, if it be true, he can also heal thy son."

So the governor, willing to try any means by which the life of his son might be saved, sent a messenger to fetch the hermit. And presently he appeared; an old man with the face of a saint, wrapped in a long, brown cloak, his hair and beard silver-white, like the frost-rime, and an auriel of lambent light that waved above his head like a halo.

"If thou wilt heal my son, whatever thou shalt ask shall be thine," said the governor.

The holy man shook his head. "I ask no reward," he said; "yet will I heal thy son."

Then throwing back the cloak he wore he disclosed, lying close against his breast, a branch laden with blue star-blossoms. And approaching the youth he bent over him a while in silence, — though his lips moved all the time as if he prayed. And kneeling beside him, he gently pressed the flowers against the face of the young man and upon his heart. And immediately he rose up sound and healed.

And as the holy man rose up again the people saw that the branch of flowers grew from his own heart, and that the halo that waved above his head, illumining his countenance with the light of perfect peace, was the fragrance of the flowers that he bore. And they marvelled, saying, "It is a miracle!"

But the holy man said, "It is faith."

Then one remembering asked him, "Are not those flowers the same that grew long ago in the footsteps of the preacher?"

And he said, "They are the same."

And they all prayed him saying: "Give us of the flowers that we also may heal sickness and be ourselves healed as in the days when the preacher came among us."

And he answered, "Willingly; as many as ye ask. Yet without faith they will avail you nothing."

Then said they, "Give us also of this faith."

A beautiful smile came upon the face of the holy man, but he shook his head. "Nay, of faith can no man give; for it is of God—the most divine inheritance. And yet, though ye believe it not, the root of faith is with you all,—deep hid in the heart of each one of you."

"HIDE AND GO SEEK."

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

 CAN'T see my mamma, so
My mamma can't see me;
She's looking, looking everywhere,
And says: "Where can she be!"

Dolly, don't you speak one word
'Till she gets real near;
Then we'll shout so loud—so loud—
That mamma'll know we're *here*!

Oh! it's real good fun to play
"Hide and Seek," I think,
'Cause dolly keeps so good and still
She never gives a wink!

My mamma dear would look, I know,
The whole long day about
The house, and never, never find
Us if we didn't shout,

We're talking just in whispers now
'Cause mamma isn't near;
Oh, yes! she is! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!
Mamma! We're hiding *here*!

SOME LEAVES FROM A CATHOLIC CLASSIC.



NICHOLAS PATRICK WISEMAN was born at Seville, in Spain, on the 2nd of August, 1802. His father was an English merchant, his mother an Irish lady. He lost his father while still a child, and at the age of six accompanied his mother to Waterford, Ireland, where he remained two years, after which he was placed at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham, England. At sixteen he left St. Cuthbert's with a few English students for Rome, Pope Pius VII. having restored the English College, deserted for a long period. Twenty-two years of Roman life are interestingly described in the author's "Recollections of the Last Four Popes."

Having filled various important positions in Rome, he was in 1840 appointed Vicar-Apostolic and Coadjutor to Bishop Walsh at Wolverhampton, and in 1850 created Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. He died in 1865.

As student and priest at Rome, Nicholas Wiseman was ever the busy, earnest worker, unearthing records, exploring catacombs, deciphering inscriptions, preaching sermons, delivering lectures, writing learned treatises. This student habit remained with him all his life. It is forty years since Cardinal Wiseman gave his beautiful story of the Church of the Catacombs to the English-reading world. The story was written as the first of a projected series intended to illustrate the condition of the Church, and the life and manners of Christians at different periods; written, also, the Cardinal tells us, as an amusement, and in many strange ways and places, yet four decades have not changed its charm, its beauty of style, its elegant diction. "Fabiola" is as fascinating to-day as when it first delighted the Catholic world.

On the 21st of this month the Church celebrates the Feast of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. From the pages of "Fabiola" we borrow the story of her martyrdom, told in a manner beyond compare, and carrying its own blessed pathos and purity to hearts that love the beautiful and the true.



CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES.

It was a lovely morning. Many will remember it to have been a beautiful day on its anniversary, as they have walked out of the Nomentan Gate, now the Porta Pia, towards the church which bears our virgin-martyr's name, to see blessed upon her altar the two lambs, from whose wool are made the palliums sent by the Pope to the archbishops of his communion. Already the almond-trees are hoary, not with frost, but with blossoms; the earth is being loosened round the vines, and spring seems latent in the swelling buds, which

are watching for the signal from the southern breeze, to burst and expand. The atmosphere, rising into a cloudless sky, has just that temperature that one loves, of a sun, already vigorous, not heating, but softening, the slightly frosty air. Such we have frequently experienced St. Agnes's day, together with joyful thousands, hastening to her shrine.

The judge was sitting in the open Forum, and a sufficient crowd formed a circle round the charmed space, which few, save Christians, loved to enter. Among the spectators were two whose appearance attracted general attention; they stood opposite each other, at the ends of the semicircle formed by the multitude. One was a youth, enveloped in his *toga*, with a slouching hat over his eyes, so that his features could not be distinguished. The other was a lady of aristocratic mien, tall and erect, such as one does not expect to meet on such an occasion. Wrapped so close about her, and so ample as to veil her from head to foot, like the beautiful ancient statue, known among artists by the name of Modesty, she had a scarf or mantle of Indian workmanship, woven in richest pattern of crimson, purple, and gold, a garment truly imperial, and less suitable, than even female presence, to this place of doom and blood. A slave, or servant, of superior class attended her, carefully veiled also, like her mistress. The lady's mind seemed intent on one only object, as she stood immovable, leaning with her elbow on a marble post.

Agnes was introduced by her guards into the open space, and stood intrepid, facing the tribunal. Her thoughts seemed to be far away; and she took no notice even of those two who, till she appeared, had been objects of universal observation.

"Why is she unfettered?" asked the prefect angrily.

"She does not need it: she walks so readily," answered Catulus; "and she is so young."

"But she is obstinate as the oldest. Put manacles on her hands at once."

The executioner turned over a quantity of such prison ornaments,—to Christian eyes really such,—and at length selected a pair as light and small as he could find, and placed them round her wrists. Agnes playfully, and with a smile, shook her hands, and they fell, like St. Paul's viper, clattering at her feet.

"They are the smallest we have, sir," said the softened executioner; "one so young ought to wear other bracelets."

"Silence, man!" rejoined the exasperated judge, who, turning to the prisoner, said, in a blander tone:

"Agnes, I pity thy youth, thy station, and the bad education thou hast received. I desire, if possible, to save thee. Think better while thou hast time. Renounce the false and pernicious maxims of Christianity, obey the imperial edicts, and sacrifice to the gods."

"It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. My resolution is unalterable. I despise thy false divinities, and can only love and serve the one living God. Eternal Ruler, open wide the heavenly gates, until lately closed to man. Blessed Christ, call to Thee the soul that cleaveth unto Thee: victim first to Thee by virginal consecration; now to Thy Father by martyrdom's immolation."

"I waste time, I see," said the impatient prefect, who saw symptoms of compassion rising in the multitude. "Secretary, write the sentence. We condemn Agnes, for contempt of the imperial edicts, to be punished by the sword."

"On what road, and at what milestone, shall the judgment be executed?" asked the headsman.

"Let it be carried into effect at once," was the reply.

Agnes raised for one moment her hands and eyes to heaven, then calmly knelt down. With her own hands she drew forward her silken hair over her head, and exposed her neck to the blow. A pause ensued, for the executioner was trembling with emotion, and could not wield his sword. As the child knelt alone, in her white robe, with her head inclined, her arms modestly crossed upon her bosom, and her amber locks hanging almost to the ground, and veiling her features, she might not unaptly have been compared to some rare plant, of which the slender stalk, white as the lily, bent with the luxuriancy of its golden blossom.

The judge angrily reproved the executioner for his hesitation, and bid him at once do his duty. The man passed the back of his rough left hand across his eyes, as he raised his sword. It was seen to flash for an instant in the air; and the next moment, flower and stem were lying scarcely displaced on the ground. It might have been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been in that minute dyed into a rich crimson — washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The man on the judge's right hand had looked with unflinching eye upon the stroke, and his lip curled in a wicked triumph over the fallen. The lady opposite had turned away her head, till the murmur, that follows a suppressed breath in a crowd, told her all was over. She then boldly advanced forward, unwound from round her person her splendid brocaded mantle, and stretched it, as a pall, over the mangled body. A burst of applause followed this graceful

act of womanly feeling, as the lady stood, now in the garb of deepest mourning, before the tribunal.

"Sir," she said in a tone clear and distinct, but full of emotion, "grant me one petition. Let not the rude hands of your servants again touch and profane the hallowed remains of her, whom I have loved more than any thing on earth; but let me bear them hence to the sepulchre of her fathers; for she was noble as she was good."

Tertullus was manifestly irritated, as he replied: "Madam, whoever you may be, your request cannot be granted. Catulus, see that the body be cast, as usual, into the river, or burnt."

"I entreat you, sir," the lady earnestly insisted, "by every claim which female virtue has upon you, by any tear which a mother has shed over you, by every soothing word which a sister has ever spoken to you, in illness or sorrow; by every ministration of their gentle hands, I implore you to grant my humble prayer. And if, when you



ST. AGNES.

return home this evening, you will be met at the threshold by daughters, who will kiss your hand, though stained with the blood of one, whom you may feel proud if they resemble, be able to say to them, at least, that this slightest tribute to the maidenly delicacy which they prize, has not been refused."

Such common sympathy was manifested, that Tertullus, anxious to check it, asked her sharply:

"Pray, are you, too, a Christian?" She hesitated for one instant, then replied, "No, sir, I am not; but I own that if anything could make me one, it would be what I have seen this day."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that to preserve the religion of the empire such beings as she whom you have slain" (her tears interrupted her for a moment) "should have to die; while monsters who disgrace the shape and name of man should have to live and flourish. Oh, sir, you know not what you have blotted out from earth this day! She was the purest, sweetest, holiest thing I ever knew upon it, the very flower of womanhood, though yet a child. And she might have lived yet, had she not scorned the proffered hand of a vile adventurer; who pursued her with his loathsome offers, into the seclusion of her villa, into the sanctuary of her home, and even into the last retreat of her dungeon. For this she died, that she would not endow with her wealth, and ennable by her alliance, that Asiatic spy."

She pointed with calm scorn at Fulvius, who bounded forward, and exclaimed with fury: "She lies, foully and calumniously, sir. Agnes openly confessed herself a Christian."

"Bear with me, sir," replied the lady, with noble dignity, "while I convict him; and look on his face for proof of what I say. Didst thou not, Fulvius, early this morning seek that gentle child in her cell, and deliberately tell her (for unseen, I heard you) that if she would but accept your hand, not only would you save her life, but, despising the imperial commands, she should still remain a Christian?"

Fulvius stood, pale as death; stood, as one does for a moment who is shot through the heart, or struck by lightning. He stood like a man on whom sentence is going to be pronounced,—not of death, but of perpetual pillory, as the judge addressed him saying:

"Fulvius, thy very look confirms this grievous charge. I could arraign thee on it, for thy head, at once. But take my counsel, begone hence for ever. Flee, and hide thyself, after such villainy, from the indignation of all just men, and from the vengeance of the gods. Show not thy face again here, nor in the Forum, nor



FABIOLA.

in any public place of Rome. If this lady please, even now, I will take her deposition against thee. Pray, madam," he asked most respectfully, "may I have the honor of knowing your name?"

"Fabiola," she replied.

The judge was now all complacency, for he saw before him, he hoped, his future daughter-in-law. "I have often heard of you, madam," he said, "and of your high accomplishments, and exalted virtues. You are, moreover, nearly allied to this victim of treachery, and have a right to claim her body. It is at your disposal." This

speech was interrupted at its beginning by a loud hiss and yell that accompanied Fulvius's departure; he was pale with shame, fear, and rage.

Fabiola gracefully thanked the prefect, and beckoned to Syra, who attended her. The servant again made a signal to some one else; and presently four slaves appeared bearing a lady's litter. Fabiola would allow no one but herself and Syra to raise the relics from the ground, place them on the litter, and cover them with their precious pall. "Bear this treasure to its home," she said, and followed as mourner with her maid. A little girl, all in tears, timidly asked if she might join them. "Who art thou?" asked Fabiola. "I am poor Emerentiana, her foster-sister," replied the child; and Fabiola led her kindly by the hand.

The moment the body was removed, a crowd of Christians, children, men, and women, *threw* themselves forward, with sponges and linen clothes, to *gather* up the blood. In vain did the guards fall on them with whips, cudgels, and even with sharper weapons, so that many mingled their blood with that of the martyr. When a sovereign, at his coronation, or on first entering his capital, throws, according to ancient custom, handfuls of gold and silver coins among the crowd, he does not create a more eager competition for his scattered treasures, than there was among those primitive Christians, for what they valued more than gold or precious stones, the ruby drops which a martyr had poured from his heart for his Lord. But all respected the prior claim of one; and here it was the deacon Reparatus, who, at risk of life, was present, phial in hand, to gather the blood of Agnes' testimony; that it might be appended, as a faithful seal, to the record of martyrdom on her tomb.

Puzzles.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

1. Brooklyn Bridge. 2. Boston. 3. Sampson. (General Sampson.)

PUZZLES FOR JANUARY.

FIRST.

I am a word of seven letters.
My first is in new but not in old;
My second is in lead but not in gold;
My third is in window but not in
glass;
My fourth is in yellow but not in
brass;
My fifth is in earl but not in king;
My sixth is in diamond but not in
ring;
My seventh is in riches but not in
wealth;

May my whole when it comes find
you all in good health.

SECOND.

I am a word of three syllables of
three letters each.
My first is a biped,
My second covers the biped's head,
They do my third to what covers
his feet,
My whole is part of a great Ameri-
can city.



The New Year opens auspiciously with the Feast of the Holy Name. In the Old Law, the reverence of the Jews for the name of God was such, that they deemed it too holy to be pronounced by the unhallowed lips of man. But the Old Law was the law of fear. It has passed away. The New Law is the law of love and it remains and shall remain for all time. Under the spell of its warming and quickening influence, hearts have expanded and lips have become anointed and they not only dare but are even bidden to speak that holiest of names, brought from heaven itself, the sweet name of "Jesus." Far be it from us to decry the sacred respect which sealed the lips of the Jews; rather, let us turn their silence to profit and draw from it lessons salutary and pointed. We rejoice that we are living under the new dispensation, wherein the shackles of original bondage are so effectually snapped by the power of grace. And while ours is the privilege to have ever on our lips the flavor of that Name and to hold in our ears the charm of its music, let us not use it lightly but with a sense of reverent love and awe and gratitude. The words of St. Paul are: "God hath given Him a Name that is above all names." It is therefore the greatest, for the greatest is above all others. And if we ask, why did the Apostle place this name above all others — why is it the greatest of all names? — the answer is borne in upon us clearly and strikingly. It is the greatest be-

cause of Him, who bore it; because of its intrinsic significance; because of the effects which it produces on body and soul.

The Holy Name is the greatest on account of the superabundant excellence of Christ by Whom it was borne. It is the greatest in its intrinsic significance for it denotes "Savior" — the office of Him who came to appease the wrath of an offended God; to open the way to Heaven and make possible once again the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, which is the ultimate end of our being. It is the greatest because of the effects it produces on body and soul, for by it the Apostles cast out devils, healed the sick and wrought many other marvellous things. Thus it is the Name above all other names and one, in the pronouncing of which "every knee should bow, of those who are in Heaven or earth and under the earth."

We publish to our readers this month the full text of the Apostolic Constitution concerning the Rosary Confraternity, given over the hand and seal of His Holiness Leo XIII. in the month of October, 1898. It will be found interesting and useful, especially for the clergy, whom it will direct in their efforts to secure for their people the rich benefits of the Confraternity.

It may be of interest to the clergy to know that by a decree of the Holy Father dated April 9th, 1897, the privilege is granted to read or sing a votive

Mass of the Blessed Virgin on two Saturdays of each month, wherever there is an Oratory or an Altar of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary canonically erected. The votive Mass to be said on these occasions is the one recently approved for the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary at Pompeii. The privilege may not be exercised on any Saturday on which occurs a duplex of the first or second class, a feast of the Blessed Virgin, a Vigil or a privileged octave.

This decree does not in any way effect the privilege which priests enjoy who are Dominican Tertiaries — the privilege of saying the Mass "Salve Radix" on all Thursdays and Saturdays "servatis Rubricis."

In our February number we shall give to our readers the "Memorial" addressed by the Religious Orders of the Philippines to the Spanish Government.

It is a superb document and has the ring of truth in every line of it. In this connection we rejoice to say that the fine articles on the "Friars in the Philippines", contributed to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE by Father Ambrose Coleman, O. P., have attracted the attention of the American Consul at Dublin, and were by him sent on to the Department of State at Washington. At his request he was supplied by Father Coleman with a Spanish work on the Friars and also with a copy of the "Memorial", in the original Spanish. Both of these were sent by him to the government at Washington, where they will be translated and placed in the library.

At present Father Coleman, who is a member of the Dominican Community of Newry, Ireland, is engaged in the preparation of an article on "The Religious Future of the Philippines." It will probably be ready for the March number of THE ROSARY.

MAGAZINES.

The Christmas garb of *Scribner's Magazine* is not only appropriate but reflects credit on the taste of the publishers. Strange to say the magazine contains no article savoring of the Christmas season. The absorbing topic of the war seems to be as popular as ever since this issue contains its usual quota of war articles. "In The Rifle Pits" is another of Richard Harding Davis' interesting series of articles concerning the late war. Captain T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., writes of The Fall of Manila. "Recent Developments of Policy in the United States" is a review of the relations existing between the United States and England, and a call for a mutual alliance which, according to the author, in conformity with the written wishes of George Washington, should be only temporary. A different view of some of the facts in the case is given by Henry Cabot Lodge in an appendix to his admirably instructive and searchingly critical Story of the Revolution, which is concluded in this number. Wagner's Ring of the Nibelungen

is well rendered by F. J. Stimson and accompanied by weird and fantastic decorations and illustrations by Maxfield Parish. The fiction of this number is exceptionally good, especially the piece entitled "Where's Nora?" by Sarah Orne Jewett. Other articles are John Ruskin as an Artist, Stevenson at Play,

The December *Century* opens with a pretty Christmas poem by Ednah Procter Clarke, with accompanying illustrations of a soft brown color which serve as a frontispiece and are the work of Maxfield Parrish. J. James Tissot, the famous French artist tells of a Christmas day he spent at Bethlehem; and Ruth McEnery Stuart contributes an excellent story, entitled: "Uncle 'Riah's Christmas Eve." Besides these seasonable articles, this number contains several continuations from last month. The story, ent'tled: "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander", by Frank R. Stockton, closes rather abruptly. We had hoped to hear more of the unwrit-

ten history of ancient times. Lieutenant Hobson sends to this number his first paper on the sinking of the "Merrimac", telling therein of the scheme and the preparations.

The complete novel of the *Lippincott's* is written by Annie Eliza Brand, and entitled Mrs. Russell's Sister. Philadelphia a Century Ago, by Kate Mason Rowland, is an article principally made up of a collection of letters written at that period, accurately and interestingly depicting the people and customs of that time. Lincoln of Cayote is a strikingly good piece of fiction even if the author borrowed some of his ideas from the Scarlet Letter. Other articles are Babylon the Great, Signature in Newspapers, and Verona.

The Outlook of December 3d contains an exceedingly interesting choice of matter. It is a generous number too, in volume, embracing many more pages than is usual. A review of the "Dreyfus Case" is welcome, for as the author, Adolph Cohn, supposes, many facts important to remember become obscured by the lapse of time. Now that the likelihood of a reopening of the case is at hand, many will wish to refresh their memories with a story of the

case from the beginning until the present time. Such a one the *Outlook* furnishes, and it is orderly, clear and interesting. We must note an exception to the quiet little thrust which the Jesuits and through them the Catholic Church receive. Coming to the point where the War Department decided against Dreyfus Mr. Cohn says: "Protestants and freethinkers especially were impressed by the fact that nearly every one of the officers of the War Department who had been most hostile to Dreyfus were graduates of a celebrated Jesuit school in Paris, which made a specialty of fitting young men for admission to great military schools like the Ecole de Saint Cyr and the Ecole Polytechnique." This is entirely uncalled for, the author going out of his way to make a mischievous insinuation, without alleging any proof for the charge made. It is a blot in the article and will be so recognized by all fair-minded readers. "James Russell Lowell and his Friends" closes in this number, and we regret that we must leave the company of that ever-interesting group of New England literateurs who built the foundation of American Literature more strongly than it had first been laid.

BOOKS.

From St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions, Baltimore, Md., we have received CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, Primate of Africa, by Rev. J. G. Beane. Six years ago terminated the life of a man whom nature endowed with her choicest gifts, a missionary whose zeal and conquests for the kingdom of his Master were marvellous, a prince of holy Church, whose name and deeds will live after him — Cardinal Lavigerie. This great man was destined by Providence to be a leader among men. His warm-heartedness, meekness, prudence, his great firmness of character, together with his extraordinary intellectual abilities, fitted him for the high position which he held and filled with such credit to his country and the Church. Charles Martial Lavigerie was born at Bayonne, France, October 31, 1825. In early childhood he expressed his desire to be of the priesthood of Christ. He was ordained priest at St. Sulpice and im-

mediately afterward was made professor of literature at the Sorbonne. He was next consecrated Bishop of Nancy. But his life's work was not in the most Catholic diocese of France. He was chosen to be the father and protector of the despised and enslaved race of Africa. His voice reechoed through Christendom in behalf of the Arabs and negroes, and in denunciation of the shameful slave trade carried on in Africa by nations known to be civilized. As Archbishop of Algiers he labored assiduously to better the condition of the negroes. He founded the congregation of the White Fathers whose sole object was to carry on the work so dear to his heart. He brought over from France the Sisters of St. Charles and the Sisters of the Assumption that they might aid in continuing the work among the infidel women which the White Fathers had begun. The great Cardinal built many schools and asylums, hospitals

and churches for the downtrodden race for whom he labored so untiringly. At his request Our Holy Father Leo XIII restored the ancient See of St. Cyprian, and under his wise supervision a magnificent cathedral was erected at Carthage. Unfortunately for France and for the cause of Catholicity, the French Government did not give her son, Cardinal Lavigerie, that cooperation she should have given. Had she not withdrawn her helping hand from him, or rather had she followed the cardinal's wise reasoning and councils, her possessions in Africa to-day would equal those of England. In the year 1890 he convened at Paris an international congress and every nation was represented. Measures were taken to rescue the Blacks from the setters of slavery. It tried to establish unity among the nations in effecting the civilization of the negro tribes. On October 27, 1892, the illustrious and noble French Cardinal was no more. His life's work was done and "he enjoys immortality in the continuance of his work. His life was a life in accordance with God's will. Well may we say that the world is better because Cardinal Lavigerie lived." This life of the great Churchman and Protector of the Negroes is an excellent one. It is well written. There is not a page that will not interest the reader. The chapters on "The First Explorers" where Lavigerie expresses his great admiration for Livingstone is especially interesting. It is hoped that even apart from the consideration that any profits accruing from the sale of this life will be devoted to the establishing of new missions for the Negro of the South, that this life will soon run through several editions. The readers of the ROSARY who admire nobleness, generosity and self-sacrifice in man will enjoy exceedingly "Cardinal Lavigerie."

The price is but 75 cents.

From B. Herber, St. Louis, Mo., we have received (1) WESTCHESTER, a story of the revolution, by Henry Austin Adams, M. A. This story has already appeared in the columns of "Donohoe's Magazine." Its admirers have now a chance to possess it in book form. It is only with the patience born of fairness and justice that the reviewer pursues its 264 pages. The title and the author's name offer great

things to the reader when opening upon the title page; but after reading the very first chapter he is confronted with disappointment. If he is tolerant enough to read on, he will find among some choice bits of reading matter, obscure passages, clumsy arrangement and uneven style. If this is intended for a Catholic story, as one might infer, it is indeed a poor attempt. Its moral patriotism is poorly brought out. The price is 75 cents.

(2) LASCA, AND OTHER STORIES, by Mary F. Nixon. This little volume, containing thirteen short stories, is very neatly bound. The author's style is simple yet elegant. The stories are based on events of comparatively recent origin, and will beyond doubt prove very interesting to the youthful reader for whom they are especially intended.

(1) We have received from Benziger Bros. a charming story from the gifted pen of Eleanor C. Donnelly. A KLDIKE PICNIC is the title of this little volume of one hundred and sixty pages. It is an excellent story for boys and girls, and our young folks who have the pleasure of reading Miss Donnelly's latest treat for them cannot fail to find it interesting. Although written for young folks there are many things in it that are attractive to older readers. Especially the genuine letters from two gold seekers in Alaska vividly portraying the difficulties and dangers in reaching that far-off country will hold the attention of the old as well as young.

(2) VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B., adapted by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. It is a clear and concise exposition of the Feasts with the appropriate prayers, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, together with sketches of the Religious Orders and Confraternities that have in any way promoted devotion to her. The author seems to have been imbued with the idea of tracing in an attractive way the development of Catholic Devotion to the Mother of God. That he has succeeded in the work before us there is little room to doubt. The book cannot fail to edify and instruct Catholics and a perusal of its pages will prove interesting to those who say they cannot understand devotion to the Blessed Vir-

gin as taught and practiced in the Church of Christ. For these reasons we bespeak for it a welcome.

From Burns & Oates, through Benziger Bros., Agents, we have received (3) MEDITATIONS ON THE LOVE OF GOD, translated from the Spanish of Fray Diego De Estella, by Henry W. Perceira, M. A., M. R. I. A.

This little volume bears the earmarks of the 16th century Spanish friar. The twenty-six meditations are full of unction and the arrangement is good. The translation is well done and the press work excellent.

(4) MRS. MARKHAM'S NIECES, by Frances I. Kershaw. The most we can say in praise of this work is that it is pleasant reading matter, is nicely bound in cloth and gold and will make a fine appearance on the shelf of the library. It has that savor of sentiment in parts which is somewhat disgusting. The most striking example of this is in the scene in which Miss Marjorie's sudden determination to enter the Dominican convent is followed by an equally sudden resolve on the part of her lover, the young lawyer, to become a Dominican priest. This is the Protestant ideal of our priests and nuns and cannot be too severely censured especially when it appears in a Catholic story. Catholic young men and women enter the convent from far higher motives than foolish love affairs. This kind of sentiment is what is commonly called gush, and accomplishes more harm than good.

Price \$1.00.

From Marlin, Callanan & Co., Boston, we have received THE LITTLE GRAIN OF WHEAT AND OTHER SUGGESTIONS OF DEVOTION, by the Very Reverend F. A. Spencer, O. P. This is the second edition of this precious little book which has made for itself such a broad way to the hearts of all persons striving after spirituality. Bl. Henry Suso's maxims of the interior life, supplement the volume. The booklet retails for 60 cents.

We have received from Thomas Hamilton Murray THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, edited by Thomas Hamilton Murray, secretary-general, and Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, librarian-archivist. The

doings of this society, which has been but two years in existence, in virtue of its national and unsectarian character, and the serious and sincere spirit of its investigations, should command the attention of all who are desirous of arriving at a true knowledge of American colonization and character. Its membership rolls contain the names of many of the most distinguished men of the country whose Irish descent is not generally known. This volume while taken up in a great part with the organization of the society, committee reports and correspondence not of general interest, contains several valuable papers on the lines of the society's work.

From the author, the Very Rev. Marcolino Cicognani, Secretary of the Inquisition, we have received LEONE XIII E IL SANTO ROSARIO. Books containing readings and meditations for the month of May are common enough. There are few for the month of October, indeed we believe that this is the first to be published. It is fitting that they should contain only the words of His Holiness, Leo XIII, who has consecrated the month of October to Mary, Queen of the Rosary. From his encyclical and acts bearing upon the Rosary Fr. Cicognani has taken matter for thirty readings or meditations, one for each day of the month of the Rosary. From the beginning to the end it is the Holy Father who writes. Clearer, more profound and more practical words on the intrinsic excellence of the Rosary, on its simplicity and grandeur, on its efficacy and victories, etc., could not be offered us than those found in this judicious compilation, which we wish to see in an English translation and in the hands of all Rosarians. It is published by Desclée Lelebvre & Co., Rome, Italy.

From its author, Rev. L. F. Shlathoelter, we have received HYPNOTISM EXPLAINED, a small volume of one hundred pages, which sets forth the views of a Catholic priest on hypnotism, telepathy, mind-reading and other conditions subject to hypnotic influence. A book of this size on such a subject, must, of course, be quite elementary, yet the information it gives and the plea it offers for a wider and truer knowledge of this soul power among all classes, make it interesting reading.





MADONNA OF THE HARPIES, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO,
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



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VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 2

THE MASTER'S CALL.

ESTELLA MARIE GERARD.

B E ye new Christs. Divinely sweet command!
And yet, how often on my listless ear
(Bowed down by human weakness and vain fear,) .
It falls unheeded; or the beck'ning hand
Of grace is veiled by self-love's darksome mist!
O Nazarene, Thy Great and Loving Heart
Did shrink as mine from pain! Do Thou impart
The strength I sorely need. For all exist
Apostolates, There still are souls to raise
To lives of grace, and hungry multitudes
Crave ever Thy "Life-giving Bread." Make strong
My faith O Lord! The Prince of Hell deludes
The timid soul, and tells it right is wrong.
O Christ my King, my God, guard Thou my ways.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE PHILIPPINE FRIARS TO THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

REV. AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.



INCE our last article appeared the whole situation has changed. Spain has ceded the Philippine Archipelago to America, and the Stars and Stripes float over Manila holding undisputed sway, at least as far as the European Powers are concerned. What complications may hereafter ensue between the Americans and the insurgents who do not seem to like their new masters it would be idle to prophesy. That the latter are hankering after self-government and a few little republics of their own is beyond matter of doubt, and that they are incapable of self-government seems to be the opinion of all Europeans who have lived amongst them.

At this time of day the memorial to the Spanish Government we give below may seem antiquated and out-of-date. What has the Spanish Government to do with the Philippines now? However on careful reading it will be seen to be more than a mere appeal to the Spanish Government. It is a challenge to the civilized world, made by men whose dignity and honor have been outraged by awful and unjust charges levelled at them by their foes and spread far and near by the press. The memorial has been put into print by the friars and scattered through Spain; it has been translated into French and disseminated through the latter country, and now for the first time it appears in an English dress. Up to the present at any rate it has not drawn forth an answer from those whose calumnies were the cause of its appearance. From another point of view it is of interest, giving us valuable information as to the causes of the rebellion, and incidentally throwing a lurid light upon the dark places and dark workings of Freemasonry. Its importance as an authoritative exposition lies in the fact that it emanates from the combined heads of all the Religious Orders in the Philippines, men having under their spiritual care more than five out of the six millions of Christians in the country. It is signed by Fr. Manuel Gutierrez, Provincial of the Augustinians; Fr. Gilberto Martin, Commissary-Provincial of the Franciscans; Fr. Francisco Ajarro, Provincial of the Recollects; Fr. Candido Garcia Valles, Vicar-Pro-

vincial of the Dominicans; Pio P. S. J., Superior of the Missions of the Society of Jesus.

We doubt whether any official notice was taken of the document by the Spanish Government. It was on its way to Spain when on the declaration of war by America, Admiral Dewey stole into Manila Bay by night, shattered the Spanish fleet the next morning at Cavite, and laid siege to Manila. In the meantime too the Spanish ministry had resigned; and when the document arrived at its destination, a new ministry was in office under Senor Sagasta, with a new colonial minister. Facing bravely but ineffectually one of the greatest powers in the world, the new ministry was entirely taken up with cares and interests on which depended the existence of Spain as a nation.

What will very forcibly strike the readers of the memorial, is the assigning of the principal cause of the rebellion to Freemasonry. We have already traced the connection of the two things in our second article, and, we venture to hope, have convinced our readers on this point. Still there are many Protestants into whose hands this Magazine may fall who are inclined to take *cum grano salis* anything said against Freemasonry and its workings abroad. They have been brought up to regard it as a perfectly harmless and beneficent institution, and cannot understand the attitude taken in its regard by the Catholic Church. It is quite true that Freemasonry may have preserved in these countries (England and Scotland) in which it took its rise, its original constitution which was of a beneficent nature. But what Catholic writers on the subject urgently insist upon is that when it was carried to the Continent, it very soon assumed a political and dangerous character. For a long time it was not condemned by the Church, and many good Catholics of rank and position gave their names to it. It was only when its dangerous tendencies came to light that it received its solemn condemnation by the Church and that Catholics were forbidden to join it. For more than a century Freemasonry has been at the bottom of the revolutions that have desolated the modern world. Some years previous to the French Revolution German envoys of the society of the Illuminati advised the French masons to form a political committee in each lodge; and in time, as Robison remarks, these committees led to the formation of the Jacobin Club.

"Thus were the lodges of France," says this writer, "converted in a very short time into a set of affiliated secret societies, corresponding with the mother lodges of Paris, receiving from thence their principles and instructions, and ready to rise up at once when called upon to carry on the great work of overturning the State.

Hence it arose that the French aimed in the very beginning at subverting the whole world. Hence too may be explained how the Revolution took place almost in a moment in every part of France. The revolutionary societies were early formed, and were working in secret before the opening of the National Assembly, and the whole nation changed, and changed again and again, as if by beat of drum."

In Spain, since its introduction there, it assumed a sanguinary and virulent character; it brought about revolutions and civil wars, embittered classes against one another, wronged and starved the clergy, robbed, turned adrift, and banished the Religious Orders. There is indeed a good deal of difficulty in tracing all these evil things to the action of the freemasons, for on the Continent, especially in Spain, the society has been always of a more secret nature than in these countries. Members of the Craft at home are generally well known to belong to it; their halls and lodges in the larger towns are imposing and conspicuous; their emblems and badges are often seen in the light of day. But on the Continent we see very little of all this; it is a thoroughly secret society; the members and their movements are carefully veiled from sight. As we said before, Freemasonry on its introduction to the Continent at once assumed a political character. The Deists and freethinkers of the last century utilized it as a potent means of combining against the Church and of carrying on their evil propaganda. In this they were aided by the Jansenists, with different motives it is true, but still, when it was a question of opposing the Religious Orders, with a whole heart. The working of the society in Spain in this century has necessarily been more stealthy and insidious than in France, for there it was face to face with a truly Catholic population devoutly attached to the Church. By means of the atheistical French literature, the works of Voltaire and other unbelievers translated into Spanish, brought across the border in large bales, and disseminated through the Peninsula, the freemasons had already indoctrinated a large number of active and restless spirits with revolutionary and anti-Christian ideas, when the troubles and civil war of 1834 gave them the opportunity they desired of making an onslaught on the Religious Orders. At such times the minds of men are in a ferment and the most incredible reports may be spread abroad and will be implicitly believed in by the populace. Accordingly on the awful visitation of cholera, which swept over Europe at that time, desolating cities and towns and leaving thousands upon thousands of families in mourning, in Madrid the report was

industriously spread by the masons that the monks and friars had poisoned the wells and were the cause of the sickness among the people. In a mad fit of rage the populace rose on all sides, rushed to the convents and monasteries and murdered all the inmates they could lay their hands upon. This awful event is referred to in the memorial.

Such a state of things may seem hardly possible in the nineteenth century and yet a similar catastrophe nearly happened in Lisbon a few years ago, the circumstances of which were related to the writer by one of our fathers who was living there at the time. It appears that the Dominican nuns had opened a dispensary for the relief of the poor. Strange to say the frightful report soon went abroad that the nuns were stealing children, and killing and boiling them down to make a healing ointment out of their remains. The city was in an uproar; it was unsafe for priests and nuns to be seen in the streets; and the populace who really believed the absurd story and were in a furious state of excitement, were on the point of burning down the convent and maltreating the nuns.

To return to Spain, the popular rising in Madrid was utilized by the revolutionary party, in carrying out the following year the suppression of all the convents and monasteries in the country. The monks and nuns were driven out into the world, and their lands, goods, libraries and art-treasures were sold, for the benefit of the public debt and to supply means to carry on the civil war. They soon robbed the bishops and secular clergy as well, suppressed numerous episcopal Sees, and declared the goods of the Church to be national property, promising to look after the interests of the Church by paying salaries to all ecclesiastics. As a result, Spain was filled in a few years with a poverty-stricken and starving clergy, and ruined churches and mouldering abbeys were to be seen on all sides. The effects of that great spoliation are still felt in the Peninsula, for though the Religious Orders have revived in the meantime and numerous convents and monasteries have been built, the priests are not in sufficient numbers for the needs of the population which thereby in many places is suffering great spiritual destitution.

The policy of robbery and confiscation was boldly advocated for the Philippines, just before the late war, in one of the leading reviews of Madrid. Juan Ferrando Gomez in a series of articles* bitterly hostile to the Philippine friars, proposed their entire sup-

* In the "Administration" of Madrid.

pression. They should be turned out of their convents and missionary houses by a secret decree of which they were to be kept in ignorance till the execution actually took place. Their convents in Manila would be useful as barracks and Government offices; their country estates could be divided amongst their tenants, and the rents formerly paid to the friars could be commuted into a tax paid to the State. Moreover, the Archbishop of Manila and others of the bishops belonging to the Religious Orders, should be forced out of the country. Besides that, the schools and universities belonging to the friars should also be either suppressed or taken out of their hands. Reading these flagrantly unjust proposals in the light of recent Spanish history and with the help of the memorial, we are inclined to believe that without much further pressure from the freemasons, the Spanish ministry would have carried them out. Fortunately for the friars as well as the natives they have no voice in the matter now. Under the American flag the religious will be treated as citizens, having the common right of citizens neither to be molested in their persons nor robbed of their property. The President of the United States has recently declared this in clear terms to the Holy See.

No one can read the memorial without being made painfully aware of the existence among certain classes of a deep-seated hatred and contempt for the friars. Priests and religious who have not been beyond the confines of the English-speaking countries cannot easily understand it; but many of us who have lived in Rome or in Lisbon have had practical experience of it. To no other class of society except the priests is this contempt shown. The ordinary workman goes to his work and does it without any remark being passed upon him. He may be a drunkard, a wife-beater, a depraved man; and yet he does not lose the common right of human beings to pass his way unmolested. The priest on the other hand may be a learned man, may be remarkable for every virtue; or perhaps he is a foreigner utterly unknown to the people. All this goes for nothing—he is a priest, and that is enough,—as such he is to be treated with disrespect.

When the writer and two other Dominican fellow-students were on their way to Rome, an Italian fellow-traveler got into friendly conversation with them and showed himself very obliging. After some time he discovered to his horror that he was speaking to religious. He at once turned away and never deigned to address another syllable to them. In Rome itself we were sometimes insulted

and molested as friars, though those who molested us not understanding the difference between Italian and Irish friars very often got more than they bargained for. In Lisbon the hoardings are constantly placarded with posters grossly offensive to priests and friars, and our fathers are very often wantonly insulted by the lower classes when passing along the streets. Said a little boy to one of our fathers there: — "Are the Jesuits Christians?" "Of course they are, my son; what put such a foolish thing as that into your head?" "Well," said the boy quite innocently, and showing by his answer what kind of a training he had received, "I could not believe that any men as bad as the Jesuits could possibly be Christians."

That disdainful manner referred to in the memorial, is common enough in the Latin countries among the better classes in their intercourse with priests. Between that and the open insults, the lives of the friars in the Philippines for a long time have been made hardly worth living. They have passed through an awful ordeal, as can be seen in the memorial. And what is still worse, the bad spirit has been communicated from the Spaniards to the natives, for whom the friars have done everything. Is this all to come to an end now? Will a new spirit come in with the new government, and the new garrison, most of whom will be Irish-American Catholics, our own kith and kin?

In conclusion we may ask, what does Spain owe to Freemasonry? She owes to it many a civil war which has desolated the Peninsula; she owes to it the loss of her South American colonies, and perhaps also, if the matter were closely examined, the loss of Cuba as well. There was a time when Spain was the greatest Catholic empire that the world had ever seen; her flag floated proudly over two hemispheres; in wealth, power and prestige she was second to none. The Catholic Faith was then her load-star, Catholic principles her watchword. Her colonists were men of faith and whatever their faults, helped to plant the Cross in the countries they brought under the dominion of the Crown. The first conquistadores founded and richly endowed many monasteries. All that is now a thing of the past; their successors seem to have been bent on rooting up and destroying the beneficent institutions established by them. Spain is reaping the evil harvest of a misguided and unjust policy; the canker-worm of anti-Christian Freemasonry has eaten into her vitals and has made her an easy prey to her foes. By a return to her old spirit of Catholicism, and by that alone, will she be able to retrieve her grandeur as a nation.

THE MEMORIAL.

"To his Excellency the Colonial Minister:

"In addition to the telegram sent to His Excellency, the Governor-General and Viceroy, on the first of this month, that he might bring it officially under your Excellency's notice, which the said authority informs us has been done, We the Superiors of the Congregations of the Augustinians, Franciscans, Recollects, Dominicans and Jesuits have the honor of presenting this Statement to His Majesty King Alphonsus XIII., and in his Royal Name, to Her Majesty the Queen Regent, Dona Maria Christina, to the President and Members of the Crown Ministerial Council, and more especially to Your Excellency as Colonial Minister. We address this Statement directly to Your Excellency according to law and custom, that you may deign to bring it under the notice of the exalted personages already mentioned, and even if it appears desirable before the Nation duly assembled in the Cortes of the Kingdom.

* * *

"The time has come for us as faithful and constant upholders of Spanish rule in the Philippines to break our traditional silence. The hour has also come to defend our honor, which has been so much assailed; and our holy and patriotic ministry, which has been the object of the most terrible and unjustifiable accusations and calumnies.

* * *

"We have borne patiently with the freemasons and insurgents, known and unknown, who in their newspapers, clubs and public meetings, have for the last eighteen months insulted and vilified us; accusing us amongst other things of having fostered the rebellion. We have discovered to our sorrow that a number of Spaniards, having resided in these Islands for a longer or shorter period as the case might be, on their return to the Peninsula, have spoken of us in terms which they would not have dared to employ if in place of being priests and friars we had been laymen, or if instead of being ecclesiastical congregations we had belonged to civil or military bodies.

* * *

"The Religious of the Philippines, far away from Europe, alone in their ministry, scattered to the furthermost corners of the Archipelago, and without any other companions and witnesses of their labors than their own dear and simple parishioners, have no other defense save Right and Reason. Conscious that we have always been loyal and patriotic subjects, and have always fulfilled our duties and the obligations of our holy ministry, we have borne patiently and silently, according to the advice of the Apostle, insults and calumnies from the very persons to whom we had offered our services in all Christian sincerity. We have kept silence under

insults from persons calling themselves forsooth Catholics, but who are infected with the practical Jansenism of certain latter-day reformers. We even suffered in silence certain false information most dishonoring to the Religious Orders to be brought before the Cortes last year. It was asserted, not only in private but in important centres, that the prestige of the Religious Orders in the Philippines was so shaken, that it would be necessary to drive them out by armed force. It was also declared as most dishonoring to a great nation like Spain, to have commissioned friars to furnish information about the Philippines and to have asked their advice in the form of a memorial presented to the Senate. In addition to all this, the gravest accusations, some directed against a worthy Prelate, were brought against us, veiled however under the guise of impartiality and gentle correction. Before long the clamours will be renewed in a different tone, and we shall see the reproduction in the Archipelago, with more or less cruelty, of that historical period in the Peninsula of 1834-40.

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Reasons for Our Silence Till the Present Time.

"We thought and believed that a wise and prolonged silence, added to that prudence and magnanimity which should always distinguish Religious Orders, would have sufficed for good and discreet persons, and that they would have repelled the accusations and formed a judgment proof against these repeated attacks. But instead of calming down the storm appears to increase daily. The treaty of Biac-na-bato has furnished to many the opportunity of renewing the crafty insinuation, nay bold affirmation, already made by the rebel chiefs, that the Religious Institutes were the sole cause of the insurrection. One of the chiefs of the 'Katipunan' secret society has declared in his paper, 'The Grand Orient,' which like a plague is still scattered over the Islands, that one of the first articles of his programme is the expulsion of the Religious Orders. In the Peninsula as well as here, the freemasons and others who second their efforts, have recommenced their war against us. They have published manifestoes at Madrid, in which, misusing the name of the Philippine natives, they demand vexatious and disgraceful measures against the clergy.

"If under these circumstances we still remained silent, our silence would be attributed, and rightly so, to fear or to guilt. Our patience would be called weakness, and even sensible and solid Catholics who recognize the injustice of the attacks directed against us, might be led to believe that we were really stained with guilt, or that we had fallen into such a state of moral prostration that we could be ill-treated with impunity.

* * *

The Religious Orders Persecuted Because They Upheld Religion.

"On what grounds are the Religious Bodies persecuted? Simply because they uphold true and sound doctrine and have never shown a weak front to the enemies of God and of their country. If we had shown ourselves pusillanimous in sight of the works of the Masonic lodges, and in presence of the propagation of the politico-religious errors imported from Europe; if we had given the faintest mark not of sympathy but even of toleration to the men who were scattering broadcast false notions of liberty condemned by the Church; if patriotism had cooled in our hearts, or if the innovators had not found in each Philippine religious an intractable and terrible adversary to their plans, the Religious Congregations would never have been disturbed. On the contrary, we would have been extolled to the skies, the more so because our enemies do not ignore the fact that were we to help them in the Archipelago, were we to give them our support, or at least were we to remain silent, we should thereby give them an undisputed victory.

"But they know well that our standard is no other than the syllabus of the great Pontiff Pius IX., so frequently confirmed by Leo XIII., wherein all rebellion against the legitimate powers is so energetically condemned. Yea! truly they hate us, and under different names and on divers pretexts they are making such a cruel war upon us that it would seem as if the freemasons and revolutionists had no other enemies in the Philippines than the Religious Bodies.

* * *

The Religious Persecuted as Loyal Spaniards.

"Apart from their essentially religious character, the Regulars of the Archipelago are the sole Spanish Institution, permanent and deeply-rooted, which exists in the Islands — a vigorous organization well adapted to those regions. While the civil and military officials, on the one hand, who come from Spain, live over here for a time, fulfilling their duties more or less wisely according as it is for or against their private interests, and yet are ignorant of the language of the country and have only a superficial intercourse with the Islanders; we the Religious come over here to sacrifice our whole existence, dispersed often one by one amongst the remotest tribes. When we bid an eternal farewell to our native shores, we voluntarily condemn ourselves by virtue of our vows, to live for ever devoted to the moral, religious and civil education of the natives, and we have waged many conflicts on their behalf.

* * *

Craftiness of the Insurgent Chiefs.

"Seeing that we were the most deeply-rooted, influential, and best-respected Spaniards in the country, and that we would come to no terms with them or their projects, the rebel chiefs determined to demand our expulsion from the Government. They were aware that they would be backed up in their demand by many among the Spanish residents in the Archipelago, who, led by passion and ignorance, lend a willing ear to all who declaim against the Religious Orders, especially when the watchwords are used of 'Free-thought, Liberty of the Press, Secularization of Education, Ecclesiastical Liquidation, Suppression of the Privileges of the Clergy.' Thus the password among the rebels became, especially since the Treaty of Biac-na-bato, the Emancipation of their Country. They professed to have no dislike to Spanish administration, nor any intention of separation from Spain; what made them rise in rebellion were the abuses of the clergy, and their only demand was the expulsion of the Religious Orders—professions disproved by numerous judicial and non-judicial documents containing the plans of the conspirators. But if they had declared that the insurrection was brought about by the numerous abuses of power which have been committed by civil and military functionaries, they would have all the Spanish element in the Archipelago leagued against them, and would have had the door closed to all their means of propaganda.

* * *

Accusations against the Religious Orders.

"We ask in the first place, where are these abuses which are always the subject of their declamations in their clubs and lodges? We preach the Gospel, and not only do we draw to a civilized life the barbarous tribes of the Archipelago, whom we have preserved peaceful and happy for three centuries, as the whole world knows, but we have always been the defenders of the natives, who are subjected to a thousand vexations on the part of the Spanish lay residents. At all times we have watched over the purity of the Faith and the preservation of good morals, showing ourselves inflexible against illegal exactions, immoral games, and those who lead scandalous lives. After all that has been written against us for so many years, we defy our calumniators, and do not fear an honest and impartial examination of our lives and works. Let those who murmur and speak against us, prove by exact dates and authentic documents that their accusations are well-founded.

* * *

"They say we are enemies of education and the diffusion of knowledge; if by education they mean the teaching of doctrines condemned by the Church, we are at one with them; but there is no education in the ordinary sense of the term, primary, secondary, or superior in the Islands that has not been founded, encouraged and sustained by the clergy. It is well known that very few of the native officials who went through their course in our schools have taken part in the rebellion; but as to certain proclaimers of 'Free-thought,' for the most part they are individuals who have failed in their career and were the refuse of our classes.

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"As to the accusations of immorality which are recklessly levelled against us, all we have to say is that everyone can see our monasteries and convents and ourselves and can form a judgment on our lives; the parish priests and missionaries are alone, surrounded by a multitude of natives; everyone can see what we are doing and what we are saying; our European figure and sacerdotal character bring us into such prominence before the people that it would be stupid to imagine that we could hide our doings.

* * *

"We consider as not worthy of a reply, the impudent assertion that in the country parts we are despots; that in a thousand ways we suck the blood of our tenants; charges often refuted before by the most explicit documentary evidence. Neither is it worth while speaking of the abominable imposition of attributing to us, the passage through the country with armed force, and the imprisoning and torturing of those implicated in the first revolt. All this is part of the absurd fable that we are absolute masters not only of the consciences of the people, but of the Archipelago itself; statements contradicted by the very men who make them, when they declare in the Cortes that we have lost all influence and all prestige in the Islands.

Causes of the Rebellion.

"The utter want of religion to be found among a great number of the Spanish residents; the facility with which the ancient laws of the Archipelago were changed; the instability of the public functionaries, a fruitful source of abuses; contributed for several years to discredit the Spanish name. But Freemasonry, as the world knows, has been the principal cause of the social disorganization of the Philippines. The Hispano-Philippine Association of Madrid was masonic; the masons were almost alone in the work of urging

on the natives to make war on the clergy and the Spanish residents; they authorized the founding of lodges in the Archipelago; it was the masons too who founded the 'Katipunan' society, so essentially masonic that in the terrible 'compact of blood' they make, they are actually imitating the Carbonari of Italy.

"In consequence of the teaching of the freemasons, the voice of the parish priest had no longer any effect on numbers of the natives, principally at Manila and the neighboring provinces, where they are accustomed to give themselves airs of importance and independence; and the prestige of the Spanish name grew considerably less and disappeared entirely in many places. What wonder then if the powerful instincts of race awoke, and that, pondering on the fact that they had a language, and climate, and territory of their own, the rebels should try to build a wall of separation between the Spaniards and the Malays? Is it not natural that having been brought to believe that the friar is neither their father nor the pastor of their souls, nor their friend and enthusiastic defender, but on the contrary a spoiler, and that the Spanish resident is only a money-grubber having more or less power and authority, they should have desired to free themselves from the Spanish authority?

* * *

"Six months ago the 'Katipunan' society was limited to the mountains of Laguna and Bulacan, where the rebel chiefs had taken refuge, and also counted some adherents among certain tribes in touch with the insurgents; at the present time however the plague has spread; the insurgents, violating the promise made to the gallant Marquis of Estella, at the call of a secret signal, have spread themselves over the central provinces, and by means of cruelty and terrorism have succeeded in enrolling in their ranks a great number of natives who after the submission at Biac-na-bato gave pledges of fidelity to Spain. They have also succeeded in entrenching themselves at Capiz and in other parts of the Visayas. The risings in Zambales, Pagsinan, Ilocos and Cebu are all of recent origin and the same may be said of the 'Katipunans' discovered at Manila.

"However the greater part of the country is not yet perverted; a wave of hallucination and fanaticism has passed over it, but the heart of the people is still sound and with careful management they will return to their usual habits of peace and submission. The more wealthy classes are also sound, and are against the rebellion.

* * *

"We frankly tell the Government that if it does not aid the Church, the revolutionary movement will increase every day and

it will be morally impossible for the religious to remain here a minute longer. What good is it for us to do our duty to the people when others are allowed to undo our work at the same time? Of what use is it for us to teach the people to be docile and submissive, when their worst passions are excited by others who tell them to make nothing of our teaching? What professor could teach efficiently if his pupils were met outside the class-room by respectable persons who told them to despise his lessons? The civil authority, according to the teaching of the Church, ought as far as possible to be a bulwark to Religion and Morality. If the Government therefore does not protect us from the avalanche of insults hurled against us; if it does not root out the secret societies; if it allows our sacerdotal character to be trodden under foot while our enemies destroy the fruit of our labors, we regret to say that we cannot continue our ministry in the Islands.

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"Spain has bound herself very stringently to obligations of this nature. One of the laws of the Code of the Indies says expressly on this point: "We command the Viceroy's, the Presidents, the Auditors, the Governors, and the other functionaries of the Indies, to favor and aid and encourage the Religious Orders who are occupying themselves in the conversion of the natives to our entire satisfaction."

"The spirit that moved Philip II. was seen in the answer he made to those who advised him to abandon the Archipelago in view of the little revenue they brought to the Crown. He said: 'For the conversion of only one of the souls that are there I would willingly give all the treasures of the Indies, and if they were not enough I would add those of Spain. Nothing in the world would make me consent to cease sending preachers and ministers of the Gospel to all the provinces that have been discovered even if they are barren and sterile, for the Holy Apostolic See has given to us and our heirs the apostolic commission of publishing and preaching the Gospel. The Gospel can be spread through these islands, and the natives can be drawn from the worship of the demon in making known to them the true God, in a spirit alien to that of temporal greed.'

* * *

Unjust Contempt Shown Towards the Religious Orders in the Philippines.

"An idea has spread since the Revolution in Spain of '68, that the Philippine friars are a necessary evil, an out-of-date institution which has to be kept up for reasons of State. This unworthy idea, manifested sometimes with frankness, sometimes with a certain ret-

icence, and which wounds us to the quick, has been constantly brought forward by our enemies. The natives who have been to Spain are fully aware of it; without leaving the Philippines a great number of natives have observed it and are at present trying to propagate it in the Archipelago. Very numerous too are the Spanish residents who are hostile to us, owing to an anti-clerical spirit or to jealousy; in fact we have enemies in all classes of society.

"Many people in consequence think that our very existence in the country is simply owing to pity and condescendence on the part of the Government; that we are merely tolerated, and are of less value in the eyes of the civil authorities than the members of any lay profession. With a marvellous facility all the evils that afflict the country are laid at our door, and every time a governor makes a gross blunder in dealing with the natives, the evil consequences which flow from it are put down to us. Now every class of society has a right to ordinary respect and fair treatment; we receive neither one nor the other, but are treated with absolute contempt. This humiliating situation which as individuals obliged to greater perfection than the rest of Christians, we patiently bear with; yet as Religious Orders we cannot put up with it any longer, for we see only too well how this treatment injures our ministry and destroys our influence with the people committed to our care.

* * *

"If the Government through an error to which we cannot give an unqualified respect, as it is contrary to the real interests of religion and of our country, believes that the mission of the Orders in the Islands has come to an end, we nevertheless say to them: 'We await your dispositions with serenity; but do not flatter yourselves that in adopting measures against our religious profession you can burn a light both before Christ and before Belial. If on the contrary we are to remain in the Islands, no one can deny that it is necessary to protect our persons, our prestige, and our ministry; our country must show that it is pleased with us and treats us as her children; we must not be abandoned to our enemies as an object of no value, and made victims of the resentment of the freemasons. We do not fear martyrdom, which is an honor we do not feel ourselves worthy of; on the other hand we do not wish to die as criminals abandoned by their friends and protectors, and deprived of all honor.'

"No one could believe that religious men placed in such an awful situation could be the cause of the woes of the Archipelago. We prefer to abandon our ministry and see ourselves expelled rather than continue our mission in the Islands, if the situation does not better itself before long. We have done our work well in these Islands, and we feel sure that we shall be able to do our duty quite as well elsewhere with the Grace of God."

PEOPLE I HAVE MET—ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

"Alas, why is genius forever at strife
 With the world, which, despite the world's self, it ennobles?
 Why is it that genius perplexes and troubles
 And offends the effete life it comes to renew?
 'Tis the terror of truth: 'Tis that genius is true."

—OWEN MEREDITH.



REMEMBER when a child in listening to or reading for myself the "Lives of the Saints" my impression, definite to myself, but altogether inexplicable, was that they were sent down from heaven ready-made to remain a certain time for the sole purpose of showing children how wicked they were. To my mind no one but children seemed to need teaching. All the grown folk within my range seemed perfect, and when I saw pictures like St. Aloysius scourging himself or St. George fighting the dragon, I could not imagine they had ever been children, although the book stated plainly that they were born. I had not yet thought of the growth of the soul, and even in my wildest imaginings I never dreamed that I would one day write of a saint, a living, breathing human saint. If the subject of my sketch is not a saint, then there never was one. I know it and thousands know it and the world will let itself know it and laud her and glorify her when she has passed out of its reach. "And you know what we do," says James Lane Allen in the "Choir Invisible," — "Let our fellow beings carry their crosses to their Calvarys, and after each has suffered his agony and entered into his peace, we go out to him and break our alabaster boxes above his stiff, cold feet. I have always hoped that my religion might enable me to break my alabaster box for the living, who alone can need it and who always do need it."

Eliza Allen Starr was born,—but why should I tell you that she was born?—Nor does it matter that her ancestors were the "Allens of the 'Bars,'" distinguished in the colonial history of Durfield from the time of King Philip's War. It is unnecessary. "Good wine needs no bush," and all the glory of ancestry or 'heraldry of pomp and power" could not add one whit to her perfect womanliness or make her other than the simply noble, beautiful being that she is. Her very presence fills an atmosphere with culture, not



the "fin de siecle" culture, which is but another name for veneer or varnish, but the essence of beauty which comes from the inner graces of the soul, combining the dignity of womanhood with the sweetness and simplicity of a child.

Her home is like herself—charming and restful, inspiring and genuine in its artistic beauty—no skeletons, no shoddy, no sham. It is well named "St. Joseph's Cottage," and like a quiet haven in a great sea it shelters its perfect mistress and defies the waves of shoddyism, false principles, coldness and indifference of money-grabbing, soul-killing Chicago.

Come with me, reader, and I will show it to you. Yes, it is indeed like entering a harbor of rest. Here is the vestibuled hall and yonder is the beautiful statute of St. Joseph.

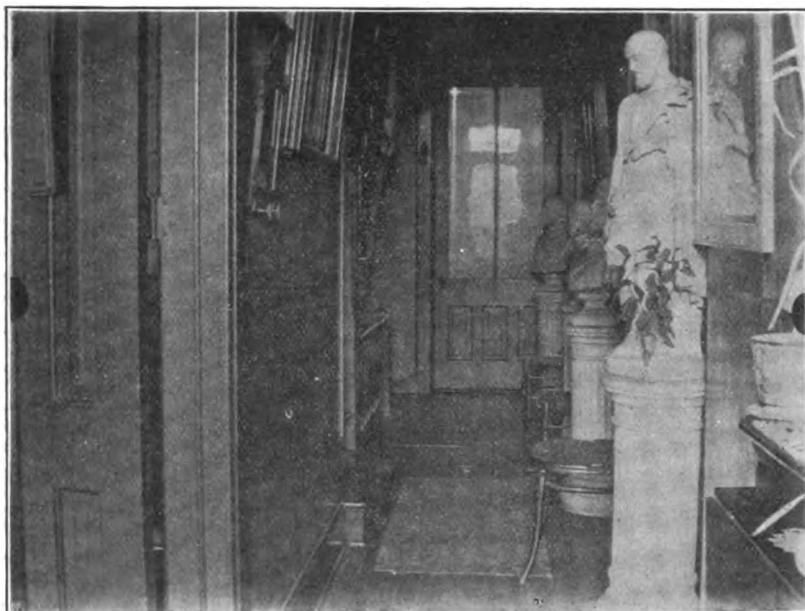
To the left is the reception room, holding the beautifully carved Starr and Allen chairs, its walls covered with priceless treasures of art. Everything has a history, from the quaint andiron to that

rare old mahogany table in the studio yonder, where Miss Starr sits writing out those God-given thoughts which will yet be new when our children's children are old. Every piece of that rare old China was given her by admirers in the old world. I cannot show you half the treasures and curiosities, but I assure you, with books, statuary and pictures, there's enough to satisfy the most fastidious artist or bookworm. In her library the modern novel is conspicuous by its absence. It would be very much out of place in this fine collection of English classics and masterpieces, not to mention the French, German and Italian authors, which are well-worn from frequent consultation and reference. The studio is well-lighted and furnished with casts from the antique and the Italian masterpieces. Up stairs is the auditorium which seats two hundred people and where Miss Starr gives her annual course of lectures.

As a lecturer Miss Starr is not only convincing, but thrilling. I first heard her at the Madison Summer School, where the feast of intellect served was fit for the gods. She was the only woman lecturer and her beautiful word painting touched sunshine and shadow alike with a delicate grace and tenderness that lingers long in the memory like a beautiful dream. I could never take down her lectures, try as I would. I could not write one word for fear of losing another, and so I would sit spellbound. But so deep and



ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE—MISS STARR'S CHICAGO RESIDENCE.



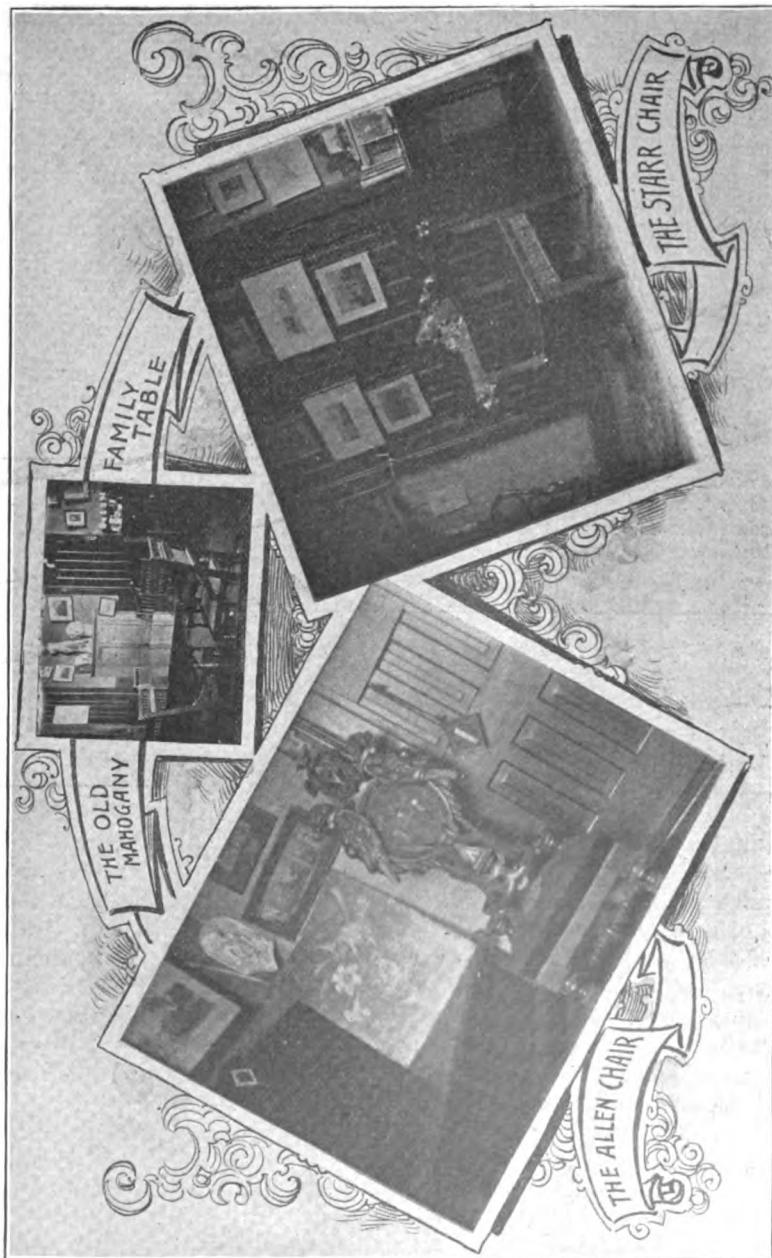
THE FRONT ENTRY OF ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE.

lasting is the impression she makes that one can report her lecture almost perfectly without notes.

In all her lectures she pleads for the children, pitying, with a Christ-like sincerity, the neglected child of the society woman equally with the hungry child of the slums. Two of the latter class came into her studio one day recently while I was there,— two sweet-faced, almost ragged little girls of about five and seven. She called them to her, and caressingly bade them show her from their books, the lesson they had had at school that day, listening with an arm around each, while they told her of the day's experience. Then she told them to wait while she found something for them, explaining to me that they had a careless mother, who did not care whether they went to school or not, and she — Miss Starr — had them call every day, ostensibly to give them something, but really to make sure they had been at school.

This is only one case out of many. She is the guiding star of many a lonely child of God and many a desolate, aching heart has gone its way comforted and strengthened and crying out of the fulness of its gratitude: "God bless her!"

The children of her brain are now widely read, but in the course of time, when we have grown, when we will have worn out the noble energy of two or three more lives like Miss Starr's, then they will



be among the rare gems of the world's literature, then cultured posterity will laurelize the memory of Eliza Allen Starr as Italy now laurelizes the memory of Dante, the son whose life she exiled and whose heart she crushed; and yet out of the depths of his soul, the matchless music of his lyre, the fire of his genius and the love of his Beatrice, he gave to Italy and the world that which will live when kings and kingdoms are forgotten. As Father Prout beautifully says:

"Poet, glory awaits thee, her temple is thine;
But there's one who keeps vigil if entrance you claim,
'Tis misfortune; she sits in the porch of the shrine,
The pale portress of fame."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," says St. Paul, and when Miss Starr's first volume of poems appeared in 1876, her friends, amongst whom were the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick and Bishop Fitzpatrick, proudly predicted her brilliant future and thanked God for her conversion to Catholicity, for now beside the culture of birth and education her pure soul had caught the "glint and the glow of the faith divine." Her second book was "Patron Saints," and if she wrote not another line this would give her an enviable place amongst the educators of the world. There is none of the old time "woodenness" in Miss Starr's saints. They are gently, sweetly human, taking the hand of the child or the man, they lead him through gardens of wonderful beauty and come down to our level so gracefully and confidently that, as we read on, we soon begin to wonder who lead, the saints or ourselves. A visit to Europe inspired "Pilgrims and Shrines," which, like all her books, is illustrated with her own drawings. Reading this one follows from day to day the very footsteps of the martyrs and touches with reverential awe the sacred glories of the past.

Her fourth and probably best-beloved child is "Songs of a Lifetime," and never did lark or hermit pipe sweeter, loftier strains. It is strange that her books are not more widely used as supplementaries in our schools. Not long ago a prominent publishing house in Chicago offered to adopt her "What We See" as a public school supplementary if she would omit just one word—"Infallible"; this would have meant a small fortune, but she said: "No," and all who know her can picture just how she said that "No" and what it meant.

Her "Three Keys" is quite beyond my powers of description. It is a work of art, and, as I said before, it will take all the artistic training and love for the beautiful we can cram into two generations more to appreciate it. To me it seems sacred, something too high and holy for this pugilistic age when only brute force wins and when the world rings with applause for the lion that crushes the little mouse. I shall never forget how she looked at me one day



THE FIREPLACE IN THE PARLOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE.

when I jokingly remarked: "Miss Starr, 'tis a pity you did not turn your attention to non-Catholic literature. You would be a rich woman. Some of our Catholic editors and critics would be giving you pages of free advertising, arguing the pros and cons of your metaphysics and motives, as they do Mrs. Humphrey Ward's, or calling attention to the strength and beauty of your slang, as they do to Kiplings, while in another page they would innocently ask, Why does not Catholic literature pay?"

"I should be a mean woman," she replied, with such earnestness that I argued no longer. "Let others do wrong if they will; I will do right."

I know and reverence Miss Starr as an idealist, an artist, a poet and a lecturer. In her lectures I like her best of all, because in them her personality is so charmingly original. One would think by the erudite names of her lectures that she was going to dive into the depths of knowledge and soar up to the heights of fame. Nothing of the kind. They are neither heavy nor tiresome. She brings so much artistic beauty into every subject she touches that even to commonplace souls like mine her lectures are entrancing. I heard her speak on "Frederick Overbeck" the other day. "He loved," she said, "to take long walks into solitude where he could give audience to his dreams." Isn't that beautifully expressed? In a

few moments she quaintly remarked that in those days one had to study, "There were no encyclopædias or other stray things in the world." Shades of Athens! I thought, "What would we do for our club papers?" "Where," to quote Henry Austin Adams, "would we find the influence of Tyro-phenecian architecture or Greek thought, and other subjects of equally vital interest?"

Miss Starr's energy is marvelous; I have seen her give an art lesson, write letters one after another and talk to three or four people at the same time, doing all thoroughly well.

Miss Starr has a constant stream of visitors and all are admitted.

I have the happy privilege of going there whenever I please, and yet I cannot tell you half that she undertakes and accomplishes. I wish I could reach high enough to show you the beauty of her soul. Some day I may be able to write of her as I would wish, but when that day comes I may be old and she far beyond the reach of tongue or pen, of love or criticism, and notes of love and appreciation, though ever so feeble, are far sweeter to the living than the most sublime oratorios to the dead. Roll on, old world, with all thy wickedness, and all thy folly, with all thy isms and all thy wrongs! There is hope for thee yet and glints of heaven in thee, else the soul of Eliza Allen Starr could not have been sheltered by thee for seventy-six years.



STUDIO AND LIBRARY OF ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE.

THE LAST ANTHEM.

EAMON HAVES.

HE organist was old and spare,
In lifting up melodious pray'r
A lifetime had he spent:
Far dearer than all earthly things,
Frail human ties, the pomp of kings,
He loved his instrument.

His drooping frame, his furrow'd face,
His eyes bespeaking cultured grace,
His flowing locks of white,
As carven pew or sculptured stone
Thro' immemorial years had grown
A fond, familiar sight.

What marvel if his skill declined
And o'er his once unclouded mind
Rolled senile shadows dim!
If eager still to bless the Lord
He struck at times a grating chord
Which marred the vesper hymn!

They fain would have him seek repose,
With gently-folded hands to close
His long unstained career,
And let some youthful aspirant
Awake the organ's solemn chant
In cadence firesh and clear.

Unwilling exile for his soul
Was centered in his tuneful role:
If he perforce should leave
The seat where first he learned to raise
The full, majestic song of praise,
His gentle heart would grieve.

At last with eyes of pitying shame
To give the harsh decree they came,
'Twas on a morn in May

When earth was clad in hues divine
And lilies wreathing Mary's shrine
In chaste profusion lay.

But as they neared the organ-loft
They heard a prelude sweet and soft
As sunny April rain
Suffuse the chapel's holy calm,
And sigh and surge aloft, a psalm
Of soul-enthralling strain.

So plaintive now 'twould melt to tears
A sinner brutalized by years
Of unrepented crime;
Anon so proud, inspired, remote
An angel might have paused to note
Its harmony sublime

It sank and soared, exulted, wept,
O'er every chord of worship swept,
Grew mute a little while,
And when the throbbing air was stilled
With "Gloria in Excelsis!" thrilled
The far-resounding aisle.

Long after silence came they stood
In rapt and reverential mood;
Devoutly bent their knees;
And climbing up the narrow stairs
They found the master in his chair
Inclining over the keys.

His withered hands, whose matchless skill
So late had been evoked, were still:
His venerable head
Hung like a flow'r upon his breast,
So deep and tranquil seemed his rest,
"He sleeps," they softly said.

But no, that smile was not of earth:
It marked a new, immortal birth,
A heavenly diadem:
To save His servant keen distress
The Lord had in His tenderness
Anticipated them.

TRANSPLANTED—A TALE OF '61 AND '98.

MARIE AGNES GANNON.



IAN FANTONI and his wife Lucia came from Italy to Maryland early in the year 1856. They were very happy and hopeful, and the future seemed all bright to them.

Gian bought a piece of land, and he and his child wife worked together in planting it with fruit, vines, trees and bushes—they were never tired of adding to the variety, as far as the extent of their real estate would allow.

Things went well with them. Gian learned the language of the country, and, to his great satisfaction, was in time made a citizen of the United States.

He studied the Declaration of Independence as few native-born Americans have done, and felt its spirit in his whole being.

He knew well, this keen, intelligent foreigner, that there *was* difference of rank here: he knew that this had to be, that there were such differences in every land and nation. But here there were no impassable barriers that kept generation after generation from aspiring higher than the accident of birth placed them. The difference here, he thought, was because of the varying worth of people themselves; according to their ability, their opportunity, and their range of intellect and strength.

He thought it well to be rich, because money was necessary to buy books, beautiful, refining surroundings, and leisure to enjoy and make the most of these advantages. But money could not buy happiness, content and a good mind, capable of learning and understanding the life around one, and raising one's self to a higher plane; and Gian felt that he possessed these last-named blessings and was gratefully glad.

Lucia listened, with wifely admiration, to Gian's wise talk, but she sighed a little at times over mental visions of sunny scenes of her childhood. When Gian was happy and proud over his grapes or berries, Lucia recalled the songs of the grape-pickers in the vine-yards of fair Italy.

Gian tried to teach her English, but she shook her head over its difficulties very soon, and said there was no music in it.

"I can never learn, dear Gian," she said, in her sweet, sad voice. "And truly I have no will to speak other than my own dear tongue."

"How shall you make friends if you learn not the language of the country?" he persisted. "There are few of our countrymen here, and you must learn to talk to people you meet!"

"I will talk with the eyes, with the hands, to the kind people—and I have you. I want no one else! You can make all the friends, and I will talk to you, and tell you the thoughts in my heart."

So Gian ceased to urge her, but he told her often what a glorious land it was for earnest, industrious people. She learned to say quite plainly: "The glorious land of the free."

In the meantime trouble between North and South gathered rapidly and darkly.

Gian was opposed to slavery. It seemed to him the one dark spot in the Republic. In his thoughtful way he studied both sides of the question, and determined that if war did break out he would fight for the Union.

"Every man should fight for his country," he said to Lucia, "and this is now our country—we have been transplanted, and thrive in the new soil."

She nodded gravely, and kissed his hand. Her heart was filled with forebodings, but she kept a brave, smiling face, and never uttered a word contrary to his will.

The dreaded day came. War was declared.

Lucia was to go to Washington with Gian and remain there until the war should end, or Gian return. They heard that Maryland was likely to be cut off from communication with the capital, and Lucia would hear news of her husband more readily if she were in Washington. Besides, there was an Italian family there, that Lucia would be welcomed among cordially.

So the pretty little house and fruit garden were disposed of, the money given to Lucia, and early in April they arrived in Washington. A short time afterward Lucia watched the troops march off, with flags flying, drums beating, and cheers that prevented many a sob from being heard.

Every beat of Lucia's loving heart sent a wave of pain through her, but Gian's eyes were full of martial courage and high hope, and she gave him smile for smile, though her lips were white.

One of the women in the family Lucia remained with conceived the idea of selling fruit, nuts, pies, etc., to the soldiers, and Lucia joined her in this undertaking. She felt less pain when she was

actively employed, and it pleased her to go among the soldiers. Hearing English continually, she began to learn it very quickly, and she talked of Gian to any of the men who would listen. In this way she managed to send many a message to her husband.

One morning a young soldier bought her entire stock and distributed it among his companions. Lucia was distressed to find that she had not change enough to give him for the bill he handed to her in payment.

"It does not matter," he said, when she told him so in her pretty broken English; "keep it. See, little Italian girl, how much I care for money!"

He had taken a folded bill from his wallet, and pinning it on a post near by, drew a revolver and shot at it.

Now Lucia well knew the value of money, and of late she had seen much suffering among her neighbors for want of it; so she exclaimed against the young soldier's folly.

At first he laughed at her. Then he grew serious, and picking up the bill, which was not destroyed, but cut through, he began to examine it.

"You are right," he said to Lucia, "I will not act so foolishly again. And for your good advice keep this"—handing her the bill—"as a remembrance of me. You can get it redeemed—see, the denomination and signature are uninjured."

She did not understand what he meant by the last sentence, but she took the bill "for remembrance," and then began to tell him about Gian. She begged him to tell him, should they meet, that she was well, and praying constantly for him. The soldier promised to do this, if it were possible, and Lucia went on her way.

Whenever a troop marched out of Washington, Lucia watched them go, with fervent prayers on her lips for their success and safe return, and for her husband.

She seemed never to tire of doing some service for the soldiers, and when they began to come back to Washington, wounded and sick, she hastened to offer herself to tend them.

When they were brought into the church she loved to pray in, St. Aloysius' (which was used some time as a hospital), she was more eager to serve them than ever.

"The Lord is good to have you in He's house," she would say to them. "You surely come better, *some* ways; either die good, or something good to you."

Anxiously she scanned every face in search of Gian's. Three times she heard of him, of his bravery and kind thoughtfulness for his companions, and her heart swelled proudly.

She was so bravely cheerful, even when a long, weary time came that she heard nothing of her husband, that the sick soldiers grew to watch for her coming. Many a poor fellow had cause to bless her for her tender care and patience.

Lucia's money went quickly, for she spent freely, and since the coming back of the wounded she had ceased to sell dainties among the soldiers.

Finally a morning came when she had just enough money to fill her basket with fruit for the sick men she was going to visit.

That morning a large number had been returned, weak, silent and sad, to the city they had left in such high spirits.

Passing between the long rows of narrow cots Lucia came to a poor fellow terribly hurt about the head, his face covered with bandages and plasters. She thought he was asleep, and stood beside him for a brief, anxious examination. With a sigh of relief that she did not recognize him, she placed some grapes on the table near him, and was passing on.

"You do not know me then?" He spoke so suddenly that she was startled.

"There are so many," she said, apologetically, after looking at him a few seconds. "I do not know all, when they come back."

"I remember you," he returned, "and I delivered your message to your husband."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Lucia, and poured eager questions upon him, half in Italian, half in English.

He watched her face wistfully.

"You love him very much, don't you?" he said at last, as if her love was something to wonder at.

"Yes, yes, yes!" And Lucia clasped her hands vehemently to emphasize her words.

He turned his face from her.

"He was wounded," he said then, "only a slight wound, but the fever caught him, and his company had to leave him near Carrack's Ford. A family there offered to care for him, and promised to send him on here when he would be able to come."

Lucia's eyes were dim with tears, but she was quietly and deeply thinking.

"I must go to him," she said. "Tell me how to get to that place."

"If Annie had loved me like this!" thought the young soldier, half envious of Gian. But aloud he said:

"How much money have you?"

Then the tears in Lucia's eyes fell over her soft cheeks, and she made an expressive and despairing gesture with her hands.

"I haven't any either now," he said regretfully. He felt very sorry for her. "I thought there was nothing to live for, so I was careless of life and money."

Suddenly a memory flashed across his mind.

"What did you do with the bullet-riddled bill?" he asked.

Then Lucia recognized him. "I keep eet," she answered, trying to smile.

"That was foolish, but I am glad you did now," he said. "You can still get gold for it—enough to take you to Gian."

He explained to her how to go about having this done, and she understood readily.

It was a bill for fifty dollars. That would be more than sufficient for her needs.

The wounded man was greatly interested in her, and pleased to see her joy at the prospect of soon being with her husband. When she bade him goodbye he grew sad again, but the bitter blackness of his own selfish grief was broken up by his interest in Lucia's sorrows and her brave cheerfulness.

After weary travel and many adventures Lucia reached the house where her husband was.

"I am Lucia," she said simply when the door was opened to her gentle tap, and the good woman who opened the door stepped back, and looked at her in wonder.

"It do beat all!" she exclaimed. "Come right in, Mis' Fantoni. Your man said you was a-comin', but we didn't set no dependence on that. Set right down. You must be right smart tired."

Lucia was worn and travel-stained, but she smiled on, in her bright way, that, together with her weariness, her youth and frail little figure, clothed her with a pathos that even strangers felt at sight of her.

Gian was raving in fever when she went to him. She laid her cool, firm hand on his forehead, and he grew calm and then fell into a light, refreshing sleep.

Under her unremitting care he recovered, and Lucia was the happiest wife in the United States when he was able to begin with her the life struggle for position and fortune once more.

* * * *

The sun poured down scorching rays on the Monument lot, but the mothers and wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts of the Washington "boys" heeded neither dust nor heat. The First District Volunteers were to leave that bright May day for Tampa. Little groups stood about, almost in picnic fashion, and it was difficult to believe that there was almost tragic sorrow in the vast gathering. Now and then eyes would suddenly fill, and a voice break as a sudden realization of what this parting might mean, and hands were clasped in convulsive closeness for a moment. Then a light laugh would rise from some merry group, as some soldier, proud of his new dress, would laughingly go through military movements to amuse his friends.

When the order came to "fall in," all this was changed.

Among those who followed the volunteers on their long, dusty tramp to the station at New York Avenue were an old gentleman and a plump little lady, who kept her dark eyes on a tall, handsome soldier boy as long as possible.

At the station there was a long delay, and the ranks were again broken.

The handsome soldier came straight to the elderly couple, and they each took hold of him affectionately.

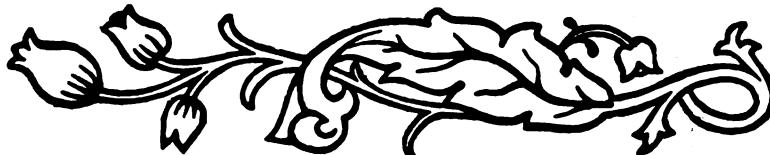
"Ah, you brave little mother," he said fondly, in Italian, "I have not seen one tear fall yet."

She patted his hand gently.

"I learned, I learned, long ago, in '61, when your father marched out of Washington. It does not seem so long ago, does it, Gian?"

"No," answered her husband, "until I look at *him*," putting his hand on his son's shoulder.

A little longer, and the final summons came. The tall soldier bent and took his little mother in his arms. Then he left them, and hand in hand the old couple watched the long train move out of the station.

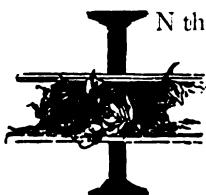


LIFE OF FATHER ROCCO, FRIAR PREACHER.

Narrated for the Italian People by CARDINAL CAPEGLIATRO, and done
into English by EDWARD LINTHICUM BUCKEY.

VI.

FISHING AND HUNTING FOR SOULS—THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OF FATHER ROCCO.



N the sixteenth chapter of Jeremiah there is a prophecy which looks forward to the time of the blessed Redeemer and reads as follows: "I will send among men my fishers who will fish them, and my hunters who will catch them, in every mountain, in every hill, and in the caves of the earth, for mine eyes are upon them in all their ways."

Now when Father Rocco first read this prophetic testimony it made upon him a profound impression. Imaginative as he was, he applied it to himself and it seemed to him that the Lord had thus spoken for his sake. From that time he began to liken his work sometimes to that of a fisherman casting his net in the sea, and drawing souls for God, and again he would say it resembled the work of a hunter, who, properly equipped, seeks for the hidden prey, and if I may say so, takes them captive for their Lord. He used to say, "I exercise a ministry at once peaceful and warlike—peaceful as is the manner of a fisherman,—warlike as those who take up arms for the hunt. It is related that one day King Charles the Third was in the neighborhood on a hunting expedition, and meeting Father Rocco, very affectionately said to him: "Now, Father Rocco, what do you intend to do to-day?" He replied: "The same that your Majesty is doing." When the king made answer that he did not understand his meaning, the friar responded: "Is it not perhaps true that your Majesty, in order to be diverted a little from the heavy cares of State, sometimes loves to fish or hunt? Now I also am a fisherman and hunter in my peculiar way, for I fish and hunt for souls, because God has made me a priest in behalf of them, and has commanded me to love them. Sometimes sitting in a boat or standing on the shore, with hook and bait I quietly

engage in my endeavors to catch some soul, and it fills me with joy to see that my toil is often not in vain. At other times it pleases me to scour the country, searching in the thickest woods, in the mountains, and in darksome places, so that by chance I may capture some sinners, and so wound them in the heart that they will bemoan their evil deeds and return to God. Does it not seem then, O Sire, that your Majesty and I are both taking a similar recreation, only each one in his own way and according to his state?" The king, who esteemed the friar and had begun to be accustomed to his parabolic ways of speaking, laughed and went his way, but by his manner showed that he approved of what had been said.

Good Father Rocco, in order to catch souls, not only reckoned upon his preaching, but made use of other means also. Noble and tender souls, in proportion as they can readily rejoice at the sight of their brethren's happiness, so sympathize as heartily with the griefs of others, and Father Rocco was so constituted that he felt the sufferings, the miseries, and the misfortunes of the poor with a keenness scarcely credible. He had a great and most compassionate heart, and consequently the sufferings of others were to him as his own. Into this rare soul divine grace had been poured in richest measure, hallowing it and prompting it to holy works.

He wished to be of such assistance as was the good Samaritan and heal even the natural wounds of the Neapolitan poor. With his clear intelligence, he easily understood that in the religion of Jesus Christ, spiritual and temporal benefits mutually sustain each other, when they are both properly subserved. Certainly it was because Father Rocco benefitted the people temporally, that he gained an ever increasing influence over them, and in turn because his preaching had weight and authority, though poor enough himself, he found means to benefit very materially indeed the pitiable condition of the poor.

It is a delight to me to read in the records of the time, that my dear Father Rocco's first charitable enterprise was directed in behalf of the children. They were indeed always especially beloved by him, and happy I think is he who follows thus the example of the Savior who, as we remember, when He met the little children on the road, took them up in His arms, and blessed them in token of His great affection for them. In Father Rocco's time one might meet, especially in the crowded parts of the city, a great number of vagabond boys of whom one knew nothing save their evident misery. It made one's heart bleed to see these poor, ill-used,

emaciated, bare-footed and half naked children, for the most part so vile through evil doing. In the daytime they would wander idly about, gaining a meagre sustenance from the alms of the passer-by. At night, overcome with sleep, they would throw themselves down in the court-yard of some palace, or upon the steps of the churches, finding their happiest repose under some butcher's stall. So sad a sight seemed to Father Rocco unworthy of a Christian people, and he went to work to remedy it, without writing up the need in books or making splendid plans for the redemption of the gamin, but with the simple straightforwardness and charity as taught by Jesus Christ.

Little by little he made his way through all the crowded thoroughfares, and wherever he found such children, with admirable tact attracted them to him. The first thing he did was to take them to the river Sebeto. There bidding them rid themselves of their mass of rags, saw that they washed themselves in the stream. Then he gave them some new, but modest clothing, and obtained lodging for them in the houses of pious people, whom he had besought to receive one or more of these boys for the love of God. Not satisfied with this, he took much pains to ascertain, if possible, their parentage, where they had been baptized and by what names they were called, for many of them had only burlesque nick-names and had no recollection at all of the name of their patron Saint. Some of them were found to be orphans, or of parentage unknown; some had parents who were miserably poor themselves, and had no interest in their children's welfare. Father Rocco generally kept them all, and took care of them, obtaining the means from some of his many penitents.

It was an unspeakable happiness for him to see these boys literally remade by means of a little food, now healthy and clean, and on the road to a well ordered and peaceful life — restored to their Christian dignity.

But the love which has been taught us by our divine Lord not only alleviates the pains of the body, but especially is ordained to ennable and enrich the soul. Just as the eye is made for light, and rejoices in the light, so the human intellect is made for truth and rejoices in its possession. And of all truths, the most necessary, the most beautiful, and the most consoling, are those of religion. So with this divine food Father Rocco immediately began to feed the orphan boys of his dear Neapolitan people. As it was impossible to learn from some of them whether or not they had been baptized,

he according to the custom of the Church of Christ gave them conditional baptism. He instructed them all in the Catechism, and often while taking walks with them would find occasion to speak to them of God, as friend would speak with friend. In this he imitated our most dear St. Philip, for whom, as has been said, he always had a great devotion. But especially he made provision that these wards of his should make frequent use of the Holy Sacraments, and so gradually be imbued with a sincere, genuine and intelligent spirit of piety.

It was not sufficient however in the estimation of Father Rocco, that his children should be only good Christians. God had created them to be of service and utility to the community, but if they were not taught some honest way to make a living, they must perforce make use of their hands to gain it in some unlawful way. Therefore this charitable friar, anticipating the era of industrial schools, sought to carry into effect his idea of having his boys taught some suitable trade. He studied their dispositions, and found places for them in the shops of the shoemaker, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the silversmith, the saddler, and the printer. He provided each one with the necessary tools and by means of the alms at his disposal kept them in their positions when they were not able to make enough by themselves for their decent support.

When the humble people saw the success of Father Rocco's work they gladly gave him the few pennies of their saving, and even the nobility, with whom, as we shall see, Father Rocco but rarely came in contact, seemed not indisposed to assist so admirable a charity. So the Dominican friar a century ago gave us a practical example of that splendid educational work now conducted at the Casanova and which to-day has a national reputation. The idea of Father Rocco is perfectly carried out in this noble Neapolitan institution which bestows upon its occupants a thoroughly religious, civil, and literary education, together with a knowledge of some honest craft.

This work of our good Father Rocco, in behalf of the orphan boys, as are all works born of divine charity, began in a very humble way, but like the grain of mustard seed enjoyed rapid growth and development. We read that once the Friar heard that King Charles III. expressed a desire to see some of these children of Neapolitan charity, so one day he took three hundred of them to the bridge della Maddalena, which is on the road from Naples to Portici. Knowing that the king was to pass that way, he wished to give him

a surprise. When these three hundred bright and happy lads, all neat and well clad, saw the king approach, they drew themselves up in military fashion, and raising their caps, saluted him in a most deferential manner, crying at the same time, "Long live the king!"

The king, much pleased with his surprise, smiled to them a kindly recognition, and found only words to say, "Long live, long live Father Rocco!"

Our good Friar turned also his loving attention to the straying girls of his dear people. He said to himself, "If because of Jesus Christ there is no longer any difference between Jew, Greek or Barbarian, and if He has so mercifully died for all mankind, why then in our works of charity should discrimination be made between the boys and the girls? Are they not even more worthy of our pity and compassion, since they are more frail, more exposed to dangers, and also less able than the boys to procure their daily bread?" Oh the girls, the poor little girls! How often they lose the treasure of their innocence because they have been betrayed, seduced and have no knowledge of the evil which they do! How often their very beauty is for them but a fatal gift! How awful is the thought that often, alas too often, bad and unprincipled men bring them to shame and ruin only because they wander about poor and friendless, and give them but the bitter reward of contempt and loss of reputation. What if men say they are but dirt; who is it that has made them so?

It was the year 1746. Father Rocco, now for some years a missionary, conducted his work through the city in connection with a most zealous Jesuit priest by the name of Father Pepe. They preached in the open air, and whenever the occasion offered. It pierced their hearts to observe, wherever they went, the numbers of poor girls wandering through the streets, in whom could often be detected, despite the look of penury and want, many traces of the beauty God had given them. They thought with grief of the modesty of these girls so imperilled, of their minds so long deprived of all religious education, of their hearts which so soon would be inflamed and torn by base and unholy passions, and they determined to make an effort to save them. They rented a house in the street Chiaia, near the monastery of the Teresiani, and they afforded shelter at first to a few and then to many of them. They provided them with good teachers who treated them with all a parent's kindness, and begged themselves their support, from door to door. Finding the location inconvenient, the fathers, in the following year, trans-

ferred the girls and their teachers to the Monastery della Vita near the place now commonly called St. Gennaro di Poveri, which though yet quite far away, was nevertheless nearer than their previous home. This good work, as we have said, had been undertaken by both Father Pepe the Jesuit, and Father Rocco the Dominican. But a circumstance occurred, which broke the concord, and each one took to himself the children he had collected. The occasion was this. Father Pepe, a man very prudent and precise, after a while began to think that Father Rocco acted imprudently in receiving so many inmates to the home, without considering whether or not there was money sufficient to sustain them. Father Rocco, on the other hand all heart, and willing enough, I may so say, to throw himself in the arms of Mother Providence, allowed himself to be guided by his zeal alone, doing with the greatest energy the immediate thing in hand, and caring little for anything else. One day, when Father Pepe saw a great number of new members admitted, he complained to Father Rocco, and begged him to be more cautious and provident. But Father Rocco, wishing to act in his own way, would not be persuaded to more prudent measures, and from that moment resolved to do alone what he could not carry on with his companion. So with the aid of Cardinal Spinelli, Archbishop of Naples, he gave new life to the old Convent of St. Vincent Ferrer, alla Sanita, then outside the walls of the city, and transferred thither his apportionment of the girls. It is worth noting that on the day when he undertook a work so difficult he had for the purpose not more than 10 Carlini, little more than 80 cents in our money, and yet he did not lose either his faith or his courage. In a few days, by asking alms for the love of God and of the poor, he received some 500 lire, that is, about \$100, with which he met the first expenses, and it was not long before he had all the money he needed for this good and beneficent work. In order to set before the girls the highest example, and to beget in them a warm devotion to the blessed Mother of God, he put the new house under the protection of the Madonna, giving it the name of Home of Our Lady's Conception, and of St. Vincent Ferrer, and the girls who at first wore blue dresses thereafter wore the Virgin's colors, white and blue. This St. Vincent's home of the Conception, organized and established by Father Rocco, is still in a flourishing condition, and I wish to conduct my readers there for a few moments. Not far from the old Dominican priory della Sanità, now inhabited by the friars of St. Peter Alcantara, rises Father Rocco's home in a quarter

almost entirely occupied by the very poor. When the good father was alive, the place was outside the city's walls, but to-day it forms a part of the city proper, and cannot even be said to be in the suburbs. On the site of the present church there was formerly a much frequented chapel, called Santa Maria di Nazaret. The church was afterwards built as we see it to-day from the designs of the architect, Bartolommeo Vecchiotti. The painting over the high altar by Bordellino may be noted not because of its intrinsic merit, but because it recalls the work of the good Friar. It represents Saint Vincent offering to the Blessed Virgin the orphans of Father Rocco, and the Mother of God is depicted in an especially motherly and benignant attitude. Now this home became even in Father Rocco's day a very flourishing institution, and was the largest in the city, though it received no State support, being wholly carried on by the sole effort of one man. The girls numbered about three hundred and were well provided and cared for by private alms. The records of the time inform us that in less than seven years Father Rocco had expended no less than thirty thousand seven hundred ducats. The girls themselves were not allowed to leave the convent and solicit alms, as was the custom with other institutions. When they desired to be married or become nuns, they were given a suitable and becoming portion. Religion was the basis of their education, but they also received a fair amount of secular instruction, being especially well drilled in domestic branches.

This work of the Girls' Home, for reasons not necessary to mention, caused Father Rocco much suffering, which nevertheless strengthened him in the virtues of patience and Christian fortitude. For its sake he encountered opposition from various quarters. Men moved by ill-will attacked the work, because they would rather that these poor girls, almost wholly orphaned, should be left free to themselves, and thus become the easy prey to their base lust. Others, grumblers by nature or habit, or impelled by love of censuring, complained against Father Rocco. They said the work could be better managed by some one else; that the money received was not always spent in the most judicious manner; that the father was too indulgent or too strict. So were vented these continual complaints and veiled maledictions, mostly from those who never assisted their neighbor for good or helped him in any way except to his own ruin. The charitable friar became the subject of insult, obloquy and threats, and all because he had been kind to some poor orphan girls! Calumny was heaped upon him, and this from quarters one

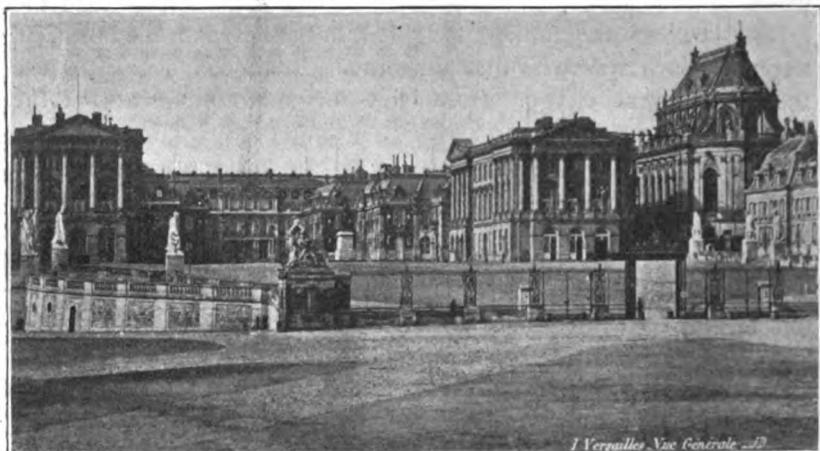
would least expect. Either because he had more ability than the rest, or because envy found a lodgment in the hearts of his brethren, nevertheless it was true that the brave Dominican began to lose the favor of the clergy. Complaints began to pour in that the Dominican was doing too much in behalf of this Home, so the Cardinal, Archbishop Spinelli, in order to cut short all the evil rumors, decided to remove him from his post, placing in his stead Canon Borgia, who was soon afterwards made Bishop of Cara and then Bishop of Aversa. But this resolution of the Archbishop, arrived at only through excessive prudence, ended only in bringing into clearer light the manly virtue of Father Rocco.

When he learned the intention of the Archbishop he did not show the least vexation or disappointment. He did not even seek to know the reasons for the change desired. Although he had founded the home and bestowed upon it so much of his love and attention, yet when he heard the order of his superior, he remained perfectly calm, saying only the words: "Since God has commanded it, I am ready to obey," and straightway turned over to the person who brought the order a purse of five hundred ducats, all the money he had then for the maintenance of the house. The people, however, still loved to call the place Father Rocco's home, and even to-day if anyone asks in the neighborhood, he will find that the name of Friar Rocco is not forgotten.

Such then was the charity exercised by this good man towards the orphaned children of the Neapolitan people. Such too was the way in which he was rewarded in this world, where ingratitude and injustice hold sway. But he who is a true servant of God, lives on and rejoices, having his own reward though it be hidden and altogether secret.

Father Rocco did not lose heart because he met such contradiction in his charitable works in behalf of these children, nay, by such rebuffs he did but gain strength for new endeavors and more arduous undertakings. Well did he know that life is not for play or pastime, but for work, for trial and for warfare, as the Lord Jesus taught us long, long ago.





PALACE AT VERSAILLES.

FRENCH WOMEN OF THE OLD REGIME.

COUNTESS DE COURSON.

II.

IN THE PRISONS OF THE TERROR AND ON THE SCAFFOLD.



IFTEEN years only after his accession to the throne, Louis XVI. found himself plunged amidst the difficulties and dangers that were, four years later, to bring him to a violent death. He had a loyal desire to do right, but the ministers on whose advice and assistance he counted to carry out his projects of reform, were either too incapable or too unprincipled to be of any real assistance to their unexperienced sovereign. Neither Maurepas, Mecker, Caloune or Brienne who, one after another held the post of Minister of State, possessed the wisdom and energy needful at such a crisis. The Assembly of the "Etats Généraux" in 1789, where all classes sent representatives to deliberate on the reforms that were necessary, instead of arresting the evil brought it to a climax and from that date we have, alas, but to record the terrific progress of the Revolution. Our American friends are well

acquainted with its principal stages. After the taking of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, the king's brothers and a large portion of the nobility left the kingdom. On the 5th and 6th of October, hordes of revolutionists poured into Versailles and, after killing the king's guards amidst circumstances of horrible cruelty dragged the unfortunate sovereign and his family back to Paris. Here Louis XVI. resided at the Tuileries palace till August, 1792; he was virtually a prisoner and the Assembly, who was in possession of absolute authority, gradually stripped him of every vestige of his royal prerogatives. Throughout the kingdom those whom their birth, fortune, education, principles or attachment to the former state of things brought into notice, were relentlessly persecuted. According to the maxims of the revolutionists, every kind of superiority, moral or material, was a crime to be punished by imprisonment and by death.

In August, 1792, the royal family was transferred from the Tuileries to the dismal prison named the Temple, while throughout the length and breadth of France the prisons were filled to overflowing with men, women and children, whose only crime was their name, or their fidelity to God and the king.

One of the first victims of the terrible tempest that was to deluge the country with blood, was the Princess de Lamballe. She had returned to France from Belgium, where she was in safety, eager to share the sorrows of the Queen and she formed one of the group of ladies who accompanied the royal family to the Temple on the evening of the 13th of August, 1792. Madame de Tourzel, whose acquaintance we have made in a previous chapter and her daughter Pauline, were also of the party. "Our only thought," writes Madame de Tourzel in her memoirs written many years later, "was to soften the horrors of our master's position by our respect and devotion." But the solace that the loving care of these faithful friends brought the King and Queen was soon denied them; five days afterwards the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, her daughter and the other ladies were suddenly transferred to another prison. It was late in the day and the Dauphin was asleep. "I did not venture to look at him," writes Madame de Tourzel, "lest my courage should break down." The Queen, whose tears were flowing, affectionately embraced her friends and, trusting to Madame de Tourzel's superior judgment and character, she entrusted the Princess of Lamballe to her guidance. "Take care of her," she

said, "on important occasions speak for her and try and spare her the difficulty of answering insidious questions."

The three were taken to the prison called "la Force" and after having been separated at first, they were finally placed in the same cell. Madame de Tourzel tells us that they divided their time between prayer, needle work, and the care of their room. "Madame de Lamballe," she says, "was gentle, kind, obliging." Faithful to the mission given to her by the Queen, Madame de Tourzel devoted herself to her delicate and nervous companion, who, amid circumstances so alarming, displayed unexpected courage. "We had but one heart and one soul in our misfortunes," continues Madame de Tourzel, and she adds that she succeeded in gaining the Princess's confidence so completely that she was able to give her useful advice. "Madame de Lamballe told me, that she had taken the resolution to return to the practice of her religious duties that she had somewhat neglected."

On the 2nd of September an extraordinary agitation reigned in the prison and alarming rumors were afloat. Mlle. de Tourzel, a mere girl, was torn from her mother's arms. "I kept repeating," writes the latter, "My God have pity on my Pauline and give us the grace to be resigned to Thy Holy Will." Neither of the captives had any illusions; they ascertained that the prison was surrounded by armed men, a mock tribunal was erected in one of the courtyards and according to the caprice of the judges each prisoner in turn was either massacred or released on leaving the courtyard. "We do not know what this day may bring us," said Madame de Tourzel to her companion: "let us beg pardon of God for our sins and say the Miserere, the Confiteor and an act of Contrition. I said these prayers aloud and the Princess repeated them after me; we added the prayers that we usually said every morning and encouraged each other to fortitude."

A few hours later both ladies were ordered to descend into the court, where a quantity of ill-dressed, half drunk men, of ferocious aspect, were assembled. A ray of comfort came to Madame de Tourzel when an unknown man whispered to her: "Your daughter is saved," and reassured as to the fate of her beloved Pauline, she answered all the questions that were put to her with remarkable courage and calmness, making no secret of her devotion to the royal family and proving herself truly a "valiant woman." Strangely enough, her life was spared and she was led out of prison, passing



MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PRISON.

on her way close to the mutilated and disfigured corpses of the murdered prisoners.

In her interesting memoirs, Madame de Tourzel relates how, after many perils, she rejoined her daughter; both spent the worst days of the Terror in concealment and were the first to visit the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI. in her solitude at the Temple, whence her nearest and dearest had been led forth to die!

Madame de Lamballe was less fortunate than her friends; in her turn, this nervous, fragile woman appeared before her judges; either her princely birth or the Queen's well known affection for her had marked her for death. She was made to pass from the courtyard, where she had been questioned as to her relations with the royal family, to the street outside where the assassins lay in wait and, at a given signal, she was thrown down and literally hacked to pieces. Her head was cut off and her heart torn out and both stuck on spears were carried to the Temple.

The King, hearing an unusual clamor in the streets, inquired its cause. "If you will know," brutally replied a jailor, "the people want to show you the Lamballe's head!" The unhappy Queen fell down in a dead faint, while, under her prison windows, the once lovely head of her friend, with its flowing curls, was being paraded by fiends in human shape.

From that day, the royal prisoners knew what to expect: the daily humiliations and vexations heaped upon them were a constant reminder of their utter helplessness. On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was executed; in his prosperous days he had shown himself weak and vacillating; in presence of death, the old heroic blood of his ancestors asserted itself and his patient fortitude commands our respect. His words to his son the eve of his death are worthy of a son of St. Louis: "My child," he said taking the boy on his knee, "lift up your hand and promise me that if one day you are King you will not seek to avenge my death."

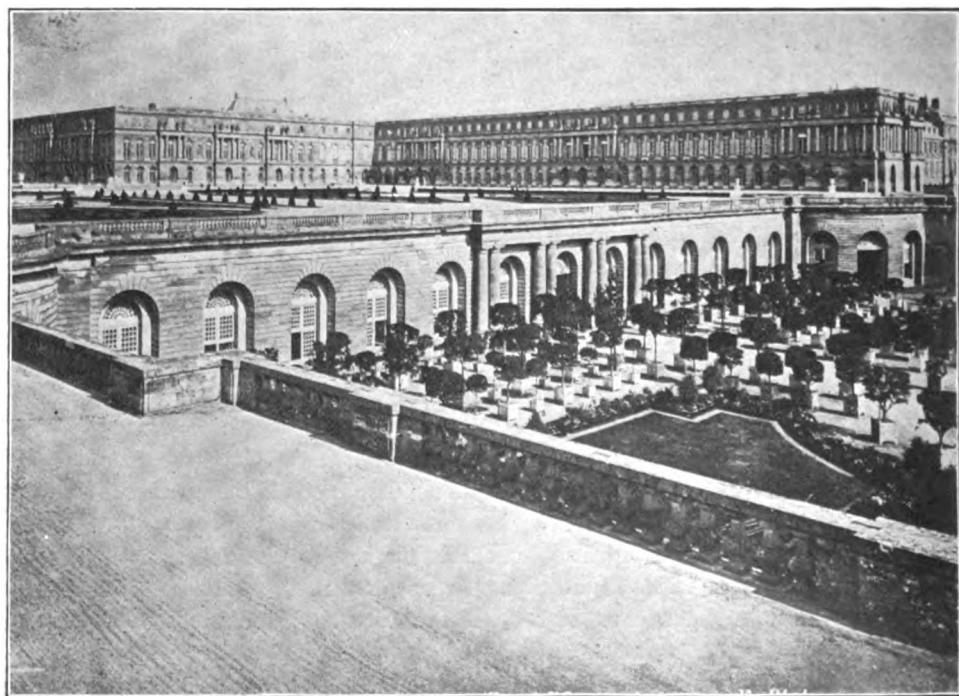
While the widowed Queen and her children were kept close prisoners in the Temple, all over France existed what has rightly been named the Reign of Terror. The prisons, both in Paris and the provinces, were filled to overflowing and the "guillotine" was in constant use. Its victims were of all classes; the nobles and priests were the first to be sacrificed but, as M. Taine the eminent historian remarks, it has been calculated that out of 12,000 persons condemned to death, 7,545 were peasants, laborers, workmen, servants or trades-people.

The number of persons arrested was so great that in Paris every building available for the purpose had become a prison; nevertheless the captives were so closely packed together that the want of air caused infectious diseases to break out among them.

Among the tragic scenes of these terrible times, we recognize here and there women, whose names have become familiar to us in happier and more peaceful days.

In the ancient College of Plessis, situated on the heights of the "Montague St. Genevieve," were confined a large number of prisoners of all rank and age: noble ladies, priests, magistrates, peasants, young girls and mere children. The Duchesse de Duras, who spent several months within its walls, has left a full account of her captivity, and though remarkable for its simplicity and matter of fact tone, her tale is full of thrilling and painful interest. The daily discomfort and privations were great: the prisoners took their meals in a crowded refectory, where pigs walked about freely, the filthy tables were never washed, the dishes were often filled with hairs, no forks or knives were allowed, only a wooden spoon; the dirtiest prisoners were selected to wait upon the others and the smell of the whole place was most offensive. The jailors noticed that the highly born prisoners, those for instance who, like the Duchesse de Duras, belonged to the bluest blood of France, were the most patient and uncomplaining. The Duchesse herself remarks that among the prisoners who eat at the same table as herself the hardest to please was the daughter of a stable man, who was most particular about her food. Painful as they were, these material trials were easy to bear compared with the torturing mental agonies endured by the captives. Madame de Duras, for instance, knew that at a stone's throw, in the neighboring prison of the Luxembourg, her father and mother, the aged Marshal de Mouchy and his wife, were confined. Her one desire was to be with them, but her prayers to be transferred to the Luxembourg were unheeded. She knew that every day numbers of victims were executed, and her anxiety for her parents made her forget her own peril. Yet, every evening, she was forcibly reminded that death was close at hand. Towards night-fall, a row of carts drove up to the prison door and a certain number of victims were summoned to take their places. They were driven to the prison of the Conciergerie, hence to the tribunal and then, in the space of a few hours, to the guillotine. "I cannot describe," she writes, "the feeling of terror caused

by the opening of the great door; I seem to hear it still. A fearful silence, the silence of death, reigned while the officials of the tribunal, with their hands full of acts of accusation went through the passages, calling out the names of those who were to come. We bid them an eternal adieu and we remained in a state of stupor, being only certain ourselves to live through the night. * * One day I felt very ill and I kept thinking how sweet it would be to die in one's bed!"



SIDE VIEW OF THE PALACE AND ORANGERY.

Madame de Duras, who at first was able to receive notes and messages from her father and mother, suddenly remained without news of them and her anxiety increased tenfold when she noticed that her fellow-prisoners looked at her with pitiful sympathy. Her cousin, Madame de la Fayette, was also at the Plessis and it was she who, one morning, informed the Duchess with many tears that her father and mother had been guillotined two days before. "From

that moment the thought of death never left me. * * I used unceasingly to repeat the prayers of the dying for myself and for others."

Both the aged Marshal and his wife went to their death with singular dignity and courage. When he heard that he was to leave the Luxembourg for the Conciergerie, the Marshal himself told the news to his wife: "Madame," he said, entering her cell, "we must go, the hour is come, it is God's Will, let us adore His designs; you are a Christian. I am to go with you and will never leave you," and a voice in the crowd having cried out: "Courage, Monsieur le Marshal," the old man gently answered: "When I was fifteen I went to battle for my king, now I am eighty, I go to the scaffold for my God—I am not to be pitied."

A few days afterwards, the Duchess de Duras, in her turn, had to fulfill the painful task of breaking to Madame de la Fayette the news of the threefold execution of her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, her grandmother and her sister, who were guillotined on the 22nd of July. A few days later, the fall of Robespierre marked the end of the worst phase of the Reign of Terror and saved the lives of both Madame de Duras and Madame de la Fayette.

Our readers may remember with what deep piety and singular unworldliness the Duchess of Ayen, amidst the thousand temptations of the times, brought up her five daughters. Of these five, one was dead, one in exile, another in prison and another concealed in the provinces, only the eldest, the Viscountess de Noailles, shared the captivity of her mother and of her grandmother, the aged Duchess de Noailles. The three ladies, after remaining for some time prisoners in their own house, were transferred to the Palace of the Luxembourg, that had been turned into a prison. The Vicomte de Noailles was in America, where he expected his wife to join him, but the latter's fate was sealed and there are few episodes in the history of the Revolution more touching than that of this young woman, rich, noble, lovely, beloved, the mother of three little children, who sweetly and brightly obeyed God's summons without a murmur. In prison, she devoted herself to her aged relatives, she made their beds, combed and dressed them, waited on them at table and washed up the dishes. She had not a minute to spare and used to joke about the number and variety of duties that fell to her share. Twice a week, under pretence of breathing fresh air, she used to go to an upper story of the Palace, whence, in the

garden below, she could see her three children and their faithful tutor. The little notes she contrived to send this devoted friend breathe an admirable spirit of resignation. "God supports me," she writes, "and will, I feel sure, continue to do so. * * Let my children have God ever in their hearts and be firmly devoted to Him." To her husband she writes: "God has taken care of me, He has given me strength; the hope of obtaining, by the sacrifice of my life, your eternal happiness and that of my children will encourage me in the most terrible moments."

Another prisoner at the Luxembourg was the unfortunate Duchess of Orleans, widow of Philippe Egalité. As only child of the Duc de Penthièvre, she had been the richest heiress in France; the whole of her immense fortune had been seized and in prison she had not even a bed, only a miserable mattress, to lie upon.

In Paris, the prison of "La Force" was considered as one of the most horrible. The Marshal de Sécur was seventy years of age, he had only one arm and was a victim to gout. Unmindful of the important political and military services he had rendered to his country, the Revolutionists threw the infirm and maimed old man into a filthy dungeon, which was already crowded with prisoners, many of whom were thieves and murderers. The beds were mere bundles of hay, filled with vermin; the air was poisoned and a large number of captives died of infectious diseases, caused by the foul atmosphere of their prison. Here the Marshal remained six months, during which his serenity never failed him; his patience seems to have touched his companions, who belonged to the refuse of the population, but who vied with each other in their respectful care of the aged soldier. The Vicomte de Sécur, son of the above, was confined in the ancient Convent of Port Royal. The aspect of this prison was a strange one, a group of captives bearing the greatest names in France were here assembled and, in spite of the daily prospect of a horrible death, they spent their time in conversation and games and the Vicomte de Sécur, who was a poet, contributed to the general amusement. Very different was the aspect of the Conciergerie, which in those terrible times was justly considered as the "ante-room of the guillotine." Here, the Revolutionary tribunal held its sittings and the prisoners, after being summarily judged and condemned, were in the space of a few hours hurried away to execution. The Conciergerie, whose sinister looking towers still rise on the banks of the Seine, had, we are told, the appear-



La Chambre à coucher de Marie Antoinette.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S BED-CHAMBER.

ance of a fearful hostelry, a place of passage, where the hapless prisoners halted before going to their death.

One among them however spent long weeks within its dark walls. The Queen Marie Antoinette was transferred from the Temple to the Conciergerie in August, 1793, and remained a close prisoner in a narrow, damp cell until the 16th of October, when she was executed. There are few pages in the history of the Revolution more harrowing than those that relate the agony of this most unfortunate of queens. With fiendish cruelty her enemies tortured her in her most sacred feelings, in her love for her children, in her respect for the dead, in her womanly dignity. Throughout her weary imprisonment and iniquitous trial, broken in health, but undaunted in spirit, she bore herself with unswerving firmness and courage. God came to her assistance in her bitter suffering and

recent researches have proved that more than once during her stay at the Conciergerie, she was able at night and in secret, to receive Holy Communion at the hands of faithful priests, who gladly risked their lives for her sake. On the morning of the 16th of October, at eleven, a rough, springless cart, with a plank that served as a bench stood at the prison door and beyond thousands of men and women were assembled to heap insults on their victim. The Queen was dressed in white, her face was thin and drawn, her eyes red, her hair grey, but her expression calm and courageous and the once lovely head was erect as ever. During the via dolorosa between the Conciergerie and the "Place de la Concorde," where the scaffold stood, her firmness remained unshaken, only on approaching the Tuileries a flush passed over her face as she looked at the gardens where her boy had played! Then her eyes were raised to heaven, she lay down without a struggle and the ax fell!

A few months later, on the 8th of May, another royal victim passed through the Conciergerie on her way to death. Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, was executed on the Place de la Concorde. We may remember that from the outset of the Revolution she had seen, more clearly than her brother, the perils that threatened the throne. Her letters to her friends show an admirable spirit of resignation, all the more heroic because she had no illusions left and calmly and consciously accepted the fate to which Providence destined her. At the Temple, her loving devotion softened the suffering around her; after the Queen's death, she became the sole support of her niece and on her way to death, faithful to the last to her mission, she comforted and encouraged the twenty-four victims who were to die with her.

Soon after the execution of the Princess Elizabeth the scaffold was transferred from the "Place de la Concorde" to the "Place du trone" at the opposite extremity of Paris. The executions had become so numerous, the quantity of blood that was shed daily was so enormous that, fearful to relate, the Place and its surroundings had become unapproachable, and, by common consent, the inhabitants of the quarter petitioned to have the "guillotine" removed.

The executions at the "Place du trone" only lasted six weeks, but during that comparatively short space of time thirteen hundred persons perished! Among them were sixteen Carmelite nuns, who, on the 17th of July, 1794, were taken from the Conciergerie to the "Barriere du trone," clad in the white mantles of their order. Dur-

ing the long drive through the crowded Paris streets they sang the Miserere, the Salve and the Te Deum. On reaching the "Place," they knelt, a snow white group, at the foot of the guillotine and renewed their vows of religion. The Prioress begged to die the last and one by one her sisters bowed before her to receive her blessing before ascending the steps of the scaffold. To the end they continued to sing the Laudate, but gradually the strain grew weaker as one after another the singers were silenced by death, and at last the Prioress was left alone to finish the joyous hymn that echoed so strangely across the blood-stained "Place." Five days afterwards another group of women, no less holy and already familiar to our readers, stood on the same spot. The aged Duchess de Noailles, the Duchess d'Ayen and the Vicomtess de Noailles had been transferred from the Luxembourg to the Conciergerie and thence to the scaffold. An old priest, their friend in happier days, was there, under a disguise; he contrived to attract their attention and gave them absolution unobserved by the bystanders. He describes in moving terms the Duchess d'Ayen's deep recollection and unceasing prayer; the Vicomtess de Noailles who, dressed in white, looked like an angel; her countenance was so radiant that women in the crowd were heard to exclaim: "Look at that young woman, how happy she seems!"

The scenes of horror and heroism that took place in the prisons and on the scaffold in Paris were repeated, amid circumstances more or less different, in a number of large towns. We have seen how great ladies of the Court, whom we might have supposed enervated by lives of luxury and ease, proved themselves heroines in the hour of danger and death. Other women of different rank displayed no less courage. At Arras, in the north of France, the Reign of Terror has left an inexpressibly horrible recollection. The representative of the revolutionary government was Joseph Lebon, an apostate priest, under whose rule the city of Arras was deluged with blood. The memory of one of his victims has remained enshrined in the hearts of her fellow citizens and we have often heard them speak with loving veneration of her holy life and brave death. Marie Josephe Bataille belonged to a respectable family of the country; she was devoted to every kind of good work and since the beginning of the Revolution had collected, among her friends, a certain sum of money on behalf of the exiled priests, whose poverty was extreme. This charitable act was discovered, Madame Bataille's house was searched, letters addressed to her by the priests



PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

whom she assisted were found and she was arrested together with several pious Catholics, who had taken part in her deeds of charity. Madame Bataille seems from the first to have realized that her days were numbered. She wrote from her prison to her cousin, Madame de Grandival: "I write to recommend myself to your good prayers and also to tell you that God gives me more strength than I should have thought possible and that I have the greatest confidence in His mercy. Do not you and my other friends be afraid if a fate like mine is their portion; it is sweet to die for the sake of Him who died for us."

With great courage Madame Bataille, when she was questioned before the tribunal, took upon herself the whole responsibility of what she had done. "It is true," she said, "that some of my friends entrusted money to me to be given to the poor, but they did not know that I helped the exile priests; if this is a crime deserving of punishment, I alone am guilty." Although this generous defence seemed to produce a certain impression upon the judges, the fear inspired by Joseph Lebon made them only too ready to yield to his desire, and Madame Bataille, with twenty other persons, was condemned to death "for having corresponded with the enemies of France."

Five hours only after the sentence had been made public the execution took place. The most childish and insignificant circumstances served as a pretext for sending new victims to the guillotine. A few days only after the execution of Madame Bataille, the revolutionary tribunal of Arras pronounced a sentence of death against a young woman of twenty-two, Madame de Bethune, and her father, Monsieur de la Vieville; the principal charge against them was that they possessed a parrot, who was accustomed to call out: "Long live the King, long live the priests, long live the nobles!"

The parrot was brought before the judges, but steadfastly refused to call out: "Long live the King," although repeatedly encouraged to do so; however Lebon had resolved that his victims should not escape and Monsieur de la Vieville, his daughter and their maid were executed for "conspiring against the safety of the Republic."

At Nantes, in Brittany, Carrier equalled Joseph Lebon in fiendish cruelty. It was he, who, finding that the guillotine was too slow in its proceedings, invented the "noyades," by means of which hundreds of victims, priests, women and children, were drowned. The number of persons thus put to death was so great that the

Loire was poisoned by the quantity of dead bodies and infectious diseases broke out among the inhabitants who had so far escaped a violent death. Sometimes Carrier decided that hundreds of women and children should be shot or stabbed, at other times they were left to die of hunger and severe penalties issued against those who ventured to bring them food. Among the women of all rank and age who perished at Nantes during those fearful months were four sisters, whose execution was long remembered in the country. At Poirée, near La Roche sur You, lived four unmarried women, sisters, named Millo de la Métayrie. The eldest, Gabrielle, was twenty-eight, the youngest, Olympe, seventeen. They had been arrested with their faithful Breton maid, Jeanne Roy, who was, like her mistresses, very young, being only twenty-two, and conveyed to Nantes, where they were thrown into prison. Carrier decided that they were to die, and without even the pretence of a trial, they were condemned to be guillotined. Their fate was told them by a woman named Laillet, who acted as cook to the prisoners. Their first exclamation was: "But it is impossible, we have not been heard or judged, we cannot be executed without a trial." "It is Carrier's order," was the reply. The sisters burst into tears, then they knelt down and prayed fervently; by degrees, their tears ceased, their courage returned, and on leaving the prison the youngest, Olympe, gave the woman Laillet a ring as a parting gift. It is said that an immense multitude surrounded the guillotine, which was erected on the Place du Bouffay, and contemporary writers add that the dead silence was broken only by the voices of the four sisters who, at that awful moment, sang the hymns they had sung in happier days in their peaceful village church! The inhabitants of Nantes were, alas, well used to scenes of blood, nevertheless this execution seems to have caused an impression of peculiar horror; many persons present wept, and the executioner, it is said, died a few days later of grief and remorse.

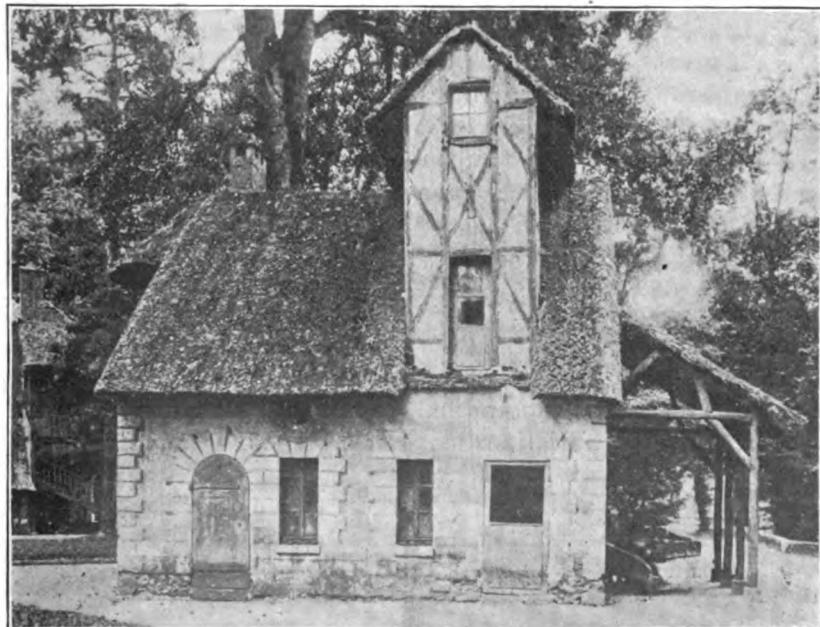
Another young girl, almost a child, died about the same time on the same spot with no less courage.

Among Carrier's victims was a lady, Madame Leloup de la Biliais and her two daughters. When on their way to the scaffold, the youth and beauty of the youngest attracted the attention of one of the national guards on duty: "If you will at this moment promise to marry me," he said, "I can save your life." The girl barely looked at him. "I should rather trust my soul to God than my life to you," she answered and quietly walked on to her death.

A strange fascination is attached to the tales and traditions of the Reign of Terror! Often and often, with beating hearts, have we listened to the stories of those terrible times, stories related to us in the cottages of La Vendée, in the Châteaux of Normandy or Artois, by persons born and bred among the recollections of the past and to whom they remain as a sacred heirloom. If the crimes of the Revolution inspire horrors and disgust, feelings of boundless admiration are awakened by the heroism of the victims. In that terrible tragedy, the French women of the last century, noble and plebian alike, bravely played their part, atoning by their devotion, generosity and self sacrifice for the evils and abuses of which they were the innocent victims.

Scarcely less admirable in a different sphere and amidst circumstances less tragic, are the women who driven by the tempest out of their own country patiently bore the weight of exile and poverty during many long years. It is these, whom, in a succeeding sketch, we hope to present to our American readers.

(To be continued.)



THE PRESBYTERY OF THE "LITTLE TRIANON."

THE SAVING OF LUCIUS AND LÆLIA, EARLY CHRISTIANS.

LOUISE A'HMUTY NASH.

LI THOUT thee, Lucius, love, I cannot live;
Should I be left as sister Flavia is,
Alone and husbandless, of all bereft,
I should be sorely tempted, love, to sin
In cutting short my life! Would heavenly gates
Be opened then to me, or must I still
Be torn from thee in a still bitterer life?
Say, Lucius, say?"

"Take thou no anxious thought,
My Lælia sweet; live thou thy daily life
Like the pure flowers, for which thou'rt rightly named.
If crushed beneath the foot of man thou'l bloom
Again in Paradise with Christ and me.
Besides, the Empress loves thee; and myself
Aurelian ever looked upon as friend.
Take heart, chase gloom away, my lily wife."

E'en while they spoke, came Lælia's faithful nurse
The aged Julia, full of eager haste
And trepidation. "List, Mistress, what I hear,"
She spake; "upon the Capitol is placed
The Emperor's edict, finely writ with gold
On parchment smooth, and framed in brazen frame.
It tells, the Christians may not meet to pray nor sing!
The streets are full of noisy, rabble crowds
That shout, and jeer the Christians and their God.
Say, Mistress, must our churches e'er be closed,
On the Lord's Day when we His Holy Feast partake?"

He saw his mother's tears,
Valerian, a round-faced, rosy boy,
Who rose up from his toys, and placed his cheek to hers,

And chased them down with kisses soft; meanwhile,
His father asked, "Valerian, would'st thou die
For Jesus Christ, my boy?"

"Father, for thee, I would;
If thou dost wish it so, I would for Him,
If mother will come too that dreary way!"
"Hear'st, Lælia sweet, a trio up in Heaven!
'Tis life, not death, a never-ending life."

And Fronto had his way. Men and women frail
He thrust in the vile dungeon of Fabrician's Bridge
To be brought out and placed upon the rack
Of torture, at his fiendish pleasure grim;
Thus Bishop Felix fell, and Probus, Priest,
Who said in agony, "Thou girdest, man,
My brow with fadeless flowers, that perish not,
As will Aurelian's laurel crown!"

There came a day when Lucius and his wife
Were seized, and then Valerian cried,
"There is no dark I fear, oh, let me go with you!"
But the sweet child they gruffly bade them leave.
As walking, chained, into the judgment-hall
A dark cloud gathered bleak above their heads
Like Roman eagle shaped. "A portent grand," folks said
"Of Roman glory, and of victories gained."
When lo! a thousand hailstones burst the cloud
And falling, dropt like shot on all the folk.
The Prefect on his way, did shake in limb,
And Fronto trembled like an aspen-leaf.
Lucius and Lælia grasped each other's hand.
"God's in His Heaven," he said. "He sends this sign
For us below. Cheer up, dear heart,
He'll save us, or He'll take us, as He will!"

Within the Hall the Prefect asked, "Christians,
Will you not now recant your faith, and live
And sacrifice unto the Sun, the god
That lights and warms the world?"

"Nay, Prefect, nay;
The God who made the sun, He is our Sun

And shield unto the souls thou canst not touch!"
"Indeed thou art too frail to bear the rack,
Fair woman," then he said; and turning to a slave,
"Bring here the ladle, with the wine, and she
Will pour it out before the sacred god."
But she in feeble tones replied, "I durst not, Sire,
For 'twould dishonor bring on Christ, my Lord,
Whose precious blood outpoured for me!"
"Quick to the rack!"
Burst Varus forth. And Lucius only prayed,
"Good Lord, my Lælia first; she could not bear
To see me torn before her eyes!" And then,
A huge and massive door was drawn aloft,
With scooping pulleys strong; within, a torch
Lit up the dark and showed the brutal rack,
With engines as from hell, and naked slaves
To work their awful fangs. "The woman first!"
The Prefect cried. She cast a loving look
At Lucius, bound in chains; the while a noise
Like mighty wind, that lashed the ocean's wave
Did drown the Prefect's voice. The slaves held back
In fear the gods should intervene. "Cowards, fall to,"
He cried, and left his place to hasten on the work.
"Bar quick the temple-doors, let not profane men come!"
But no one heard him speak, for so it seemed,
That twice ten thousand voices swelled the tide
Of acclamation wild: "Let Diocletian live,
Great Diocletian is the Emperor now!
Long may he live and reign!—the wise! the good!"

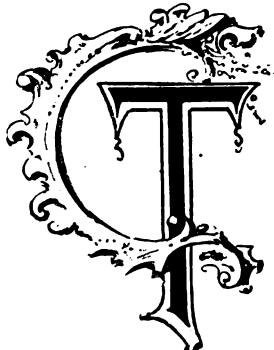
Too good to pander to such acts, the Prefect knew,
He left the Hall in haste, and Lucius and his wife
Were freed, and praised God in the Psalmist's words,

"Blest be God, who brake the snare,
The fowler set,
Our soul escaped like timid bird
From out the net.

The waters well nigh quenched us
The streams nigh overwhelmed us
Blest be the Lord, who saved us!"

SA' JANE'S MIND.

SARAH E. GANNETT.



HE land sakes! That girl ain't got mind enough for a 'skeeter. No, I won't say that, either, for she *does* know the way to her mouth, and the best tastin' things to put in it, and she knows how to get 'em, too; and a 'skeeter don't know any more'n that. It's amazin' how she makes way with the victuals — an' always the best of 'em, too! Why, I made a frosted cake for comp'ny the other day an' set it out on the back gallery to cool, an' when I went for it if she hadn't picked off the frostin' all round the edge! An' there's that fried chicken I set away yesterday for John's supper. When I went to get it there wasn't enough to feed to a kitten, an' she only said, when I scolded her for takin' it — 'deed, Mis. Allen, I didn't go for to eat it *all*, but I was *so* hongry.' It's enough to try the patience of a saint! If she was good for anything at the work I wouldn't care so much, but I can't seem to teach her anything. I reckon I'll haf to let her go. I hate to do it, too, for I know she wants to stay powerful bad, but what can I do? She's eatin' us out o' house an' home, an' she's more plague than profit to me, besides. Look, now! There she is, out in this brilin' sun, chasin' butterflies instead of gettin' the vegetables ready for dinner, as I told her to do."

The neighbor looked as directed, and saw, away off in the farther field, a long-limbed, wiry, kinky-haired girl of a dozen years, black as ebony, and agile as a mountain roe.

"She certainly seems to have plenty of strength and activity."

"Yes, that's just it. That's what frets me. She's got plenty of — what shall I call it? — bodily ability, but she doesn't seem to have the least idea of how to use it, and I can't teach it to her. I'm clean discouraged! I wish I'd never taken her to bring up! I've coaxed, an' I've threatened; I've punished, an' I've bribed her, but nothing does the least mite of good, more'n if she was a kitten; an' I don't believe she has any more wit than one, nor half so much affection nor thoughtfulness."

The neighbor expressed her sympathy for Mrs. Allen's troubles, and soon after took her leave, just as Sa' Jane came sauntering

lazily round the corner of the house, red and breathless from her run, and slowly resumed her shelling of the peas which lay in a heap on the floor of the gallery.

She received her well-merited scolding in sullen silence, only muttering at its close:

"'Deed, I didn't go for to run off, but the legs of me was off before I had time to stop 'em. I can't help it, nohow."

"There!" ejaculated the sorely tried woman to herself, as Sa' Jane went into the kitchen with her peas, "what am I to do with a girl whose legs won't even obey her own will! I'll send her home at the end of the month."

Sa' Jane returned to the gallery just in time to hear the latter end of this remark, and she stopped short in dismay. Send her home! she had not thought of that. How could she go back to the ruinous cabin she called "home", where the leaky roof let in rain as if it were a sieve; where she never got half enough to eat, and where her various misdeeds were punished with ignorant severity not even tempered with justice. Unable to control her feelings at the thought, Sa' Jane forgot that it was nearly dinner time, and her mistress needed her — forgot that she was doing the very thing for which she was in danger of being dismissed, and fled to the grove of black oaks behind the house. Here she threw herself face downward on the ground, and sobbed and cried aloud in the depth of her trouble.

"Oh, I *does* try!" she cried, "I *does* try to 'member, but 'pears like I can't! Oh, what does make me so bad! Mist'es says I ain't got no mind 't all. Oh, I wish't I had a mind!" Then, on a sudden impulse, she threw herself on her knees and lifted her hands and her streaming eyes. "Oh, Lord," she prayed, "Jes please gi' me a mind. You says you'll give things to anybody that asks, an' I asks you for a mind to make me 'member to do as I'd orter."

Of a sudden, as she knelt, the thought came to her that she was doing wrong in being in the grove at all — that she had run away from her work — and she sprang to her feet, dashed away her tears, and exclaiming, "Dar! He's done it, sho 'nuff. He's gi' me a mind," she sped towards the house, where she made frantic attempts to make up for lost time.

Mrs. Allen noticed her swollen eyes and her anxious haste, and refrained from the scolding she had ready for her. Sa' Jane's heart swelled and ached with the wish to show sorrow for misdeeds, and her desire to mend her ways, but she could not bring her feelings into words; poor, ignorant little soul! she did not know how,

and Mrs. Allen mistook her silence for sullenness, and was more than ever fixed in her determination to send her home at the end of the month.

After dinner Mrs. Allen set out a half bushel of peaches on the back gallery for Sa' Jane to pare and quarter for drying, and then she and her husband prepared to drive to the city, five miles away. As they stood for a moment in the dining room, whose door and window both opened on the back gallery, Mr. Allen remarked in an undertone:

"I wish all that money was out of the house. I did hope Goodwin would be over here after it this morning."

"But no one knows you have it," said his wife, "so there is no danger."

"Well, if I were sure of that I would not feel so troubled; but there were two hard-looking fellows standing near me in the bank yesterday when I drew it out. I didn't like their looks then, and I wouldn't go to the city this afternoon if I could manage any other way."

"Oh, well, John, don't worry. It isn't at all likely they followed you or found out where you took it, either; an' if they did they would never think of lookin' in that crack in the bedroom ceilin' where we've hid it."

"Well, come on. The sooner we start the sooner we'll be back, any way," said Mr. Allen, and they jogged off behind the little chestnut mare down the rough, corduroy, Arkansas road.

Sa' Jane, sitting on the back gallery, paring peaches, had heard snatches of this conversation, but her mind was so busy with her own troubled thoughts that it made little impression upon her, and she worked on steadily but moodily until startled by a gruff voice at her elbow asking for a drink. Looking quickly up she saw a big, brawny, ragged tramp, with a most evil face which he was trying to screw into an engaging smile.

"Yes, sir," she said, laying down her knife and peach, "I'll get it for you."

"Never you mind, sissy!" replied the man, "you're busy, an' you jes set still an' let me he'p myse'f. Yonder's the bucket, outside the door, I reckon, an' yere's the tin cup hangin' over it." and suiting the action to the word he stepped to the bucket and drank. Wiping his mouth with his dirty sleeve, and leering at the girl he said:

"Nice little place, this. Folks to home?"

The instant he said this it flashed over the girl — "This is one of the men who saw Mr. Allen in the bank, an' he's come for that

money. He's been watchin' round here all day, an' he saw them drive off. He shan't have it! He shan't! He kin kill me 'fore I'll let him have it." But she answered quietly:

"They wuz here a few minutes ago. I reckon they ain't fur off."

"Waal," whined the man, "cain't you git a pore feller a bite? I'm powerful hongry. I'd ask the mistress if she wuz round, but she don't 'pear to be."

"My mistress don't 'low me to give food to folks," said Sa' Jane, her heart going like a trip-hammer, but outwardly calm. "You'll have to ask her."

"Well, then, guess I'll walk in the house an' rest me a bit while I wait fur her. She'll soon be in, you think?"

"I don't know; but you can rest just as well out here, an' she wouldn't like it if she found you in the house, sir."

"Look here, sissy," said the man, roughly, "yer a lyin' to me. They ain't to home. I seen 'em drive off half an hour ago, goin' to town, an' I've come for that money o' his'n, an' you'd better tell me where 'tis, now, right quick!"

"Money? What money, sir? They ain't told me 'bout any money, 'thout it's that egg money Mrs. Allen got a week ago, an' that she's took to town with her."

For a moment the man scowled at her so ferociously that poor Sa' Jane was sure she was to be murdered on the spot; then his face cleared up, and he muttered:

"She don' know, sho' 'nuff;" and aloud he continued: "Well it's yere, an' I'm goin' to have it, anyway, an' you're a'goin' in with me. I ain't a'goin' to have you runnin' off to give the 'larm to the neighbors, so come along!"

Like a flash came the thought to the poor girl — I'll pretend to help him, an' maybe I can catch him somehow. There ain't nothing else I can do, anyhow; so she pretended unwillingness, but went in with him; and once in the house she showed great animation in the search — suggesting all sorts of places where the money might be. She sent him into the loft, the house being a typical southern country house — of one story and standing on stilts —, she pointed out places under the rafters of the roof where it might be hidden, she opened the door of the screening and let him crawl under the house and search among the floor beams, she peered into drawers and closets. Finally she said:

"I saw missis putting something, mighty sly, up in an ole pitcher on the top shelf of dat ar dining room closet dis mornin'. She tucked it back in behind dem jars o' sweets dar, an' I can't

reach it, nohow, so you'll have to climb up dar yourself. Here's a stool, but you'll have to put your toes on the edge of the shelf besides, 'cause the stool ain't tall enough to reach up from. Take keer not to smash them glasses or she'll know you've been here," and she watched his progress with deep anxiety.

As soon as he was fairly up on the shelf, clinging by his toes and one hand and reaching the other carefully over the jars in search of the pitcher, she slammed to the door of the closet, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. Then she made a wild dash along the gallery for the kitchen, where she seized the teakettle full of boiling water — another for Mr. Allen's gun, which stood in a corner of the dining room, and was back at the door of the closet before the fellow had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to reach the floor.

"Dar!" she exclaimed, "now I've got you. Here's Mr. Allen's gun, an' I'm a'pintin' it right through de keyhole, an' it's loaded, too. If you try the leastest leetle mite to get out I'll shoot you, sho! An' I've got something else here, too, that you won't like, an' you'll get it fair an' square if you don't behave. So, now!"

The man raved and swore, and tried to convince her that he, too, had a "shootin' iron", and would shoot her if she did not let him out; but she kept the muzzle of the gun steadily covering the key-hole, and made him no answer except to assure him now and then that if he gave so much as one kick against the door she would shoot.

Finally he began to beg and entreat, and he even tried to bribe her to free him; but she made no reply, only steadily stood her ground hour after hour. At last, just as the summer sun was sinking below the horizon, the wagon drove into the yard, and Mrs. Allen appeared on the gallery — a deep frown on her face at sight of the unfinished peaches.

"Oh, Mis. Allen," cried the poor child as she came to the door of the dining room and stopped short in amazement at sight of the girl, who still stood at her post with staring eyes and gray, drawn face — Oh, call Mr. Allen, quick! Oh, I've got a man in here that tried to steal your money. Oh, do call Mr. Allen!"

Mr. Allen, who was unharnessing just outside the door, heard her and came in, and very soon, with the aid of hastily summoned neighbors, the man was securely bound.

"And now, Sa' Jane," said Mrs. Allen, turning to the poor girl who had sunk down in a corner, "tell me all about it. How came the man here?"

Sa' Jane, trembling from head to foot, sobbed out the story of her terrible afternoon. "And oh, marm," she concluded, "I heard you tell Mr. Allen where 'twas hid, but I wasn't goin' to tell *him*. I was bound' he shouldn't have it if he killed me. And please,

please don't send me home! I know I'm bad, an' I know I ain't got any mind, but I'll try powerful hard to get one, so I can remember things. Only don't send me home."

"You poor, dear child!" said Mrs. Allen, with tears in her eyes, and putting her arm around her, "I'll never send you home after what you've done for us this afternoon. You did what mighty few of us grown people would have had courage or wit to do; you've shown, too, that there's a heap of good in you, and I'm going to keep you and bring it out if I can," and, stooping, she pressed a kiss on the astonished little black face.

Whether it was her appeal to her Heavenly Father among the black oaks, the effects of her afternoon of terror with the burglar, or the ensuing kindness of her master and mistress, or all three together, certain it is that after that day there was a great change for the better in Sa' Jane, and never again was Mrs. Allen heard to declare that she had "no more mind than a 'skeeter."

WHITHER GOEST THOU?



MARINER, tossed upon the sea of life,
Beset with perils, weakened with the strife,
Poor, weary pilgrim on the narrow way,
Sore tempted towards the broader one to stray,
Think of the crown upon the Saviour's brow,
And heed the angels whisper--
"Whither goest thou?"

Dear girls, so light of heart and spirit gay,
Eagerly longing for the noon tide ray
Of happiness—full sure 'twill come to thee,—
Go, launch your bark upon life's untried sea;
But should the rose betray too soon the thorn,
Should spirit droop and hearts grow faint and worn,
Think of the cross the gentle Jesus bore,
And con the words of good St. Peter o'er,
"Whither goest thou?"

Bold youth, so anxious to become the man,
To move the world with your great, daring plan,
Plunge, as you will, into the boundless sea,
But heed the breakers, boy, and trust—to Me;
Wilt grasp the laurel that doth stain the brow?
Dost trust thine own poor strength?

Ah—"Whither goest thou?"
Rings on thy ear in mocking cadence now.

SOME CANADIAN WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH. D.

II.



ENJAMIN SULTE, poet and historian, is another French-Canadian whose achievement in letters is worthy of special note in these papers. He was born at Three Rivers, Quebec, in 1841, and after having attended school in his native town graduated from the Military School in Quebec. Our poet and historian began his literary work when quite young and soon attracted the attention of the veteran writers of the country by his brilliant and unique productions.

Amongst those who early recognized most promising gifts in young Sulte was the Honorable Dr. Chauveau, who took pleasure in reproducing some of his verse in the "Journal de l'Instruction Publique." So prolific a writer has Mr. Sulte been that it has been said that if all his contributions to the periodical press and to the transactions of various literary bodies were collected they would form in themselves a very respectable library. His two volumes of verse are entitled "Les Laurentiennes" and "Les Chants Nouveaux." In prose we have from his pen: "Historie des Trois-Rivières," "Mélanges d'Historie et de Littérature," "Le Coin du Feu," "Chronique Trifluvienne," "La Poésie Francaise au Canada," "Historie des Canadiens-Français" (8 volumes), "Historie de St. Francois-du-Lac," "Pages d'Historie du Canada," and a work now in press which is dedicated by special permission to Queen Victoria, entitled "Historie de la Milice Canadienne-Française, 1760-1898."

Mr. Sulte is regarded by his fellow-countrymen as the greatest living authority on the history of Quebec and its people. As an historian he is painstaking, impartial and thorough. His "Origin of the French-Canadians," read before the British Science Association in Toronto in 1897 gives evidence of wide scholarship and deep research. Our author is also a veritable Father Prout in the skill and deftness with which he can turn English verse into French. His

latest essay in this line has been a unique and clever translation of the old Scotch song "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Sulte is an honorary member of a large number of literary and historical societies in Europe and America and was appointed a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada on its formation in 1882 by the Marquis of Lorne, the then Governor-General of Canada.

Down by the sea, in the cultured and historic city of Halifax, lives Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Archbishop of Halifax, an eminent Canadian *litterateur*. He was born near New Glasgow, Prince Edward Island, in 1843, and received his education chiefly at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and the College of the Propaganda at Rome, where he won a gold medal for excellence and graduated a Doctor of Divinity. In 1871 he was ordained to the priesthood and for two years was a professor in St. Dunstan's College. On the death of Archbishop Hannan in 1882 Dr. O'Brien was appointed to succeed him as the fourth Archbishop of Halifax.

Dr. O'Brien's literary activities have kept pace with his work as Chief Pastor of the important Archdiocese of Halifax. Indeed, the wonder is how His Grace can find time to accomplish so much in both an ecclesiastical and literary sphere. Besides being a frequent contributor to the current magazines of the day, Dr. O'Brien has published during the past twenty years the following works: "Philosophy of the Bible Vindicated," "Mater Admirabilis," "After Weary Years" (a novel), "Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr," "Aminta, a Modern Life Drama," and "Memoirs of Bishop Burke." In 1896 His Grace was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada.

As a writer Dr. O'Brien is clear, forcible and polished, giving evidence in every line of his work, both prose and verse, of profound scholarship. His poetic contributions in sonnet-form have been of such excellence as to place His Grace among the best sonnet writers in Canada.

Francis Blake Crofton belongs also to Halifax and has achieved no small distinction in Canadian literature. He was born in the County Mayo, Ireland, in 1842, and received his education at the Royal School Dungannon and Trinity College, Dublin. Coming to Canada he filled for some time the Chair of Classics at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec.

Mr. Crofton has been a voluminous contributor to the current magazines of the day in England, the United States, and Canada.



WM. McLENNAN.
HENRY J. MORGAN.

GEORGE STEWART, JR..
DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

He has done very admirable work along historical and critical lines and as a humorous story-teller has no peer among his Canadian literary brethren. His chief works are: "The Bewildered Querists and Other Nonsense," "The Major's Big Talk Stories," "Hair Breadth's Escapes of Major Mendax," "Haliburton, the Man and the Writer," and "The Imperialism of Haliburton."

At present Mr. Crofton holds the position of Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia and his work in the field of Canadian literature is becoming year by year more highly prized.

Joseph K. Foran, journalist and poet, lives in the city of Montreal and his contributions to Canadian literature have not been at all inconsiderable. He was born at Aylmer, Quebec, in 1857 and was educated at the University of Ottawa and Laval University, graduating from the latter institution an LL. B. in 1880. In 1894 Ottawa University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mr. Foran and the same year he was elected President of the Catholic Truth Society of Montreal. Dr. Foran has done his chief journalistic work as editor of the "True Witness" of Montreal. His principal works published in book form are: "The Spirit of the Age: Faith and Infidelity," "A School History of Canada," and "Poems and Canadian Lyrics."

As a poet Dr. Foran is recognized as a good balladist, possessing not a little of the fire, fervor and directness that contribute so much to the fashioning of a true ballad. His music also seldom halts or trips, his chief fault being a lack of condensation and reserve. As a writer of prose Dr. Foran has a warm, smoothly-flowing, diffusive style. At present Dr. Foran is editor of "The Pen," a critical and literary review.

In the quaint, stately and historic city of Quebec lives George Stewart, author, publicist and journalist. He was born in the city of New York in 1848 and came with his parents to Canada in 1851. Later on his parents removed to St. John, New Brunswick. In 1867, while yet but nineteen years of age, Mr. Stewart founded "Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine," which has been described as "one of the best national magazines Canada has ever possessed." Removing to Toronto, Mr. Stewart was for some time editor-in-chief of Rose-Belford's "Canadian Monthly." In 1879 our author took up his abode in Quebec and from that date to 1896 he was chief editor of the "Daily Chronicle" of that city. He is an honorary Doctor of Laws of McGill University, Montreal; a Doctor of Letters of Laval University, Quebec; a Doctor of Laws of the Uni-



MOS REV. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D. D.

books quite beyond that of the average *litterateur* and a literary intuition that makes this knowledge doubly valuable. Many of the leading historical and scientific societies of Europe and America have honored him with their Fellowship.

The city of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, has a literary coterie that has rendered good service to Canadian letters. Prominent amongst these is Henry James Morgan, whose scholarly and industrious pen has been quietly placing before the world for more than a quarter of a century the intellectual worth of our Canadian people.

Mr. Morgan was born in the city of Quebec in 1842, his father being one of Wellington's veterans who came to Canada in 1837 with the Brigade of Guards commanded by Sir James Macdonell, the hero of Hongoumont. Owing to the death of his father, our author was obliged to leave school at a very

versity of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, and a Doctor of Laws of King's University, Nova Scotia.

Dr. Stewart has contributed at times papers to nearly all the leading magazines of England, Scotland, the United States, and Canada. His chief published works include: "The Story of the Great Fire in St. John," "Evenings in the Library," "Canada under the Administration of the Eearl of Dufferin," "Emerson the Thinker," "Alcord the Concord Mystic," and "Essays from Reviews."

As a critic Dr. Stewart possesses rare taste, discrimination and judgment. He too has a knowledge of



MGR. LAFLAMME.

early age, entering the public service as a page under Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada.

Mr. Morgan's literary work dates from 1860, when the Prince of Wales visited Canada and the United States, his first essay being the compilation in book form of clippings from the Canadian and American newspapers descriptive of the tour of His Royal Highness. A glance at Mr. Morgan's published works gives proof of the busy character of his pen. In 1862 appeared his "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians and Persons Connected with Canada." This was the first Canadian work of biography to appear in the English language. Then followed in succession: "The Canadian Parliamentary Companion," "The Industrial Politics of America," "The Place British-Americans Have Won in History," "The Bibliotheca Canadensis, a Manual of Canadian Literature," "The Canadian Legal Directory," "The Dominion Annual Register and Review," and his last — the *magnum opus* — "Canadian Men and Women of the Time: A Hand-Book of Canadian Biography."

It is due to our author to say that few Canadian writers during the past quarter of a century have done as much as he to place Canadian intellectual light before the world — a service that becomes more highly valued in that Mr. Morgan has ever performed it quietly, unobtrusively and with no thought of self.

William McLennan is a name that stands for substantially good work in Canadian literature. Mr. McLennan was born in Montreal in 1856 and received his education at the Montreal High School and McGill University, graduating from the latter institution a B. C. L. in 1880.

In the domain of literature Mr. McLennan has done excellent work as poet, translator and novelist. His "Songs of Old Canada," translated from the French, betray a scholarship and literary insight of a high order. In 1893 was published his "Montreal and Some of the Makers Thereof." In 1896 Mr. McLennan, in collaboration with Miss McIlwraith, completed for the Harpers of New York a Canadian historical romance. In 1898 appeared his "Spanish John: Being a Memoir now first published in complete form of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDowell, known as 'Spanish John.'" This latter work is very clever and gives evidence that its author has a rare command of the narrative and the gift of writing a swinging, rollicking ballad or song full of the haunting spirit and atmosphere of conviviality and revelry.



J. K. FORAN.
DR. THEODORE H. RAND.

REV. WILLIAM R. HARRIS.
BENJAMIN SULTE.

Montreal is also the home of Dr. William Henry Drummond, who has achieved an eminence among Canadian writers through his clever French-Canadian dialect poems almost unprecedented in the history of Canadian literature. Dr. Drummond first saw light "through the rafters of Leitrim" in Ireland in 1854. His parents removing to Canada when he was a boy, young Drummond pursued his academic studies chiefly at the Montreal High School. Entering the medical department of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, in 1880, he graduated an M. D. with much distinction in 1884. At present Dr. Drummond holds the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in his *Alma Mater*.

It is rarely that such fine characterization has been done in verse as that which is found within the covers of Dr. Drummond's unique volume "The Habitant." A mere versifier can ridicule a people — can set to metre their faults and foibles — can catch up their peculiarity of speech and eccentricity of manner, but it requires genius — true genius radiating from the soul of humanity, in touch with the lowly while holding kinship with the divine, to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives and give them such a setting as will secure for the poet a permanent place in the literature of his country.

We believe Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian dialect poetry will live, for it has its root in the spiritual facts of French-Canadian life — it is more than a transcript — it is idealized life itself. As an evidence of the popularity of Dr. Drummond's volume of poems it is but necessary to say that within nine months fifteen thousand copies have been sold.

In the picturesque and pleasant little city of St. Catharines, Ontario, resides very Rev. William R. Harris, whose historical work during the past few years has attracted wide attention. Father Harris was born within sound of the famous "Bells of Shandon" in the County of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1847, and came to Canada with his parents at an early age. His education was obtained at St. Michael's College, Toronto, St. Anne's College, Quebec, and the College of the Propaganda at Rome, where he graduated a B. D. in 1870. He was ordained as a priest in Rome shortly after his graduation by Cardinal Patrizzi and returning to Canada he became rector in succession of several of the leading churches in the Archdiocese of Toronto. Father Harris's first published work, "The History of Early Missions in Western Canada," appeared in 1893; his second volume, "The Catholic Church in the Niagara



JULIUS P. TARDIVEL.

and at Laval University, from which institutions he graduated with great distinction — B. A. in 1868; B. T. in 1871; L. T. in 1872; D. D. in 1873, and M. A. in 1884. In 1877 and 1878 Mgr. Laflamme took post-graduate courses at Harvard and the University of Paris. Perhaps it is as a writer on scientific subjects that Mgr. Laflamme is best known in the circle of scholarship in Canada. His first published work, "Manuel de Mineralogie et de Geologie," gave him rank at once amongst leading Canadian scientists and when the Royal Society of Canada was formed in 1882 by the Marquis of Lorne the subject of our sketch was chosen as one of its first members, subsequently becoming President of the Biological and Geological section of the Society.

His chief published works are: "Le Saguenay: Essai de Geo-

Peninsula, 1625-1895," in 1895. Both works bear evidence on the part of the author of deep research and profound scholarship and are the most worthy and valuable contributions that have yet been made to the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario.

In 1897 Father Harris received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Ottawa University.

A very distinguished Canadian scholar and *litterateur* is Mgr. Joseph Cloris Kemler Laflamme, rector of Laval University, Quebec. Mgr. Laflamme was born at St. Ansleme, Quebec, September 19, 1849, and received his education at the Quebec Seminary



F. BLAKE CROFTON.

logie Physique," "Etude sur le Dr. T. S. Hunt," and "Notions sur l'Electricité et de Magnétisme." Mgr. Laflamme is a member of the Soc. Géol. de France, the American Geological Society, and the Soc. Franc. de Physique, and was elected a Vice-President of the International Geographical Congress held at St. Petersburg in 1897. The learned rector of Laval University is both a skilled scientist and an accomplished *litterateur*, whose scholarly contributions to science and literature have added lustre and worth to Canadian letters.

A writer of acknowledged ability is Jules Paul Tardivel of Quebec, editor of "La Vérité." He was born in Covington, Kentucky, in September, 1857, and educated at St. Hyacinthe College, Quebec. Before becoming editor and proprietor of "La Vérité," Mr. Tardivel was successively on the staff of "Le Courier de St. Hyacinthe," "La Minerve," and "Le Canadien."

Mr. Tardivel's chief works are: "Vie du Pape Pie IX: Ses Oeuvres et ses Donateurs," "Notes de Voyage," and "Pour La Patrie: Roman due XXe Ciecle."

Few writers in Quebec have the logical acumen of Mr. Tardivel, whose pen is as a valiant knight's lance, ever ready for a charge.

Dr. Theodore Harding Rand of Toronto is known among Canadian *literati* as the Browning of Canada. He was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1835, and educated at Horton Collegiate Academy and Acadia College. Dr. Rand became successively Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1885 he accepted a chair in McMaster University, Toronto. He is at present professor of Education and History in this institution. Dr. Rand is a very thorough scholar, a man of fine tastes and broad and generous sympathies. In 1897 appeared his first volume of verse, "At Minas Basin and Other Poems," which is packed full of good things. His style is singularly polished and his thought full-orbed and clear. His volume, "At Minas Basin," is indeed a distinct and valuable contribution to Canadian poetry.

The literary pen of Canada has indeed been busy during the past few years — now chronicling some heroic deed of high emprise, now fashioning a lyric, now moulding an epic, now recording upon the page of history the peaceful progress of our people. It has rendered great service in the past. It has golden work yet to do.





ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.

THE PURIFICATION—BOUNTIFUL LOVE.

HOW generous is love in this mystery! Every one gives. Simeon gives his life in exchange for the consolations he receives from Heaven; Anna gives her praises, her expansive joy, her eager zeal to make Jesus known to all who await the deliverance of Israel; Joseph gives his humble presents; Mary gives the glory of her privileges, which she covers with the veil of her obedience and her heroic acceptance of the sorrows announced to her; Jesus gives His entire Being: the sacrifices of His whole life, even to the supreme immolation of Calvary, are condensed in the offering He makes of Himself to His Father.

"Behold, I come," does He exclaim. *Ecce venio!*

And I too, O sweet Lamb, behold I come also! The love I witness in the mystery of Thy presentation triumphs over my selfishness. I wish to give with Thee, with Thy Mother, with Thy just ones.

I choose nothing in the gifts I am able to offer Thee: do Thou, Thyself choose; or, rather, do not choose, but take all, for all is Thine, so I wish it. I wish to despoil myself for Thee, it is my joy, my sweetness, my true and only happiness.

Take my mind with all its thoughts. Draw it after Thy Infinite perfections, that it may ceaselessly contemplate them. May all the images of this world, all the knowledge of time, the indispensable solicitudes and preoccupations of this passing life, be sanctified by the strong and perpetual sentiment of Thy Presence, by their constant direction towards Thee.

Take my will with all its resolutions. Subject it without reserve to Thy adorable yoke, and render it docile to the motions of Thy holy grace.

Take my heart with all its affections. Be Thou so much the Master, the only God of this sanctuary, so often profaned by the frail and deceiving idols, that nothing more may ever be loved but for Thee and in Thee.

Take my passions, and convert those enemies of Thy glory and of my perfection in slaves accustomed to fear nothing but Thy judgments, saddened at nothing but what displeases Thee, flying only from what offends Thee, only desiring what honors Thee, hoping but in Thy Bounty, having no daring but in seeking celestial goods and rejoicing no longer in anything but the gifts of Thy Love.



MRS. MUNRO'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE HISTORY OF A WONDERFUL CORSICAN BOY, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.



Y Dear Children: — We left our Corsican boy back in Paris after having been obliged ignominiously to retreat from Russia with the greater part of his army lost. Paris was not at all pleased with him. He was received without acclamations.

He had spoiled the French Nation, which had grown so accustomed to his victories and seeing the spoils of his victories enriching their beautiful city, that they were in proportionately bad humor when he came back for the first time defeated.

Thus the year 1813 marked the beginning of our Corsican Boy's decay. In March of this year three great powers of Europe, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, allied themselves once more against France and on the 7th of October the British entered the country.

Paris surrendered to the Allies on the 31st of March, 1814, and Napoleon Bonaparte was made to abdicate the throne on the 5th of April, 1814.

Then the Allies called Louis XVIII of the Bourbon Dynasty to the throne, and said they must somehow cage this disturber of the peace of the world now that they at last had caught him. But where could they send him so that he would be safe?

Some one proposed Elba, an island on the west coast of Italy, between Corsica and Italy, as a nice safe place, and so after bidding adieu to the Empress Maria Louisa and his son, the young King of Rome (who went back to Austria to the care of the young Empress' father) he went, accompanied by a few of his friends and under a strong escort, to the coast where a ship was to be in readiness to convey the illustrious prisoner with his suite to the little island of his exile.

Arrived at Cannes in the south of France he found there two ships awaiting the honor of taking him to his future destination, and he was allowed his choice between them. One was an English ship, one a French one.

And which one do you think he chose, children? Why, the English one, and the name of it was "The Undaunted."

On the 4th of May, 1814, he and his "suite" landed in the Island of Elba. He complained of the smallness of the island, though his friends told him he should be perfectly contented in such a lovely spot, for their parts they were glad to get away with their heads on their shoulders, for the French were in such an ugly humor on account of the turn of events that they might have remembered some of the "ways and manners of the revolution, had the Emperor and his friends remained beside them much longer. Napoleon winced when he heard this conversation and as his first Empress Josephine with her two children, Prince Eugene and the Queen of Holland, had narrowly escaped with their lives at that fearful time, he shuddered and complained no more.

Gradually he began to like his surroundings (though they were so very different from what he was lately accustomed to), for the Islanders showed such delight at having him among them. Soon he established a little court there.

He laughed and remarked to his friends, confidentially, of course:

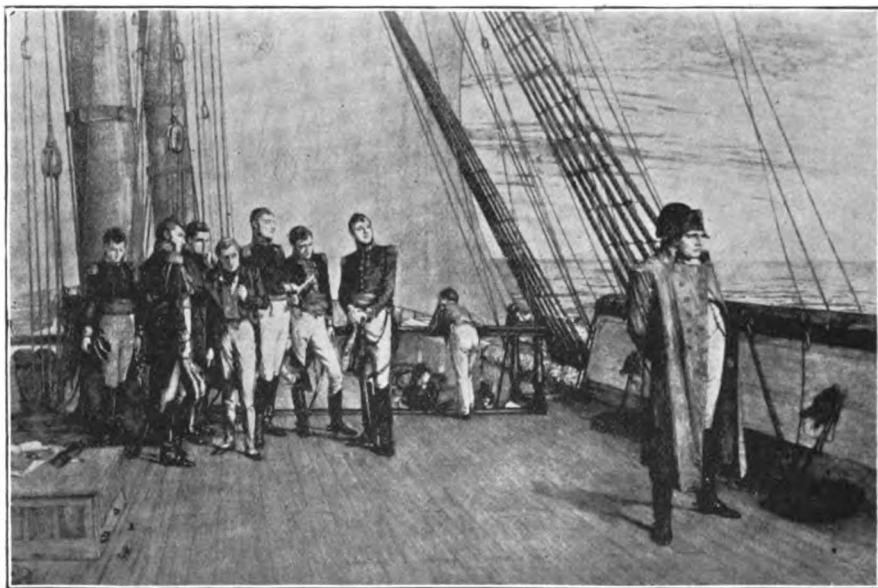
"I do not envy Louis the Eighteenth a bit, he has not half such a nice time as I am having, and when I have got a little rest in this charming place, and among those delightful people we shall hie back to Paris. The French are not by any means done with me!"

And he was quite right. The French did not admire or love Louis the Eighteenth at all, and in 1815 it was seen by almost every one but the king's immediate court, that he in his turn would have to go — France was tired of him, and longed for her beloved Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.

Of course he had his friends in Paris who told him how things were turning out, and what was the scarcely concealed wish of the French Nation.

"Oh, to see our own Emperor back!" the people sighed.

The time had come! and on the 20th of February, 1815, Napoleon eluded his guards and escaped from Elba, and on the 1st of March he reached Cannes again, and immediately commenced his march to Paris, gaining recruits for a new army at every step. When he came to Lyons he began to address the people and tell



NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON, ABOUT TO SET OUT FOR ST. HELENA

them "he had come back to resume the throne and that he would restore all the old glory to France, kick the Allies out, and send the king flying! And the good old times would come back again!"

The delighted people flocked to his standard, and on the 20th of March of 1815, he arrived at Fontainbleau.

Now commences the last part of his public history, which is known in history as The Hundred Days.

On the 22d of March the whole army flocked to him.

Louis the Eighteenth being himself deserted by the troops got out of France with his family as quickly as he could and fled to the Netherlands.

Then Napoleon once more began to look about him. Whom could he fight first?

Ah! there was his Majesty of Austria his father-in-law, one of the cruel kings who had sent him away to Elba!

Now for a little letter to him, not very polite, to be sure; but meaning business, and he will know it!

"Give me back my wife and son." "You shall not have them."

This was the "gist" of the two messages between these two great men.

"Then I will fight you," said Napoleon. "Come on", said Francis Joseph.

Thus war was once more declared, and the other great powers joined Austria and a treaty was signed against the common foe on the 22d of March.

Napoleon left Paris with his army to fight the Allies on the 12th of June, 1815.

"I shall thrash these nations once more," he said to his favorite generals who had gladly and proudly clustered around him.

"Yes indeed," they all shouted, and the soldiers took up the cry.

"We have got our beloved Emperor back now once more for victories unnumbered, once more for kings fleeing in terror before the armies of France, once more for our beloved Nation's glory!"

But alas! they did not see the future! And this unscrupulous, ambitious man did not see "the writing on the wall."

There was no prophet Daniel to tell him the truth, and bid him pause ere it was too late!

And he and his splendid generals and glorious army rushed to their common doom!

But there was a gleam of light before the end, for he met the enemy at Ligny and Quatre Bras, and routed them at both places, then he pushed on to Belgium where Lord Wellington (afterwards made a duke by his grateful country) awaited him with an enormous force.

It was the 18th of June, 1815. Truly a day of fate which would change the map of Europe, and take the power out of the hands of Our Wonderful Corsican Boy forever!

It was a rainy, gloomy day, as if the weather sympathized with Napoleon.

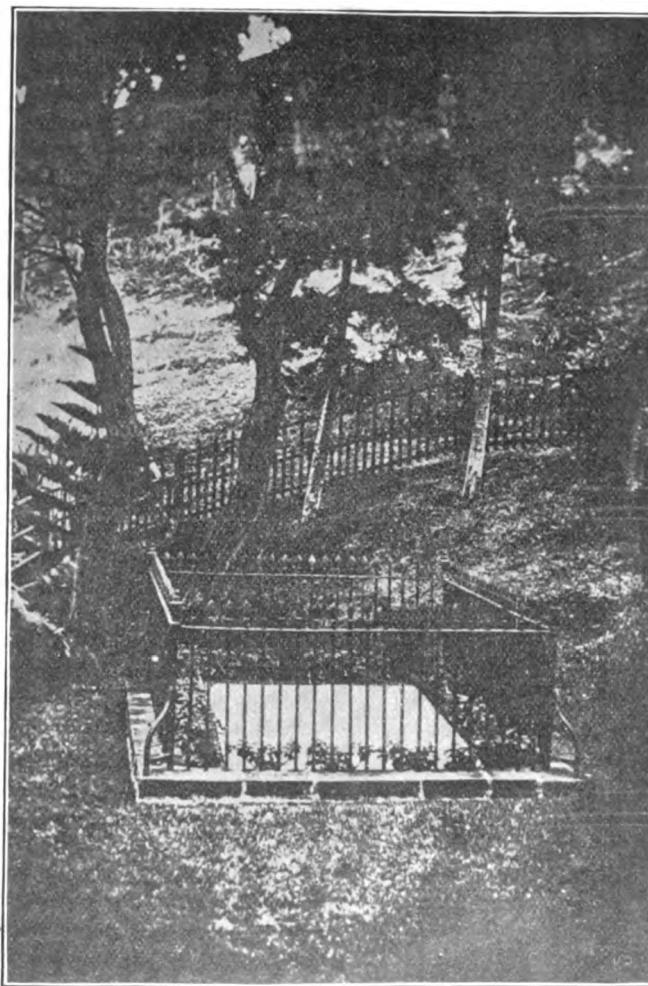
But the Emperor's courage was high. "I have thrashed them the last four days," he laughed to Marshall Ney, who was standing by his side.

"Alas, Sire," said his old general, "Wellington has already been a thorn in our side; would that this day were over!"

But Napoloen chided his fears, and with a splendid courage began the awful battle.

What must have been his feelings when he saw his regiments one after the other swept away, but that was only in the after part of the day, for at first he carried everything before him as usual, and the English general had not a very happy heart in his breast.

"Oh, for reinforcements," sighed Wellington. "Where is Blucher with his Prussians — what detains him?" This was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and at this time Napoleon felt confident of another glorious victory. How eagerly the English genera



THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

sent scouts down the road to see if the Prussians were coming up! How placidly Napoleon sat on his horse and waited for the end! "Ah ha!" he was saying in his heart, "once more I have my birds caged, and as for this Wellington, he has given me more trouble than all the other generals put together. I have a little account to settle with him, and his very troublesome little Island!"

"Ah ha," said Wellington, on his side, "we are saved! Here comes Prince Blucher with his Prussians! And now for this wasp of a French Emperor! this gnat that has been biting all the

nations for so many years!" The reason he spoke of him as a wasp, and a gnat, was because Napoleon was a very small man; and it is remarkable moreover that several of the great commanders of the time were small. Wellington was small himself. Nelson, the Admiral that defeated the French, and lost his own life, at the battle of Trafalgar, was also a very small man. That is all these men were small physically, but mentally what giants they were!

But to go back to the Battle of Waterloo. After Blücher and his Prussians had joined Wellington, the tide of battle turned, and Napoleon suffered a total defeat.

"How can I go back to Paris now?" he groaned, "I have lost the crown for ever, and I would very likely lose my head, and all of my generals who survive with me, if we dared to show ourselves in the beautiful city in our present woeful plight." So the best thing for me to do is to give myself up. I will thus save all our lives."

It was wonderful how our Boy from Corsica was anxious to save life at last; but then you see, children, his own happened to be the life. An ambitious man can suffer danger grandly in his party, but wait till his own skin is touched! ah, that is a very different matter.

So to make a long story short, Napoleon gave himself up, and of course his generals and army were with him.

Then there was a council of war among "The Powers."

"What shall we do with him now?" they all asked themselves.

"Shut him up," was the general howl. "Remember his escape from Elba!"

"Yes, but that was close to France; let us send him further away!"

"What would you say to St. Helena?" said one voice. "It is a nice little, gloomy, inaccessible Island on the west coast of Africa, and if he tried to escape from there, the sea would drown him, or the Africans would eat him: they are partial to roast Missionary, and fricassee of Emperor might be a delightful variety."

They all laughed grimly at the joke, and so it was decided.

Napoleon was to be sent to St. Helena. An English ship called "The Belerophon" carried him, and a few of his generals who chose to share his exile, to that Island. An English general, by name Sir Hudson Lowe, with a company of soldiers, guarded him.

I do not suppose Sir Hudson much liked the job, especially as the Nations told him, one and all, that he would lose his own head if Napoleon escaped.

Napoleon landed at St. Helena on the 15th of October, 1815, and for six long years he endured captivity, until the 5th of May,

1821, when he died. He was buried quietly in the Island of his prison, but afterwards his body was removed to Paris and buried there with great pomp; but that was after the Bourbon Dynasty had again left the throne and his nephew, Napoleon the Third, was Emperor.

Now, children, I have finished this most wonderful story, and I feel sure you will say Aunt Polly never gave you the history of a more wonderful boy than Napoleon Bonaparte, the boy from Corsica.

(The End.)



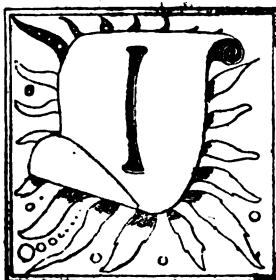
NAPOLEON'S TOMB, HOTEL DES INVALIDES, PARIS.

TWIN SISTERS.

MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

THE HEMINWAYS.



T was a substantial, three-story brick house with white marble facings over doors and windows, situated in a very respectable, if not fashionable district of one of our largest American cities. The windows shone like polished diamonds, the immaculate stone steps leading to the sidewalk always appeared as though fresh from the hands of the old man-servant who had performed this duty of renewing their spotlessness for the past forty years. A broad hall ran through the middle of the house, terminating in a glass door which opened into a large and carefully kept, if somewhat prim and old-fashioned, garden, surrounded on three sides by a high brick wall which separated it from the adjacent grounds. On this portion, which had a northern exposure, English ivy was growing thickly, hiding every nook and cranny of the mossy stones of which the wall was composed. On the other two sides, for this old house stood on a corner, honeysuckle bloomed luxuriantly in summer, dropping its perfumed branches kindly over the top until they seemed offering their bouquets of fragrance to the passers-by, who on innumerable occasions were not slow to avail themselves of the invitation to

"Taste our sweetness, have your fill,
Even pluck me if you will;
In your bosom pin a spray,
'Twill enliven all the day."

Mrs. Heminway's honeysuckles were the pride of the neighborhood, and no one enjoyed more than herself the appreciation of old friends and acquaintances as well as that of the casual passers-by.

On the right hand side of the mansion's double door which led into the vestibule of the house a large glass plate, bearing the name of "Dr. Heminway" had stood for many years. It had represented three generations of physicians; two eminent in their calling and

the third promising equal distinction until a complication of diseases had carried him off in the flower of his youth and usefulness. It was a sad and bitter moment in the life of Michael, the old servant, when he had been bidden by his mistress to remove the plate which he had delighted in rubbing each morning until it shone like burnished gold, and the black letters inscribed upon it seemed to stand out in relief from the brilliant surface. Her son had been dead ten years, and since that time Mrs. Heminway had lived in the great house with her three old servants and a child, a little girl adopted by her under peculiar circumstances. In the early days of the Civil War, and when his father was still living, young Dr. Heminway had joined the Union Army, in company with an old friend and schoolmate, a Dr. Greenwald, to whom he was very deeply attached. Though the friends were very unlike, the former being quiet, reserved almost to timidity, and standing very much in awe of his mother, whom, however, he tenderly loved, while the latter was of a fun-loving, rollicking nature, fearless of every one and everything on earth, their friendship was of the most enduring quality. Mrs. Heminway was made of more ambitious stuff than her husband, a gentle, sympathetic man, whose life was bound up in his home and his profession. His son resembled him in almost every particular, lacking the brilliancy which his mother had hoped would complete and perfect a character like his father's, which, save for the absence of this quality, the devoted wife and mother considered as free from defect as humanity could possibly be. When he arrived at the years of manhood she did not scruple to advise him against that feature of his temperament which had been, she thought, an obstacle to his father's success; for, unlike her husband, she refused to call that success to the full, which had permitted others, less learned but more obtrusive, to reap honors to which she thought, and not unjustly, her husband entitled. In vain did both he and their son represent to her that a sufficient practice, and a good income, which they enjoyed, seemed to them far preferable to the worry and bitterness attendant on the career of those who allow themselves to be dominated by the desire to stand first in the race of ambition. It was the only inharmonious feature in their happy household—if it might even be called by so unpleasant a name; for indeed, it scarcely amounted to that. Husband and son lived only for her; she appreciated this to its fullest extent; but she also wished them to be leaders for their own sakes and hers. When Eustace, her only child, had given most indubitable proof that his inclinations were to follow in the footsteps of his father, Mrs. Hem-

inway resolved that he must at least make such a marriage as would prevent him from settling a mere humdrum, plodding physician, such as she foresaw he was likely to become. When he left her for the field, her heart was filled with anguish, but she was a patriotic American woman, and encouraged him to do that which she felt to be his duty, knowing, at the same time, that if he survived it would also mean probable advancement in his profession in the future. He was absent two years; taken prisoner with his friend and companion, after he had been a year in actual service. For several months nothing was heard from them; then peace was declared, and one bright, sunny morning in May, Doctor Heminway walked into his parents' house, the ghost of his former self. He found his father on his death-bed, his mother well-nigh worn out with care and anxiety.

Together they watched the dying man until the end, and then resumed the ordinary routine of daily life in as far as was possible from their changed conditions. Eustace Heminway was indeed changed. If possible he was more affectionate to his mother than before, yet mingled with his devotion was a something that she could not understand. He had endured illness and privation, his health had been shattered, and the sufferings they had both endured had terminated fatally for his friend, whom he had left behind him in a lonely little grave in the mountains of Virginia. These things, joined to the death of his father, were sufficient in themselves to account for much, but not for the uneasy, care-worn look and abstracted manner which increased as the months went by.

As they sat together in the library in the evening, Mrs. Heminway would find him observing her attentively as though about to speak, but, catching her eye, he would turn quickly away, pass his hand across his forehead and rising abruptly walk slowly up and down the room.

One night she said to him: "Eustace, you seem unwarrantably depressed. It must be your health. Let us go away for a few months; I feel the need of change, it will benefit us both." He turned and looked at her. "Very well, mother," he said, and his face seemed to brighten; "where shall we go?"

"Anywhere you please, dear; anywhere that you may regain your shattered health and spirits. Oh, what would I not give to see you your old self once more."

He stooped and kissed her. "Mother," he said in such a pleading, impassioned tone that she started to her feet.

"Eustace, my darling," she cried, "does anything trouble you? Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"No, no," he replied, turning away as he spoke. "I shall soon be well—we will go abroad, and then—mother—then all will be as it was before."

Travel did not prove the benefit Mrs. Heminway had hoped for. As for her son, he had known previous to their departure that his days were numbered. They had spent nearly two years abroad, and he only lived three months after their return. One day he said to her with sudden directness: "Mother, I have not long to live. There is a charge—"

"Oh, Eustace, do not speak of dying," she cried; "I can not bear it."

"Mother, I must. I have neglected it too long. There is something I must tell you—I implore your patience—your kindness—there is a charge—"

"Oh, what do I care for charges—for money—for anything, when you talk like that. Would I not give my last penny, yes my last drop of heart's blood to make you well? Do not think of money affairs now. Eustace, we have all we need, you and I, more than we should need even if you could never work again. Only get well, Eustace, get well." And unable to control her emotion she rushed from the room.

When she had gone Dr. Heminway left the sofa, where he had been reclining, went to a little drawer of his desk, and took out a letter, which he unfolded and read. When he had finished he replaced it in the desk and went back to the sofa, where he now spent all his waking hours.

"It can not be longer than a fortnight," he said slowly, as he lay with his hands folded under his head fixedly gazing upward. "I can do it when she is here. I shall feel better able—I *must* do it, then; there will be no alternative." The resolve, whatsoever it was, seemed to have a good effect upon his spirits; his brow cleared, the lines about his lips relaxed, the lids slowly fell over his tired eyes; when his mother returned after having conquered her unwonted emotion, he was sleeping peacefully. Carefully throwing over him an eiderdown quilt, she softly closed the shutters and left him to his repose.

One evening Mrs. Heminway was sitting with him when he suddenly became faint. She was obliged to ring for assistance. Before the servant came he gasped, "Mother, I am dying. There is someone—a child—coming. She is already on her way. Keep her, mother, oh, keep her." She thought him delirious and the thought unnerved her. When he had recovered a little, he seized

her hand, murmuring: "It was wrong — oh, now I realize how wrong. If Greenwald had lived he would have told you — he had promised. We were friends, mother, friends. He liked Hattie—" Alarmed beyond measure, Mrs. Heminway had no longer any doubt of the dangerous condition of her son. "Hush, hush, darling," she murmured, wishing to humor him; "do not distress yourself about anything Dr. Greenwald may have done."

He slowly moved his head while his brow contracted, as one should say. "Oh, you do not understand," and closed his eyes wearily.

"Mother," he whispered, presently, "you will not send her away — you will love her — mother, you will love her? Promise me. To-morrow I will tell you all; to-morrow, when I am stronger."

As if speaking to a sick child she gently patted his cheek and said: "To be sure, I will love her; to be sure, I will."

He clasped her hand faintly, a pleasant smile flitted over his countenance, and when the doctor hurriedly entered the room he found her sitting beside her dead son, unaware that his eyes would never again open for her on earth.

II.

AN ARRIVAL.

The funeral was over, and Mrs. Heminway sat alone in her room, silently weeping. Suddenly she became aware of a noise in the street, as of the arrival of a carriage. A moment later the sound of footsteps were heard in the corridor below, and presently a maid appeared on the threshold.

"A little girl, ma'am," she said, "a little girl with a box. She says she's to stay."

"There must be a mistake," said Mrs. Heminway, in surprise. Then a sudden rush of memory overpowering her, her thought went back to that last evening when Eustace had spoken of a child. He had not been raving, then, and this was she. Hastily following the maid she descended the stairs, to find a beautiful little girl of perhaps three years of age standing in the hall. She was very plainly but comfortably dressed; from beneath a little blue gingham sunbonnet peeped a tangle of brown curls; her eyes were also brown; her little figure trim and sturdy. Firmly sewed to the front of her coat was a card on which was written plainly in large, well-formed letters: "Hattie, from Dunstan Stewart, ——, Virginia, to Dr. Eustace Heminway, ——, Pa."

Like the rest of her sex, Mrs. Heminway was quick at reaching conclusions. All that her son had said recurred to her; it seemed that the solution of the mystery was easy. The child was Dr. Greenwald's — she had not a doubt of it. He had married while in the army — probably some country girl, and this was his daughter. She took the little one by the hand. The child looked up at her with the greatest confidence. "Is you oder granma?" she asked, nestling close to Mrs. Heminway.

"Yes, my dear, my dear," was the reply, and in a moment the little one was on her lap, while Mrs. Heminway removed the wrappings.

"Does 'oo' love me?" asked the child, patting her cheek.

"Yes, yes; I love you, little darling," said Mrs. Heminway, kissing the pure forehead while the tears flowed down her pale and wasted cheeks.

"Why does 'oo' cry?" inquired the little girl, producing a tiny, dust-begrimed handkerchief with which she proceeded to wipe Mrs. Heminway's tears.

"Where is your mamma?" asked Mrs. Heminway, ignoring the question.

"She is in Heaven," answered the child, solemnly. "If I be dood, I will see her — some day."

"And your papa?"

"He is here. Where is he?"

"What is his name?"

"No name, papa. Don' know him name."

"Did you live with your grandma?"

"And gran'pa," said the child, nodding her curly head. "Now, I must live nere, with my papa."

"What is your grandpa's name?"

"Just 'anpa."

"Is it Mr. Stewart?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear them speak of Dr. Greenwald?"

"Yes; him sword hangin' dere—"

"Or of — of Dr. Heminway?" the bereaved mother inquired again in a choking voice.

The child looked at her curiously. "Don't c'y, lady," she said. "Make Hattie c'y."

Mrs. Heminway composed herself with a strong effort. Again she asked: "Did the baby ever hear them speak of Dr. Heminway?"

The child shook her head. "Hattie g'an'pa's baby. Addie

g'an'ma's baby. Want to see 'em," she murmured, and began to cry forthwith.

Mrs. Heminway pressed her to her bosom, hushing her sobs with soft motherly endearments. The maid was still standing by; but until that moment her mistress had not observed her. With the privilege of an old and devoted servant she said: "'Tis a strange case, ma'am. Have ye an idea of who she is, maybe?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Heminway. "Mr. Eustace had prepared me for it, or tried to do so, but I did not understand at the time. She is the daughter of his old friend, Dr. Greenwald."

"Well, well," was the response. "I s'pose he married up there where they was both so long, ma'am. No doubt some of them country girls, and this is his child. And Master Eustace was for bringin' her here?"

Mrs. Heminway nodded. That was what she herself believed, and in the light of the present situation her son's words had grown clear to her. This child was the charge of which he had endeavored to speak to her, while she had misunderstood him, thinking he was speaking of money. "Dear fellow," she thought, "he was always thinking of others. He had been deeply attached to Greenwald; for ever making excuses for his many acts of imprudence. And this, the crowning one, he would have shielded from her knowledge forever, if the grandparents had not expressed a wish to part with her. How cruel! How could they bear to give up this sweet little creature now nestling so close to her bosom?

"And what's to be done, ma'am? Will she stay?" inquired Honora.

"Yes, Honora," was the reply. "I have promised to keep her."

"And a good thing, ma'am," said the kind-hearted woman. "'Twas God sent her. She'll be a great comfort to ye in your loneliness." And so it was settled that the little one should remain a member of the household into which she had been introduced so unceremoniously. In the small trunk which contained her clothing a letter was found, addressed to Doctor Heminway, which read as follows:

"To Dr. Eustace Heminway,

"Dear Sir:— My wife and I having decided to accept your proposition, the child, from whom it is like death for us to part, will arrive in —— on or about the 10th of next month. To blurt the story straight out, would be, we both think, the manlier way, but you must know your mother's nature best, of course, and your plan will probably prove most efficient in the long run. However,

we all have our concealments, and it is not for me who am no better, I presume, than the majority of my fellowmen in that particular, to lay down the law for you. Hoping to hear from you at once on her arrival, as well as from time to time in the future, for you must know how dear she is to her grandmother and myself, I am yours sincerely,

"DUNSTAN STEWART."

After reading this letter, Mrs. Heminway had no longer any doubts as to the parentage of the child. She answered it immediately, informing the writer of the death of her son, at the same time promising to respect his wishes in regard to the little girl, and received the following reply:

"Dear Madam:— My wife and I were greatly shocked to learn of the death of Doctor Heminway, while we deeply appreciate your kindness in offering to take charge of our grandchild, whose father, as you rightly conjecture, is also dead. If she should ever become a burden, please let us know, and we will gladly recall her. To tell the truth, we would prefer to have the privilege of doing so, at the end of a year, if her presence in your household should be deemed intrusive. It will no doubt seem somewhat strange to you, now that Dr. Eustace is no more, that we are willing to part with her, but there are weighty reasons why we should do so, reasons which at present I can not explain, and known only to Doctor Eustace and ourselves. Later, if the child remains with you, I hope to do so. Hoping that you will favor us with news of her from time to time I remain, my dear madam,

"Yours sincerely,

"DUNSTAN STEWART."

Ten years had passed since that day, and regularly every six months Mrs. Heminway had written a short, but kindly letter to the grandparents of the little one, whom she had grown to love with all the fervor of her warm, if somewhat reserved nature. The child had been a distraction to her grief in the first place, and as gradually her beautiful traits of character had displayed she wound herself more and more firmly about the affections of her adopted mother. It was tacitly understood among Mrs. Heminway's acquaintances that she was the child of Dr. Greenwald, a fact of which Mrs. Heminway herself did not entertain the slightest doubt. The little gold medal which she wore about her neck when she arrived she considered enough evidence that she had been baptized in the Catholic Church, though a more practical Christian would have satisfied

herself fully of the fact. But of this we will speak later on. For a while she was at a loss what name to call her, but finally determined that she would give her that of Heminway, as she had resolved to treat her in every respect as a daughter, and Harriet Greenwald. Heminway was the title under which she was entered at the Convent school, where she went, for the first time at the age of ten. Mrs. Heminway had taught her until then, and would have liked to have continued to do so, but for the fact that she felt young companionship was an absolute necessity for a child brought up in a "houseful of old women," as she was pleased to term herself and her ancient, life-long servitors. The child had been but a short time at school when Mrs. Heminway began to realize that she had been only a lukewarm Catholic during all the years that had passed previously. The orphaned daughter of a Protestant father, for her mother had died when she was but a young girl, she had never been properly instructed. But Hattie was naturally pious, and as soon as she learned what religious duties were required of Catholics, she lost no time in following them strictly nor in inducing Mrs. Heminway to do likewise. It was a relief and a pleasure to the hearts of her faithful old servants when they saw their mistress and the child faithfully repairing to Mass on Sundays and more than once said to each other that the child, whom they all loved, had brought nothing but blessings on the household.

(To be continued.)

THE DOLL'S MILLINER.

E. F. L.

G am a merry milliner,
I learned my art in France;
Come in and see my bonnets,
If you ever get a chance.

My patrons all are dollies,
With heads of every shape;
And once they fall into my hands,
They never can escape

Until I've made for them some sort
Of dainty, odd confection,
To suit their eyes and suit their hair,
And also their complexion.

Last week I had a pretty doll,
She was a true brunette;
She really did look charming
With a light-blue French aigrette.

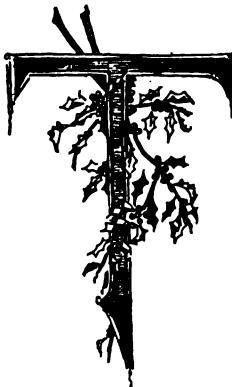
To-day I have now in my lap
A gentle looking blonde;
Although she doesn't say so,
Of pink she must be fond.

Close by me is a stately doll,
Who'll need a quiet bonnet,
With just the strings, two simple bows,
But nothing fancy on it.

I like the dolls whose hats I make,
Because they're never vain;
And when they leave me, I invite
Them all to call again.

ABOUT SETTERS.

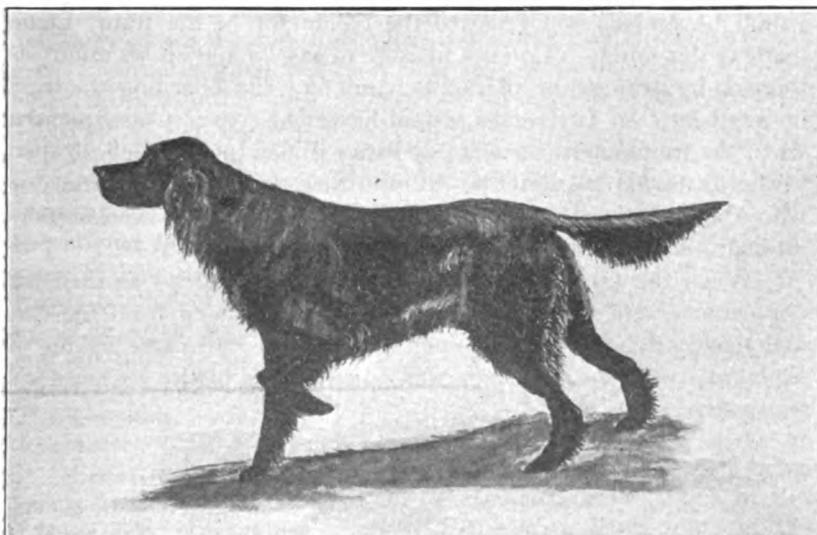
FRANCIS D. NEW, A. M.



HE recent possession of one of these beautiful and highly intelligent dogs, having quickened my interest in the canine race in general, and in this popular breed in particular, I have thought that a word about these noble animals might prove of interest alike to those who have the good fortune to possess one or more of them, and to those who, though not owning any, love these faithful companions and friends of man.

To begin at the beginning, the ancestry of the setter, like that of so many nations and peoples, is not absolutely clear, or, as the histories have it, it is "involved in obscurity." It is thought though, that the species is derived from the pointer,—the Spanish pointer, perhaps— and a larger kind of water spaniel, possessed of an especially fine scent, or "nose," as a sportsman would say. At least, if not descended from the spaniel, both, it is believed, have a common origin. The setter certainly resembles both these sorts of dogs, the pointer and the spaniel, though this is no unfailing guide to surety; for, as Mr. Ruskin remarks somewhere, if minerals had the power of reproduction, there would not be wanting those who would contend that a certain mineral was the offspring of certain others, because, forsooth, the former resembled the latter, being like one in its mode of crystallization, like the second in some other quality or qualities. However, as a matter of fact, the setter's general shape and size is much like that of the pointer; whilst in length of hair, and doubtless in other qualities, he "takes after" the spaniels. At any rate, he is, as Dr. Mills puts it, "unquestionably one of the most beautiful breeds of dogs ever seen." In the judgment of more than one, setters are the handsomest, noblest, and most intelligent of man's canine friends. Their admirers claim that about them there is a certain individuality, and independence, to which is added a rare sagacity.

However this may be, they and their pointer relatives have won for themselves in America great popular favor, and have attained a perfection unequalled, perhaps, elsewhere. Even if greatly



GORDON SETTER.

excited, these dogs are said to be under the control of their master's will, whilst other breeds, to wit, fox-hounds, in the excitement of the chase, are more or less ungovernable.

Bishop Perry of Iowa gives us an interesting account of how a clever Irish setter outwitted the officials of a railroad train. I shall try to give the story substantially as I remember it.

Lord Elcho—that was the dog's name, and a very proud member of the Irish aristocracy he was, from all accounts—was taken out one very cold day for a walk by a young man, a member of the Bishop's household. They crossed over from Davenport to Rock Island on the ice; but when the farther side was reached, Elcho determined to return, leaving his companion, it would seem, in a very unceremonious manner. His absence was not immediately noticed; but on its being perceived, word was given to the police that Lord Elcho—everybody knew the Bishop's dog—was missing, and a search was instituted.

In the meantime his lordship wishing to return home, but *not* wishing to recross upon the ice, as the day was intensely cold, betook himself to the railroad station, where not finding anyone who would agree to be his *compagnon de voyage*, or as I should say, his patron and guide (though in his way he had sought such a one), he took matters into his own hands, thus exhibiting this independence already mentioned as characteristic of setters.

Knowing, as undoubtedly he did, that, unaccompanied, he would be *persona non grata* to the conductor of the train, Elcho made up his mind — I do not hesitate to say “made up his mind” — to cross by strategy, or at least by cunning. On boarding the train he was bent. By fair means or foul he would cross. Consequently, when the trainmen’s eyes were on other things intent, Elcho leaped to the platform, ran under a seat, and there lay concealed. As one who knew him, and saw his act, passed in, the dog looked imploringly at him, as if begging not to be betrayed. Nor was he.

When the train stopped on the other side, Elcho awaited his opportunity, and when the coast was clear, bounded from the car, and made off homeward. When a telephone call came asking if Elcho was at home, the same was quietly lying before his master’s warm fire.

I may add, as the Bishop himself does, that compensation was made to the railroad company for Lord Elcho’s stolen ride.

Mr. Edward Jesse in his “Anecdotes of Dogs” tells of a very knowing setter, owned by a Mr. Torry of Edinburgh. This animal was famed as a finder of lost articles. Once a servant, whilst crossing a moor, lost a valued whip. When the loss was discovered he went back in search of the article, but not finding it, he returned. Mr. Torry then sent his setter in search of the whip. In a very short space of time back she came in triumph, bringing with her the lost article.

This same animal would bring her master’s slippers, ring a bell, or, if sent for her owner’s little son, would lead him to his father, by taking hold of the child’s pinafore with her teeth, walking sideways as she went.

The most familiar varieties of the breed of dogs in question are the English, the Irish, and the Scotch or Gordon setters, as these last are usually called; so termed from the Duke of Gordon, who was the first to produce this strain.

Of the English the Laveracks and Llewellins are celebrated. They are thus called from their breeders.

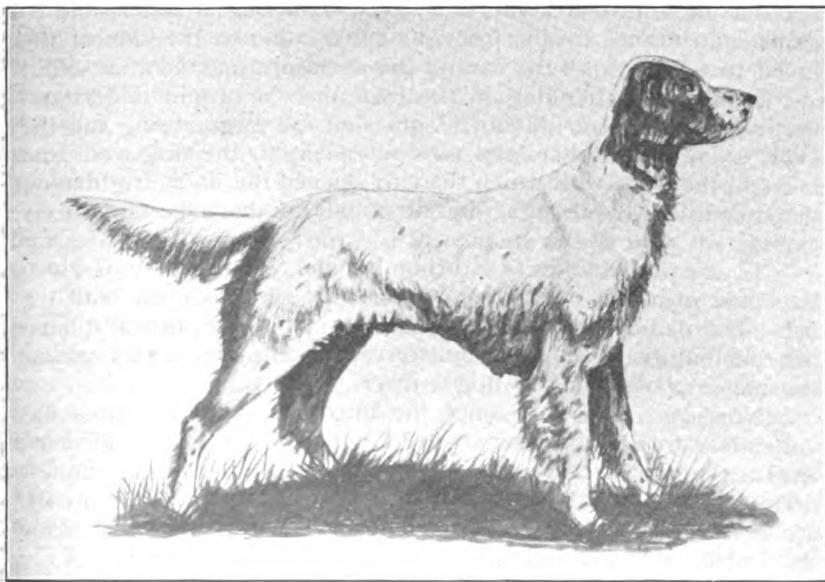
The general contour and “make up” of the English, the Irish, and the Gordon setter, are very similar, except as to coloring, in which respect they differ widely. Various are the markings which the English setter may assume, and yet be fit for the bench-show. He may be white, black, or tan, or white and black finely spotted. The English setter’s hair should be very silky.

The Irish setter is reddish-tan, or, as some put it, mahogany-red. The coat of the Irish setter is less fine than that of the English.

The Gordon should be a deep and pure black with liberal markings of a warm tan on the legs, about the mouth, and over the eyes. As the original Gordons, it is said, were black and tan and white, a little white on the breast, or on the toe-tips is not a blemish. The hair of the Gordon is coarser than that of its Irish relative.

The tail of a setter in sporting parlance is called a "flag." It is slightly curved downward, and should be carried in the same plane as the animal's back, that is, neither higher nor lower. The feet should be what are termed hare-feet, which means about the same as hair-feet, as in reality the hare-foot is well supplied with an abundance of hair between the toes.

The Irish setter is fastest, tallest, least heavy in structure, and has most action and dash; the Gordon is heavier and slower; whilst the English is said to hold a middle place between the two. The Gordons, so far as my knowledge goes, do not surpass their kinsmen in anything except beauty of color. I think it is not an injustice to say that they do not equal their Irish and English relatives in anything, saving the quality just named, but in this I think they surpass the others. Of the Irish setter someone has said: "This beautiful beast seems to embody all the canine virtues—faithfulness, intelligence, gentleness with children, watchfulness and discrimination. The Irish setter, however, is not easily trained for the field, and is somewhat impulsive and headstrong in service. The Gordons, too, have some of this self-will, it being difficult to



ENGLISH SETTER.

cause them to abandon a false scent, until they themselves are convinced.

Among the famous English setters are Countess, Daisy (Laver-acks), and Gladstone (Llewellyn); this last being, says Dr. Mills, a "name to conjure by." Plunket and Music are *chiens célèbres* in the annals of Irish setters; whilst the Gordons, Lang and Regent, are written on the scroll of noted canine names.

The following story is related of an English setter. In it we have an illustration of individuality, inherited instinct not being at all in evidence. The dog had accompanied its master, and when the latter shot at and wounded a deer, had given chase, and soon was lead far out of sight. The hunter returned home, expecting to find that his dog had reached there first. But no, the animal did not return till the next morning. When he was let in, running up to his master's room, he sought entrance. Being admitted, he went over to where the guns were kept, indicating at the same time that it desired its master to arm himself and follow; which he did. The wise dog did not lead by the most direct way, but took a circuitous route, which, as it afterwards appeared, was to avoid some obstacles. On reaching a certain spot, the dead deer was pointed out. The intelligent and faithful dog had remained all night to watch over and protect the carcass. In this no blind instinct was followed, nor was his action the result of training.

We have an example of intelligence, and ability to understand human language, in a story told by a French lady, who relates that having returned home one day and finding it impossible to effect an entrance by the front door, she went to the side of the house to talk through the bars of the enclosure to Médor, a setter.

Though not thinking in the least that he would understand her, she said: "Dear Médor, I am shut out—go, bring me the keys." To her surprise, and no doubt delight, the dog went and brought the keys, with which the lady opened the door, frightening the domestic who thought that it could not have been securely closed.

To one of the dukes of Northumberland, John Dudley, is given the credit of having been the first to break setters for use with the net. The name "setter" doubtless came from the animal's habit of crouching or sitting. Its unlettered masters termed this *setting*, we may suppose, and the dog a *setter*.

Nowadays, however, since the introduction of fire-arms has done away with the net, setters are taught to "point," though even after a century of training in this direction, they do not manifest perfectly the pointer's cataleptic rigidity when the latter is in the act of indicating game. The tendency to "set" is not yet entirely eradicated, it would seem.

Much training is required to fit these dogs for the field. They



IRISH SETTER.

must be taught "pointing" and "backing," and how to "back the point" of another dog, when hunting in pairs. For this last their natural jealousy must be overcome; as each dog desires to be first. They must learn to restrain themselves; to give perfect obedience to the master's word, to lie down, crouch, creep, or follow at heel. They must keep to birds, must not follow rabbits, or anything of the sort. They must not even "point" at them. Moreover, they must be able to distinguish between game birds and those that are not.

Innumerable stories, I suppose, might be recounted of the setter's affectionate nature, but I shall content myself with the recital of two.

The first is of a dog's friendship for a cat. This dog had few peers in the field; but, if a poor marksman shot over him, he always manifested displeasure. It was this same animal perhaps that on one occasion returned home "utterly disgusted" at the repeated failure of the gunner to bring down the game at which he had shot. But of the cat and her friend. The two were fast and close friends, and almost inseparable companions. A sad day came, however, when the two were separated, the dog being taken up to London, whilst tabby was left behind.

In a few days the dog disappeared from the city. When he returned, which he did before long, he was not alone. Puss was

his companion. How he made his way from the metropolis and back, must be left to conjecture.

Another instance of the setter's affectionate disposition will suffice. The dog was ill for three weeks, cared for during that time by a lady. But three days before lay in a dying state, but when his kind master who had been absent for a short time, returned, the still conscious animal crept up to her, licked the kind hands that had ministered to him, and died.

"I am," said the master, "convinced that the animal was sensible of the approaching dissolution, and that this was a last effort of his to express his gratitude for the care taken of him during his short existence."



THE AUTHOR'S SETTER "TROVE" AND THE LATTER'S BOON COMPANION.

PUZZLES.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

1. New Year.

2. Manhattan.

PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY

First Puzzle—I am a word of five letters: In these five letters you will find a reptile, a place to live in, things to cook with, something to enjoy when tired, something very disagreeable, a measure, a most useful article we are often losing and rarely find again, a part of speech, and my whole moist feel very small just now.

Second Puzzle—I am a word of four letters: In these four letters you will find animals well known in farm yards, a preposition, an adverb, a most important part of a family, a delightful experience, and my whole is very much in evidence at present.



Ash-Wednesday, the 15th of this month, ushers in the penitential season. To enter fully into the spirit of this season, should be the end of every Catholic's striving. The observance of the Lenten fast is the merest beginning; it is but the first step on the way that leads through shadows to the glorious splendors of Easter. There are many who, by occupation or delicate health, are unfitted for its observance, and to all such the church, in her tender solicitude, extends a cheerful dispensation. But the ways of interior mortification are open and possible to all. Patience under trials, a gentle and forbearing spirit, moments of recollection, of prayer, of meditation upon the exquisite sufferings of Our Blessed Lord are not beyond the reach of the busiest or feeblest. Many amusements there are which, though innocent in themselves, are not of a kind suited to a time of penitence. These should be forsaken. Nor does it follow that long faces and drooping spirits are thereby counseled, for a smile of cheer and a heart of gladness are often an index of sacrifices made in the interest of a fuller and larger spiritual growth. Our Lord said: "When you fast (and by fasting he understood any sort of mortification) be not as the hypocrites, sad, for they

disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Amen, I say to you, they have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face—that thou appear not to men to fast, but to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." Commensurately with the growth of the spiritual within us does the carnal shrink, and thus many of the lets and hindrances to genuine happiness fall away and the soul is left in a state of peace and of cheerfulness which no amount of worldly amusement can supply.

The memorial addressed by the religious orders of the Philippines to the Spanish government finds a place in our magazine this month. It is a strong document written in an able and dignified manner, and presents the case of the slandered friars in a way that must carry conviction to all fair-minded people. It is the first time that it appears in English dress, and we feel it a privilege that our pages should be those which bring it to the knowledge of the American people. Father Coleman's preface to the memorial will be found quite up to the standard of the two fine articles which have already appeared over his signature in

the Rosary Magazine. Too much credit can not be given to him for his manly championship of the abused religious, and the many commendatory letters which have come to us and the requests for more copies containing his articles are evidence that he has not labored in vain.

Through a letter recently received we learn with joy that the German Dominicans are making a foundation in Cologne, a city which, by all the rights of inheritance and in accordance with the expressed wish of prelate and people, belongs to them for the exercise of their zeal in the ministry. The provincial, two fathers and two lay brothers are at present living there in temporary quarters, and the Cardinal Archbishop is delighted thus to see a realization of a hope which has lain near his heart for these many years. May God bless the work!

The following communication, received from Miss Margaret E. Jordan, contains a most interesting account of the Holy Name Society of Portland, Maine:

An interesting branch of the great Holy Name Society exists in Portland, Maine. It had long been the intention of the pastor of St. Dominic's Church, Rev. Edward F. Hurley, to establish a society for the young men and boys. In the spring of 1897, at the close of a Redemptorist Mission, the first steps in this direction were taken, on the auspicious date of a great Dominican feast, that of St. Catherine of Siena, April 30. The pastor placed the work in the hands of his first assistant curate, who addressed the young men, to the number of fifty, assembled in the chapel of St. Dominic's Church, in response to the pastor's call. It was agreed that meetings would be held

semi-monthly, on the first and third Monday evenings.

There were weeks when success seemed almost impossible to the zealous director and the faithful few. But the few—thirty-nine in number—held on to their noble purpose tenaciously, and Jan. 3, 1898, formed the charter members of the Holy Name Society. On that date the parish society was formally organized as a branch of that old and venerated Confraternity, first established by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, shortly after the Council of Lyons, held in 1274.

Throughout the year 1897 the young men had met always in the chapel, in the office and instruction. The solid religious foundation being made and organization effected, it was decided to add social features as opportunity permitted. The meeting place was accordingly changed to the spacious hall in the school building, where before and after meeting conversation might be enjoyed.

So far had the Holy Name Society in St. Dominic's parish prospered, and proved its desire to live, that its canonical erection, May 6, 1898, found it with a membership of 107. Four months later, Sept. 6, a reception took place which increased the membership to 132; there are 26 candidates awaiting the next reception to join the ranks.

Last August the first steps were taken toward fitting up their new quarters. The hall was renovated, chairs and tables were ordered, and the plan of a reading room was pushed on vigorously. This is already accomplished, and games and other amusements usually found in well regulated clubs have been provided. While the regular semi-monthly religious meetings will continue as usual, the hall is open every evening for reading, study and innocent recreation. To meet financial needs there is a small monthly assessment. In addition to this funds will be realized by entertainments given by the members at different seasons, and, we trust, gifts from

friends and well-wishers of the young men. Already the pastor has given practical proof of his interest in a generous donation of fifty dollars, while in kindly visits and helpful words he has given the young men to feel that he is heart and hand with them. Unsparing is the only adjective that applies fully to the devotion of their spiritual director. As to the members themselves, an unvarying attendance of 100, even in the hottest meeting nights of summer, when there was no incentive but that of devotion, speaks well for the future. The order of exercises on the semi-monthly meeting nights is as follows: Office of the Holy Name; reading of minutes of last meeting; miscellaneous business; address by the spiritual director, the pastor, or some visitor; adjournment. A meeting of the council takes place once a month. A meeting of the prefects once every three months. The council is composed of the spiritual director and the officers—president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, financial secretary—elected by the society, and two consultors elected by the directors and the officers.

The society is divided into bands of twelve, placed according to location of residence, each band in charge of a prefect and vice-prefect. This arrangement enables the prefects to transmit notices readily to their members without having recourse to the mail.

The meeting of the council is for business purposes, everything being decided there. The meeting of prefects is devotional. There is one other of-

ficer, a marshal, whose duty is to preserve order at the meetings.

At the age of seventeen young men are eligible for membership in this, the senior branch of the Holy Name Society of St. Dominic's. An interesting phase of the work has not yet been touched upon here—it is the junior branch, composed of the boys, from whose ranks there are always recruits for the elder branch. They likewise have their organization, and their regular semi-monthly meetings, alternating on Monday evenings with the young men.

It is a sacred moment for the little lads when, in presence of all the members, they are admitted into the ranks of Defenders of the Holy Name. When they hear the solemn question of the spiritual director, "Do you pledge yourself not to curse, swear or use profane language while you are a member of this society?" the uplifted arm, and the clearly spoken answer in the affirmative, are the heart's response.

The Portland branch of the Holy Name was not wanting in patriotism when the country called her sons away from quiet avocations to the trying life of camp and the prospect of battle. Four members entered the navy and ten the First Maine regiment. One, the pianist of the society and clerk of his company, contracted the fatal typhoid and his young companions were called upon to attend his requiem in St. Dominic's. Thus the good work goes onward, toward the service of country, the ennobling of humanity and the glory of that Name, the only one whereby "men may be saved."

MAGAZINES.

The Century opens the new year with several important articles on the late war. Lieutenant Hobson in this, his second installment of "The Sinking of the Merrimac," describes in a lively and dramatic manner the running in of the ship and the work of the heroes in sinking her—work which was aided but rendered most dangerous by the

terrific onslaught of shot and shell sustained by the enemy from all quarters. There follows a graphic picture of the marvelous escape and of the rescue by the Spanish admiral in person. The lieutenant has shown by this article that he can wield the pen as well as the sword. Captain Sigsbee continues his interesting

[Feb.

"Narrative of the Maine." Mr. Edmond Kelly contributes a paper entitled, "An American in Madrid During the War." It may surprise some people to learn that, though recognized as an American, Mr. Kelly, according to his own statement, was treated with no less courtesy than before the fact was known. Another article of the first importance is that by Capt. A. S. Crowninshield of the United States navy, on "The Advantages of the Nicaragua canal." In this number are continuations of Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler's history of Alexander the Great, and Paul Leicester Ford's "The Many-Sided Franklin," and Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis," all of which are excellently written and full of interest.

The January number of The Forum is one of much merit. The leading article is contributed by Adj't Gen. H. C. Corbin, who writes on "The Marvelous Improvement in Our Army." His statements as to the laxity which existed in the United States army, particularly in the matter of enlistments, not more than fifteen years ago, will doubtless come in the nature of a revelation to many. It is gratifying and comforting to know that all this has been changed and that a much needed reform was inaugurated which completely changed the condition of things. Gen. Corbin says: "As the years have gone by the gauntlet which the applicants have been forced to run has been made more and more severe, until last year only about three men were accepted to every ten rejected; or, to be exact, while 29,521 recruits were obtained, 98,277 applicants were rejected as lacking in legal, mental, moral or physical requirements." Mr. Hamilton Mabie says some very good things on "American Literature and American Nationality." He recognizes the fact that literature is a mighty power in the service of a nation, and that the more national are its characteristics the more strongly will it serve to unite the individuals of the nation and to

awaken them to a consciousness of their nation's strength and work and aim. G. Everett Hill, private secretary of the late Col. G. E. Waring, Jr., writing of the sanitation of Havana says: "Can Havana be purified? And if so, will such purification result in the eradication of yellow fever and malaria? Both questions can be answered affirmatively and positively. Havana is no dirtier than many another city has been. Havana can be freed from her curse. The price of her freedom is about \$10,000,000. Can the United States afford to redeem her? For once humanity, patriotism and self-interest should be unanimous and their answer should be, 'Yes!'"

Lippincott's for January presents us with the complete novel "The Mystery of Mr. Cain," by Lafayette McLaws. "Poor Carlotta," by Lucy C. Lillie, is an interesting and affecting account of the life of Charlotte, Princess of Belgium, and widow of the Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. "Presto" will read this story of two young lives wrecked to gratify the ambition of a political schemer, wondering how in the seventh decade of the enlightened nineteenth century such a cruel game could have been played to its desperate end." Charles Cotesworth Pinckney writes of the "Great Debate of 1833," giving some of his personal recollections and impressions of the most brilliant debate of American history. Other articles worthy of mention, "A Reporter's Recollections" and "Fin de Siecle Individualism."

Harpers, for January, affords us such a varied amount of useful, instructive and interesting articles, and of so high and almost equal merit that it is extremely difficult to cull those which are worthy of special notice. Foremost among the war articles is that of W. H. Wilson, entitled "The Naval Lessons of the War." He affirms that Spain never was and never will be a naval power. "Bad as they were in handling sailing ships....they are yet

worse in husbanding the frail structure of steel and the complicated engines and machinery which make up the modern ship of war." The first and greatest lesson of this war is that good ships and guns are useless without good officers and well-trained men. The second is the importance of readiness. Again quick-firing, small-bore guns are of more importance than those of heavy calibre. He maintains that the question of the usefulness of the torpedoboot against the large ship has not been settled by the war. In his opinion, while giving due credit to Admiral Dewey and his valiant officers and men, the battle of Santiago far surpassed that of Manilla. Well illustrated and exceedingly well told is Lieutenant S. A. Stanton's version of the naval campaign of 1898 in the West Indies. "The Sultan at Home," by Sidney Whitman presents the Sultan under a guise and mien quite different from our time worn impressions. The average impression of the natural disposition, character and ability of the Sultan is a "senseless, not to say malignant, calumny." The Sultan, far from being surrounded by an almost impenetrable number of bodyguards, is the most accessible of all monarchs. He is very modest in his attire. The accounts of the relations of the Turks and Armenians are not only exaggerated, but in the most part false. "When the Armenian rebellion broke out,

about twenty-five per cent. of the highest-paid government officials in the capital were Armenians."....And yet we are told that the poor Christians—who probably own three-fourths of all real estate in the Turkish Empire—are groaning under a despicable despotism. More than this, the Sultan is very popular with his own people. "The Weakness of the Executive Power in Democracy," by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, is an essay endeavoring to show how, through the interference of the legislative part of the government, the executive power is weakened. This interference began in the Continental Congress, and was there carried to its extreme. It persists even unto the present day. "A Glimpse of Nubia—Miscalled 'The Soudan,'" by Captain T. C. S. Speedy, is a most readable article, and is accompanied by very good illustrations. The curious make-up of the Austrian Empire is discussed by Sydney Brooks in an article entitled "Fifty Years of Francis Joseph." Other articles are: "Brother Jonathan's Colonies," by Albert Bushnell Hart, and "Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman," by Charlton T. Lewis. The fiction is remarkably good. William Dean Howells has his first installment of a novel, "Their Silver Wedding Journey." "The Love of Parson Lord," and "The Romance of Chinapin Castle" are well written, interesting pieces of fiction.

BOOKS.

From the translator, Very Rev. F. A. Spencer, O. P., we have received "The Four Gospels, a New Translation from the Greek Text Direct with Reference to the Vulgate and the Ancient Syrian Version." Of the merits of this version of the Gospels we hesitate to speak in commendation; words of praise for the work of a confrere may be misunderstood. But it will be allowed us to quote from the preface, written by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, that "in preparing this ver-

sion of the Gospels, it has been the translator's aim throughout to make use of idiomatic English, as far as the character of the New Testament and the style of the original text permit. He has endeavored to represent Our Lord and the Apostles as speaking, not in an antique style, but in the language they would speak if they lived among us now. . . . The simplicity of the text, and the careful choice of words in ordinary use wherever possible, make it a book that the busy me-

chanic, with little time for searching out the meaning of obsolete terms, can read intelligently and with interest." Who has not felt the need of such a version? As Our Lord and His disciples spoke in the language of their own day, and not in archaic phrases and words obsolete or little used, so, when in translation they are made to speak in the English tongue, they should naturally be made to speak in the language of our day — in the language they would speak if they lived among us now. The many English-speaking persons must conceive of Our Lord as talking in a fashion which to them sounds stiff and stilted, or at least odd and unnatural. About the whole story of the life of Christ, as we have been accustomed to read it, hangs the odor of the unhappy sixteenth century, which gives an effect of unreality to His sayings and doings. In other languages the Holy Scriptures are in use in actual living forms of expression. So, too, the English versions of the Bible were, when first made, in the people's language of the day. If they had been translated for our ancestors in the diction of Chaucer's time, they would have been little read. Already there were Old English versions extant; yet new versions were considered imperatively necessary both by Catholics and Protestants. The same necessity exists now. About one hundred and fifty years ago Bishop Challoner revised the Douay-Rhemish version, and brought it somewhat nearer to the English of his time; but in a century and a half our language has undergone further modifications, and certain old forms, such as the eth of the third person singular of the verb, lie much farther back from our present colloquial and prose use than from that of his day. So, too, at this time, close to the dawn of the Twentieth century, another modification of style is urgently needed. For non-Catholics this modernization has already, even to a somewhat radical extent, been undertaken in the "Polychrome Bible;" and this

version, apart from its polychromic character, bids fair to become much more popular than the Revised Version, which, being a compromise, is a failure. It will be for Catholic readers of the Holy Scriptures to decide whether Fr. Spencer's version of the Gospels—which is the beginning of an extended translation on the same lines—is to become popular.

Certainly the arrangement of the text will appeal strongly to the reader. While the traditional division of the text into chapters has been retained, a more natural and logical division into parts and sections has been introduced. The cutting up of the text into verses has been abandoned, and paragraphs have been substituted. There is no doubt that the separation of each sentence into a verse, and the division even of a sentence into two or more verses, have the effect of breaking the continuity of the subject. Take a chapter of any standard historical work, and break it up into verses of two or three lines each, and the injurious effect will be seen at once. For convenience of reference, however, the verses are indicated in this version by numbers down the side of the page. To place in the margin, together with the alternate readings, literal meanings and references, the corresponding passages in the Synoptic Gospels and the beginnings of the Gospels of Sundays and principal feasts, a cross in the text marking their endings—and all this so clearly—was an excellent thought.

By the profound student of the Sacred Text this version will be welcomed, for it is an effort to give a correct rendering of the original Greek text. After this the scholars of Europe are striving. It is well for us to be abreast with the Catholic movement in Scriptural studies to which His Holiness, Leo XIII., has given such encouragement and impetus.

The work may be obtained from the Very Rev. F. A. Spencer, O. P., St. Dominic's, 515 Sixth Street S. W., Washington, D. C. The price is \$1.50.

From Benziger Bros., New York, we have received (1) "Illustrated Explanation of the Sacraments," by Rev. H. Rolfus, D. D. In this little treatise we have a thorough and complete exposition of the Holy Sacraments, to which is added a reflection and practice on each sacrament. In these days, when irreligion is making such rapid progress, it is of the highest importance that we should be well instructed in the teaching of our holy religion. This work is designed to inculcate a proper appreciation of those life-giving fountains of grace. The author also devotes a special chapter to the Sacramentals, since they have a certain resemblance to the Sacraments.

(2) "A Pious Preparation for First Holy Communion," compiled and adapted by the Reverend F. X. Lasance. Like all of Father Lasance's books, this one is not only eminently satisfactory, but has a reason for its existence. Other books have been written as aids to First Communicants, but none just like this, none so practical, so comprehensive. If placed in the hands of a child a year before the great event of Holy Communion, it will go far to keep before its mind the singular privilege which awaits it, and thus stimulate a desire for holiness of life. The little rule will be found reasonable and quite possible of observance. The treatises on the different virtues are brief, pithy and to the point, and will therefore be effective. Coming down nearer to the great event by way of proximate preparation a fully developed retreat of three days is given, with meditations, spiritual reading, etc. Pastors and all others having the charge of first communicants will find that this little book, placed in the hands of children, will subserve the purpose of their striving, and will help mightily to make their day of First Communion the happiest of their lives. The book sells for 75 cents. It is printed on good paper, in clear type, and is neatly bound.

We have received from Kilner & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, (1) "The Leopard of Laucianus," and Other Stories, by Maurice Francis Egan. The Catholic public requires no better recommendation for a collection of stories such as this than that they are from the pen of Dr. Maurice F. Egan, whose literary connections are so well known and so justly valued. The volume before us contains the following: "The Leopard of Laucianus;" "The Chains That Bind the World;" "The Light at Sawkins;" "The Novena;" "In the Time of Lafayette;" "Christmas at the Huckleberries;" "Paul the Hero," and "A Valentine of Valentines." These stories are written for young folks and can not fail to fascinate and charm them.

(2) "In a Brazilian Forest" and "Three Brave Boys," by Maurice Francis Egan. The book contains two very pretty and captivating stories of adventure, such as every boy and girl loves. Both stories have to do with the forests of the Amazon and give the reader a vivid picture of this nature's paradise, with its wonders of vegetable and animal life, its dangers from wild beast and insect, and its delights of perpetual sunshine and flowers. This book, together with the one entitled "The Leopard of Laucianus," will find a welcome place in our Catholic school libraries.

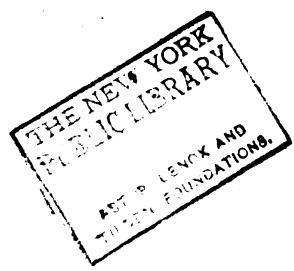
From Flynn & Mahony, Boston, we have received "Choral Sodality Handbook," compiled by the Rev. James A. Walsh. We trust this little book will have the wide sale it merits, and that its low price makes possible. A volume of 129 pages, bound in cloth, with original monogram, containing hymns, with music, suitable for all seasons, and containing also the Sodalists' Office of the Immaculate Conception, it yet goes at the exceedingly low price of twenty-five cents a copy. The word "handbook" is well chosen, for a more compact and portable volume for the purpose has been seldom, if ever, issued. Much of the music is

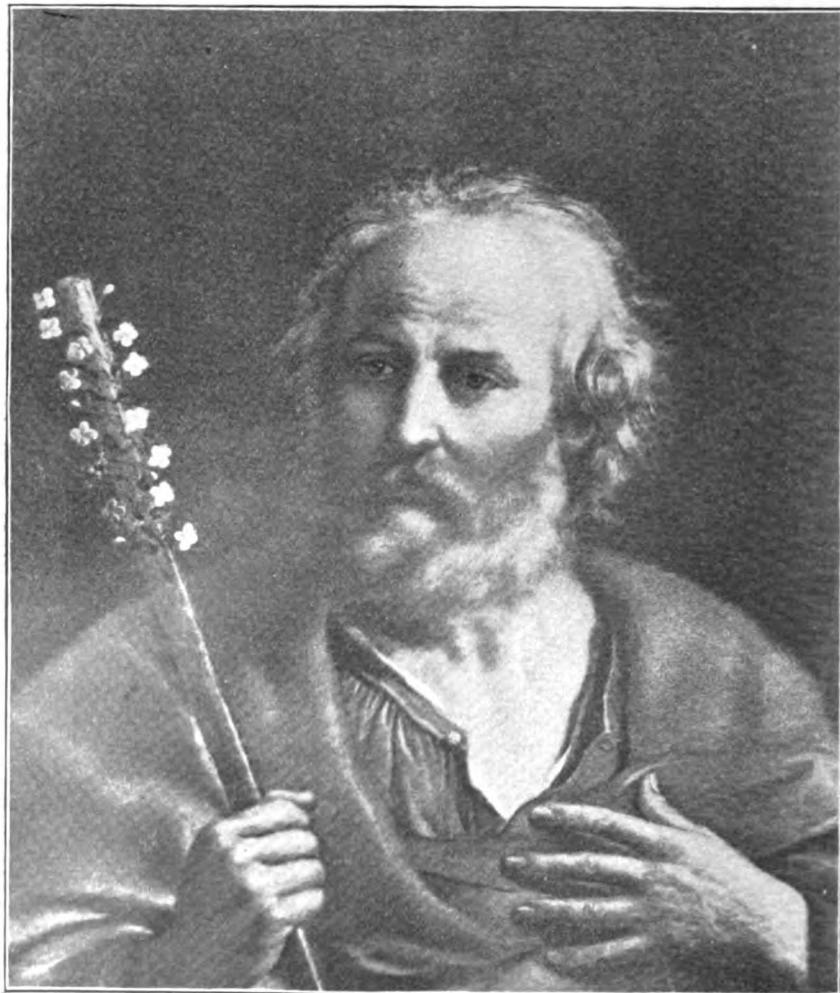
original, the work of Father Walsh, and is tenderly devotional. Many of the hymns are old-time favorites. There are some beautiful translations from the Latin by J. L. Hayes, LL. D. One original hymn appeals especially to us, as Dominicans and Americans, "Columbia's Hymn to St. Rose of Lima, Patroness of all America." It is from a pen familiar to the readers of the Rosary Magazine, that of Miss Margaret E. Jordan. We can not but hope that the wide spreading of this little book will lead to the good old Catholic practice of hymn singing in homes being again resumed. It will furnish one of the sweetest memories of childhood's years.

From Fr. Pustel & Co., we have received the fifth volume of "Studies in Church History," by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. This volume commences with the nineteenth century and the opening days of the Pontificate of Pius VII, and concludes with the reign of Pius IX, embracing, therefore, one of the momentous eras in the history of the church and of the world. The author proves that he has had access to

the best libraries and archives in Europe, and in the same clear and precise style, which characterized the former volumes of this excellent work, he unfolds the map of history before our eyes in such a manner as to claim our interest even for the minutest details. No student of church history should be without this work, for the publishers as well as the author merit universal commendation.

From Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, we have received "The Secret of Fougereuse," an historical romance of the fifteenth century, translated from the French by Louise Imogen Guiney. The scene of this marvelous story is laid in Anjou, during the reign of the good king Rene. Its hero, Guy de Fougereuse, Rene's bosom friend and minister, is beautifully portrayed. The translator has spared no pains to render the version one of rare excellence and beauty, both as to language and style. It is deeply imbued with thorough Catholic sentiments, and we bespeak for it a generous reception. The volume is nicely designed, illustrated and bound in cloth.





ST. JOSEPH WITH THE BLOSSOMING ALMOND ROD.

By GUERCINO, PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 3

ST. JOSEPH'S ROD.

A LEGEND.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

I.

BEFORE the stern High-Priest they stand,
And strive to win his fav'ring look;
The flower of that fair Eastern land,
Whose haughty spirits ill could brook
To sue for any boon or grace
Yet have they entered on this race.
Each hopes to win—who victor is,
God's fairest treasure shall be his.

II.

Some ope, with conscious pride, the scroll
That marks their lands; and some unroll
Rich stuffs—thrice-dyed—from Tyrian loom;
While, iridescent 'mid the gloom
Of hast'ning eve, some flash rare gems,

Fit for the gorgeous diadems
 Of proudest monarch. Vain the task
 To gain with these the prize they ask.
 * * * * *
 The guerdon is Mary, the Temple's child,
 The lovely, the gifted, the undefiled.

III.

Amid proud Israel's gilded youth
 One stands apart, but many a glance
 Is cast on him, as if, in sooth,
 They'd question thus, with look askance,
 "What right hath he with us, this man
 Joseph, poor, and an artisan?"
 None could deny his noble birth,
 His stainless life, his innate worth.

IV.

Never was High-Priest so perplexed,
 Never before him such question vext,
 "The great Jehovah Himself," he said,
 Must choose the spouse that this maid shall wed.
 I'll give to each of these suitors," said he,
 "A withered branch from the almond tree;
 Each shall plant his rod by the Temple gate,
 And a priest of the Lord shall watch and wait.
 And whoso can bring in the early morning
 A rod that was withered, bright flowers adorning.
 Shall be judged to have won the favor of God.
 And the victor be known by the blossoming rod.'
 When the suitors assembled at morning hour.
 Lo! Joseph's rod was in perfect flower!



AND SION SHALL BE PLOUGHED AS A FIELD.—*Michæl III, 12.*

THE ROSARY AND THE HOLY LAND.

THE VERY REV. A. AZZOPARDI, O. P., S. T. M.

FOURTH MYSTERY—THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.



IN the fourth mystery of the Rosary we contemplate the Blessed Virgin Mary presenting her divine Child Jesus in the temple, on the day of her purification, and holy Simeon giving thanks to God with great devotion, as he received Him in his arms.

In Israel every woman who gave birth to a child was considered to have contracted an impurity, and there was a law which obliged mothers to present themselves at the temple to be purified from this legal uncleanness. There was another law which required that every first-born child should be consecrated to the service of God, Who held absolute power over all Israel, and Who had spared the first-born of the Israelites on the night when the first-born of the Egyptians were put to death by His destroying angel. But although the first-born were consecrated to God's service they never performed the priestly duties, which were assigned to the tribe of Levi. It sufficed to present the child in the temple and there offer it to God through His priests. After this it could be redeemed by the payment of five sicles (about three dol-

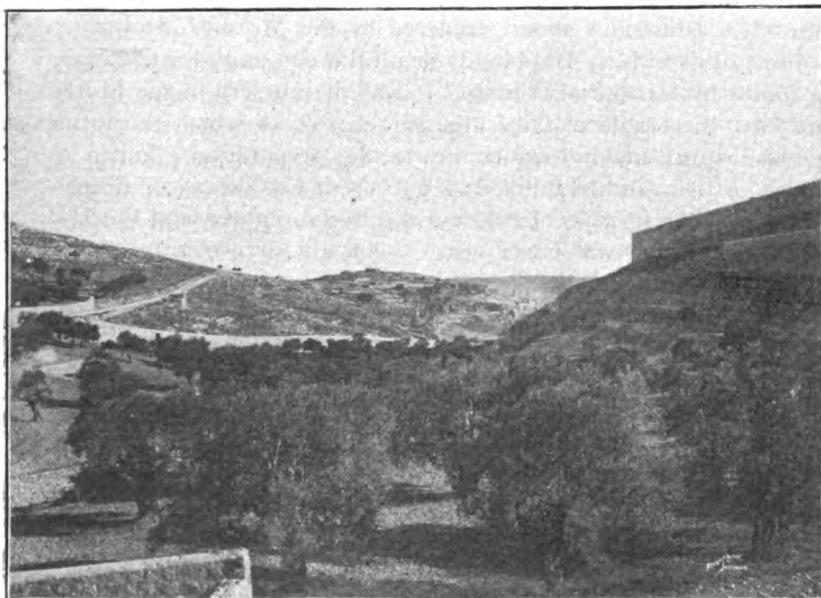
lars). Thus the right of God was maintained, and the duty of the family in the Hebrew theocracy was fulfilled.

Among the Israelites there was but one mother who was not bound by the first law, and there was only one son who was not affected by the second. That mother was the Blessed Virgin Mary who was free from the impurity at which the law was directed, for she had conceived of the Holy Ghost in a wholly supernatural manner. The son was Jesus Christ whom it was not necessary to consecrate to God, for He was the Son of God. Nevertheless the requirements of the law were observed by the Blessed Virgin, for she was modest, humble and pious, and she wished to conform to the law rather than to proclaim her divine motherhood and prematurely to make known the great Mystery of the Incarnation.

And so, as did the ordinary mother, she went to the door of the temple where the priest sprinkled her with the blood of a victim. Because she was poor she could not offer the lamb exacted from the rich, but only two little turtle-doves, one of which was for the sacrifice of expiation, the other for the mother's holocaust. Then the Child Jesus, as a victim on the altar, was offered to God: a priest received the price of His redemption and He was restored to His mother's arms. But how little did this priest think that this child could not be redeemed, that He Himself was the Redeemer of all men, for whom He was consecrated in that hour, and for whom thirty-three years later, He was to be sacrificed on a cross.

During the ceremonies of purification and consecration nothing outward betrayed the real character of the mother and child. To all appearances they were as the ordinary and vulgar. But sublime virtue and the greatness of God may be hidden in the weak creature, and the world may know it not. A priest of the temple placed his hand upon the Holy of Holies, but he saw nothing more in this action than the mere observance of a legal formality. But to two pious and sincerely religious persons, Simeon and Anna, it was given to welcome the Savior of Israel and of the world. Moved by the Holy Ghost, Simeon entered the temple just as the virginal mother was offering her divine child. Enlightened from on high he saw in Him the object of all his desires, the consolation and salvation of Israel, and taking Him in his arms he said: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word in peace: because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou has prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." As he thus spoke there stood by a certain Anna, a prophetess, now eighty-four

years of age, who spent her time in the temple, night and day serving God with prayers and fastings. By her zeal for the house of God she merited to find and adore in it the Messiah. And giving thanks to God for this favor she began to tell of the divinity of the Christ Child to all who looked for redemption in Israel. Filled with admiration at all that they heard, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, having conformed to the prescriptions of the law, returned to their home to await the further fulfilment of the designs of God.



VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

As Jerusalem was the scene of this and the following mysteries it seems fitting that we should say something about it before proceeding to our study of the temple. If there is a city on the face of the earth at the mention of which the heart is stirred to its depths that city is surely Jerusalem. Throughout long ages it has possessed this power which cannot be traced to natural or artistic beauty, to extent, population or glory of arms. Aside from the magnificence of its ancient royal buildings and of its temple it has never offered anything that would appeal strongly to the aesthetic taste. Its extent and the number of its inhabitants were never remarkable. Excepting certain periods of prosperity and greatness its history has been like that of the Hebrew people, a record of un-

faithfulness and crime, humiliations and punishments. But throughout the centuries, in seasons of benediction and in seasons of maledictions, the intervention of God has been manifest. This it is that has given to the city an interest such as nothing else could give to it.

When idolatry overspread the world God Himself chose Jerusalem to be the centre of faith in His unity symbolized by a unity of sanctuary. And when the propensity of its inhabitants to evil seemed to merit its destruction God spared it, though He afflicted it sorely. Illustrious was it rendered by the Messiah, who sanctified one of its hills by His bloody death thereon and glorified one of its tombs by His burial therein. It was the nursery of the Mosaic, and later the cradle of the Christian religion, of which the former was the figure and for which it was the preparation. When the temple of Jehovah had fulfilled its purpose it was destroyed never to rise again. In its place Jerusalem received Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, which will never cease to be a source of attraction to Christians, as the temple was a source of attraction to the Jews.

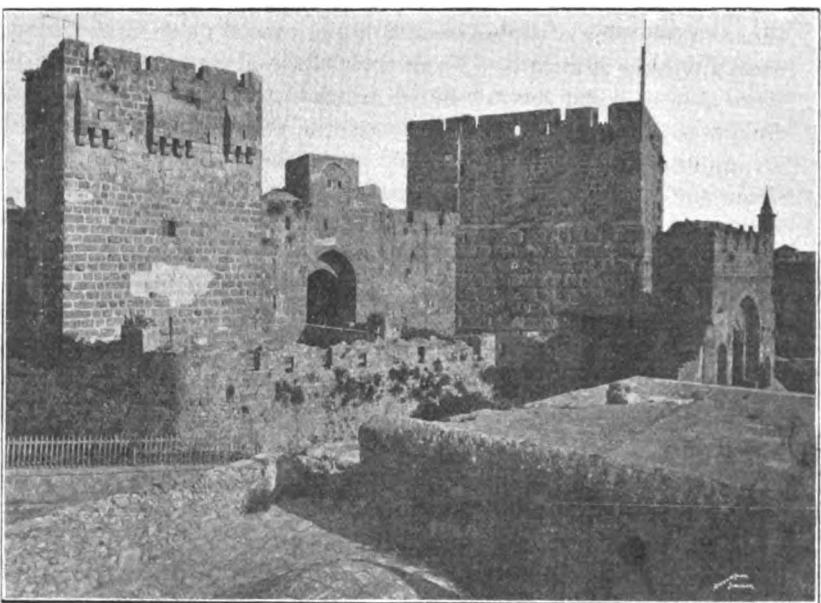
The origin of Jerusalem is obscure, lost in remote ages. But even in those distant pre-Israelitic days it was dear to God. In Joshua we read of Jebus, the chief city of the Jebusites, a tribe of Canaan. To this city Jerusalem succeeded and embraced the site of Salem, whose king Melchisedech offered to the Almighty God a sacrifice of bread and wine, thus prefiguring the priesthood instituted by our Lord. Within the limits of the later city was Mt Moriah, which had been divinely indicated to Abraham as the place where he should immolate his son Isaac. There was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, in which place David, who had been instructed by the prophet Gad, was to raise an altar and offer sacrifice to appease the wrath of God and turn it from Jerusalem. There was Sion where Solomon built the magnificent temple for the Ark of the Covenant and for the mysterious dwelling-place of God Himself. There it was that at last Jesus Christ effected the redemption of men. All these facts enable us to understand the psalmist when he says that the city was founded by the Most High, and that its foundations are in the holy mountains.

From the beginning Jerusalem was a remarkably strong town. When, in obeyance to God, Joshua invaded the land of Canaan, there came against him the kings of the land, among whom was the king of Jerusalem. All these Joshua vanquished in battle, but the capital of the Jebusites surrendered not. Neither did the efforts of the Benjaminites, to whom it fell in the division of the land, nor

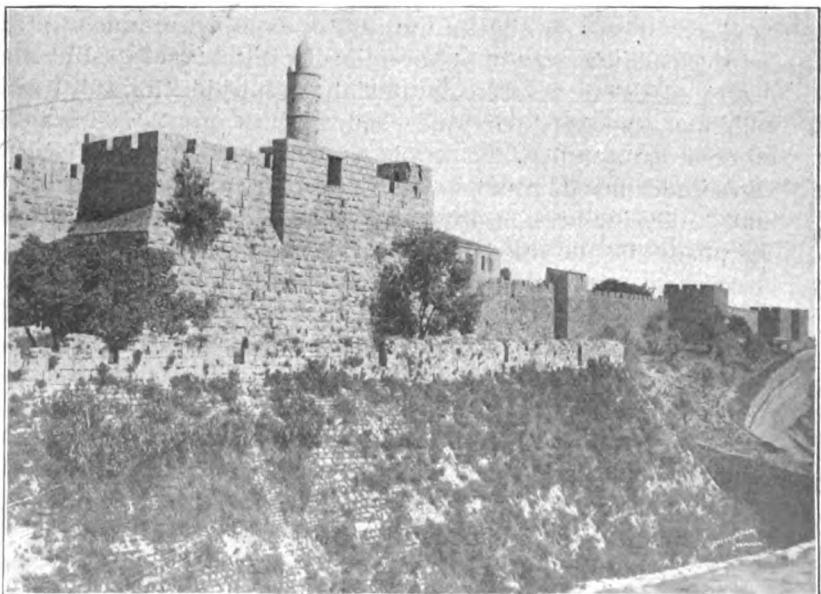
those of the tribe of Judah, whose limits passed close to the citadel, avail anything against it. From their elevated fortress the Jebusites were able to resist the combined attacks of these tribes, who were forced to allow the enemy to dwell in their midst. At last the stronghold was attacked by David at the head of a numerous army. Then the Jebusites, confiding in the strength of their position and of their fortifications, brought together their blind, deformed and crippled and placed them on the walls that they might look down upon David with his Israelitic host and despise them. But the valiant king took the town by storm, made it the seat of his government and transferred to it the Ark of the Covenant which he placed near his palace. Thus it became the capital of the Hebrew nation and the center of Jewish faith and worship.

In his new capital David took a particular delight. He enlarged, transformed and embellished it so that it came to be called the City of David. But to his son Solomon it was reserved to accomplish all that he would have done had God not willed otherwise. At great expense and with the aid of thousands of workmen Solomon erected and dedicated to God a magnificent temple, which was long a wonder of the world; for himself he built a splendid palace, and for the protection of the inhabitants of the city he raised mighty walls and towers. During his reign the city rose to the height of its glory. Feared in time of war, it was respected in time of peace. Its friendship was sought by sovereigns of distant lands. But when justice ceased to be sacredly administered within its walls, when faith was no longer pure and exalted, when crimes and scandals proceeded from rulers and people, when all Israel treated God with ingratitude, then its triumphs gave way to defeats and its glory grew dim. Enemies beset it from all sides, Philistines and Moabites, Egyptians and Assyrians who were all instruments used by God to chastise an unfaithful people. Nebuchadnezzar came to besiege it, to destroy its walls and towers, to plunder its temple, to destroy its dwellings and to lead its people to Babylon as so many captives. After seventy years of desolation the city rose from its ruins. During the reign of Cyrus the temple was rebuilt by Zorobabel, by Nehemiah the walls were restored, and the government was re-established in a measure. But Jerusalem did not regain its independence; and it continued to suffer in some way from the Egyptians and Assyrians, for Palestine was a battlefield for these nations for either one of which the city was an ally or an enemy.

Who can describe the days of calamity, mourning and woe during the bloody persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes? Altars



TOWER OF DAVID.



CITADEL OF ZION.

were profaned, sacred laws were despised, the people were obliged to deny their faith or suffer death. Irreligion, thirst for wealth, dishonesty, calumny and treachery were fostered or at least countenanced by rulers who thus sought to distract the people and turn them from their sacred duties. But as the people grew weaker in their faith they became poorer in temporal possessions and neared the verge of ruin. Then many who had been seduced were awakened to a sense of the danger that threatened the nation. They repented and merited to see God raise up a family of deliverers. Mathathiah, the father of five heroic sons and head of the Asmonean family of princes, began a resistance that was successfully continued by his son Judas, surnamed Maccabaeus. The fame of their brave deeds spread throughout the land and even to Rome. In a short time they took Jerusalem, rebuilt the walls, purified the temple, and restored the altars.

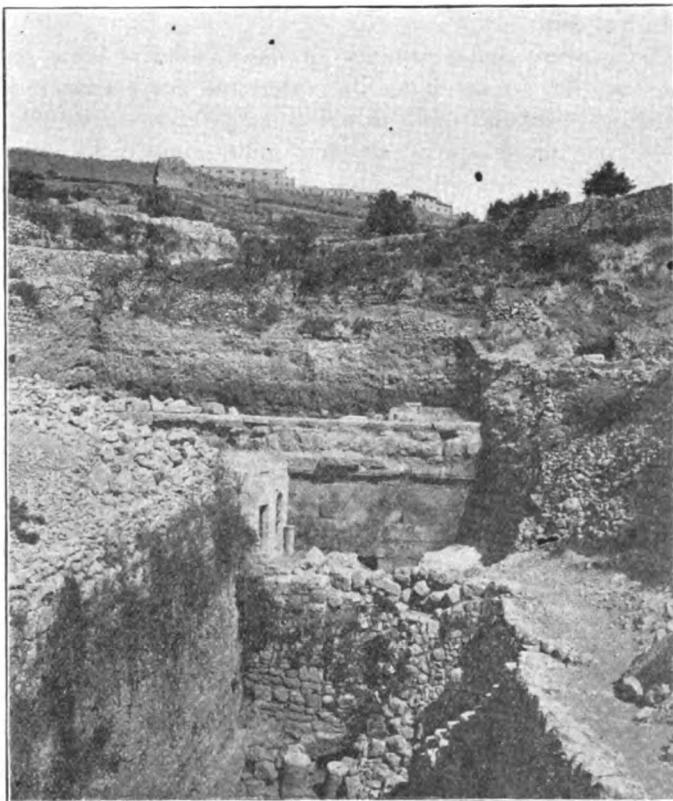
But this effort was like the last flash of a dying fire. Faith and religion were soon extinguished in nearly all classes of the people. Corruption reigned among the leaders from whom it was communicated to the lower ranks. Thus rulers and ruled were preparing by positive wickedness for the greatest of crimes, deicide. It is true that Herod expended large sums on the temple, but it was not faith and piety that prompted him to do this. Nor were the people so zealous for God's real glory and worship that they could hesitate to join in the execrable sentence that it was better to crucify an innocent man who had proved himself to be the Messiah, than that the nation should perish. The act by which the Jews thought to save themselves brought about their ruin. They feared that the Romans, who had already annexed their lands and laid the people under tribute, would finally destroy the few vestiges of freedom and self-government that they retained. But their ruin was not to be averted. On the crest of Mt. Scopus the Roman eagles appeared at the head of 100,000 men under the command of Titus, and soon Jerusalem was bathed in the blood of the deicides who had cried out, "Let the blood of Jesus Christ be upon us and upon our children." In the terrible destruction by the sword, by fire, famine and plague the hand of God was manifest. According to Josephus 1,100,000 persons met their deaths. As prophesied by the Savior the city was destroyed, reduced to a heap of ruins so that of the temple one stone did not remain upon another.

When, sixty years later, the Jews attempted to excite a rebellion, the Roman Emperor Hadrian determined to destroy all hope of reorganizing the nation. He sent an army to Palestine under

the command of Julius Severus, who was charged to treat the Jews with the utmost rigor and to paganize the city of Jerusalem. Upon his arrival the general removed every appearance of a stronghold by demolishing the three towers of Herod that Titus had spared on account of their beauty. To destroy whatever attraction the ruins of the temple might have for the Jews he caused the area to be ploughed. Then, having torn down all houses erected by Jews and Christians since the victory of Titus, he built a new city which he named Aelia Capitolina in honor of the Emperor, hoping thus to remove all recollection of the old city and its precious name. Politically the new city had no importance. Its government was directed from Caesarea, the Roman capital of Palestine. Its religion was pagan, so were its population and monuments. Even on Calvary and over the Holy Sepulchre, though they were Christian shrines, he placed statues of Jupiter and Venus. All surviving Jews and Christians of Jewish origin had been driven from the city and forbidden under penalty of death to enter it except once a year when, on payment of a tax, the Jews were allowed to weep over the sacred ruins of the past. But an effort was made to render all visits repugnant by placing over the main gate of the city a marble figure of a swine.

This deplorable state of affairs continued until the reign of Constantine the Great. In the year 326 his mother, St. Helene, came to Jerusalem and caused its pagan temples to be destroyed, and the statues of pagan divinities that covered the holy places to be overthrown. Over Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre she built the great Church of the Resurrection, and on the Mount of Olives that of the Ascension. And when, under her protection, several monasteries for monks and convents for nuns were established the rejoicings of the Christians reached their height. But at last pernicious heresies arose and rendered the inhabitants of Jerusalem unworthy of God's loving protection. As in times past he had abandoned the Jerusalem of the unfaithful Jews to the wrath of their enemies, so now he gave up the Jerusalem of the unfaithful Christians to the indignation and hatred of their foes.

Chasroes II, King of Persia, was the new instrument in the hands of God. In the year 614 his ravaging hordes marched against the Holy City. They slaughtered its inhabitants, plundered and overthrew its magnificent churches built by Constantine, St. Helene, Eudoxia and Justinian, and destroyed its many monasteries and rich private buildings. Even the Holy Cross fell into the hands of these unbelievers, but it was rescued seventeen years later



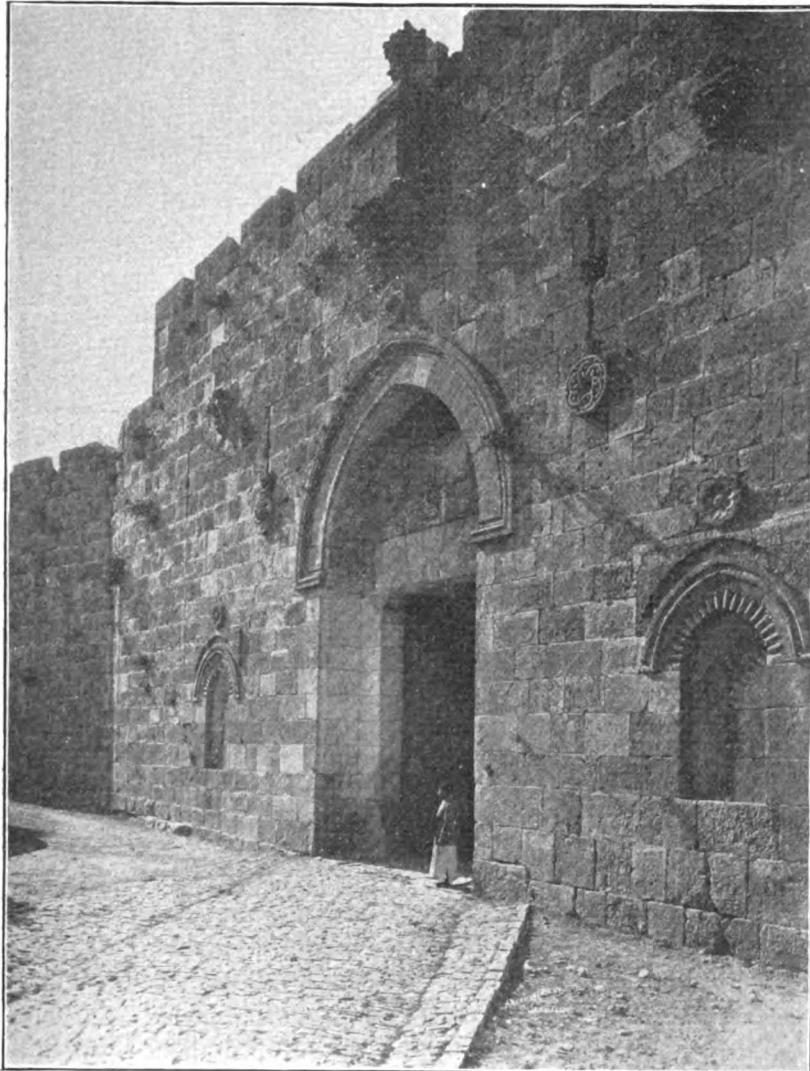
POOL OF SILEOAM.

by the Emperor Heraclius who then defeated Chosroes in battle. Peace however did not yet come to Jerusalem. In the year 636 the city was besieged by the Moslem tribes of Arabia under the command of the Caliph Omar, who had led them from the conquered provinces of Egypt by a way that they marked by scenes of death and desolation. To prevent greater evils Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, was induced to capitulate to Omar, who faithfully observed the conditions of the capitulation as long as he lived. But soon after his death the Christians of Jerusalem began to feel the burden of a heavy yoke that grew heavier as time wore on. Reports of the privations and sufferings inflicted upon were spread throughout the Christian world, and the heart of the Christian world was moved. Kings and people espoused their cause, and

taking up arms they set out for the East to deliver the tomb of Christ or to die.

The bravery and constancy of the Crusaders were put to a severe test, not so much by the valor and perseverance of their professed enemies as by the duplicity and treachery of the Greeks. But at last they succeeded in their undertaking. Jerusalem was conquered; the Holy Sepulchre was theirs. The crescent was thrown down, the cross was raised on high. The city walls were restored and strengthened, the churches and other public buildings were purified and embellished. Thus, in the year 1099, after four hundred years of Mohammedan rule, a Latin throne was established in Jerusalem. But the kingdom of the Crusaders which had cost Europe fabulous sums of moncy, untold sacrifices and torrents of blood, was not to have a long duration. It did not descend even to the grandson of the conquerors. In the year 1187 the sons of those who had placed the standard of the cross upon the tower of David saw it torn down and replaced by the hateful crescent. From the blow that was then delivered Jerusalem has never recovered. At first it was subjected to the Governor of Damascus, then it passed to the Governor of Egypt, and finally to the Sultan of Constantinople, under whose control it still remains with no prospect of a restoration to Christian rule and ownership.

If we go in person to the East and contemplate the city of Jerusalem in its present state, we shall be reminded of the psalmist's words: "O God, the heathens are come into thy inheritance, they have defiled thy holy temple, they have made Jerusalem as a place to heap fruit. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, O Lord, wilt thou be angry forever: shall thy zeal be kindled like a fire?" And as we look upon the daughter of Sion deprived of all her beauty and full of sorrow, we shall seem to see her turning to all who pass by and appealing to them silently and piteously, as if she would say: All you who come from distant lands to seek consolation and peace of soul at my holy places, pause a little and observe whether there is a sorrow like to mine, for the hand of God is heavy upon me and He has grievously afflicted me. This punishment is only too evident to all, for that which is most apparent in Jerusalem is the state of desolation that reigns. And every week one may witness there a scene of sadness capable of touching the hardest heart. To the east of the temple area there is a portion of the massive ancient wall that enclosed the sanctuary. Before this wall Jews gather to lament the destruction of Jerusalem and the



DAVID'S GATE.

temple. They would shed their tears upon the very site of the temple, but beyond this wall they have not been allowed to go since the construction of the Mosque of Omar. And so men and women, young and old, come every Friday afternoon to this "wailing place" and, leaning against the huge time-worn stones, they embrace and kiss them, while they pour forth their lamentations and their prayers that God may have mercy on Jerusalem and upon them. For the holy place that lies desolate they sit in solitude and mourn, waiting for the gathering of the children of Jerusalem. O wretchedness of an outcast nation!

The interior of Jerusalem offers little that will please the eye. The streets, with the exception of one or two busy thoroughfares, are short, narrow, crooked and exceedingly dirty, often filthy. They are paved with smooth stones which frequently prove to be dangerous for the timid rider, and where the descent is steep, for the pedestrian. Many of them are covered by stone vaults which have openings here and there for the admission of light. During the hot season some of those that are open have coverings of straw matting or of canvas. The dwellings, which are generally low, old and poorly constructed, have each one a small door and a few small barred windows opening upon the street, and larger doors and windows at the rear. Their round dome-like roofs are dominated by the minarets of the Mosques, by the domes of the Holy Sepulchre, and by the high steeple of the new German Lutheran church. All this is enclosed by the walls that were built or repaired by Sultan Solyman in the sixteenth century. The foundations are for the greater part those laid by the Emperor Hadrian and afterwards repaired by the Crusaders. On the southern side of the city there is a stretch of wall far removed from the old foundations, for the southern limits of the city were restricted as the city grew northwards. Beyond this wall are Ophel and part of Sion, which were formerly inside the walls, but which are now ploughed as a field, as Jeremiah and Micheah long ago foretold of Sion. Seven monumental gates give admission to the enclosed city. Of these the most remarkable and the most frequented are the Damascus gate on the north side, and the Jaffa gate on the south side of the city. Formerly they were locked at night and opened again at an early morning hour, but now they remain open at all times, a night-watch being kept to prevent the smuggling in of merchandise. Of the old wall towers the only one of any importance is the so-called Tower of David near the Jaffa gate. In the lower part of it are huge blocks of stones which undoubtedly belong to an early age,



JEWS WAILING PLACE.

if we may judge by the way in which they are cut. But as they are not in their original positions they argue but little for the antiquity of the tower.

When Josephus wrote Jérusalem had three walls on those sides of the city which were not rendered inaccessible by deep valleys, where there was but one wall. The first wall, which was the work of the Jebusites, of David and of Solomon, followed the steep hills overlooking the valleys at the south and east of the city, and then shut out the open country at the north and west. As the city exceeded its limits and grew northwards it was found necessary to extend the first wall in that direction, the original northern wall being allowed to remain. A later development required a further extension in the same direction, which was begun by Herod Agrippa, ten years after the death of Jesus Christ. And so it is understood how Calvary was outside the city at the time of Christ's crucifixion, though it is now inside. Until lately all traces of the second wall had been lost; and because there were no evidences of it many denied that it had ever existed and, consequently, that the traditional Calvary is the place of crucifixion. But a few years ago, when the Russians were making excavations near the Church

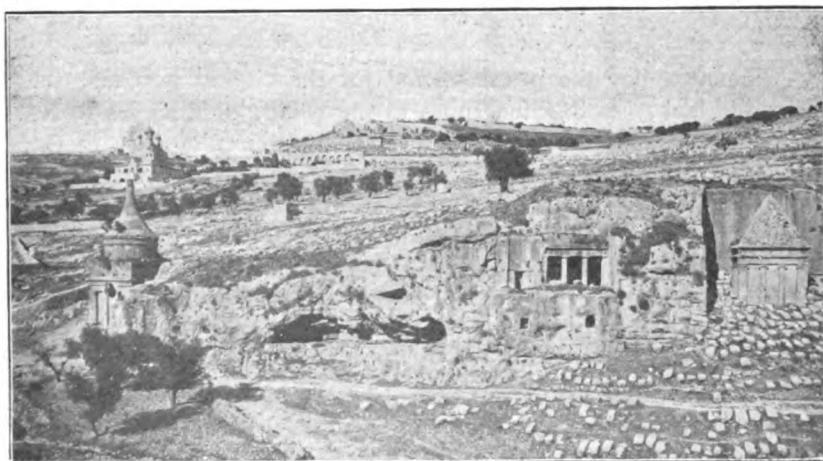
of the Holy Sepulchre, they found about forty yards of it that are indisputable.

The deep valleys that nearly surround Jerusalem rise to high hills which so conceal the city that the traveler from the south and east is upon it before even its highest domes are seen. On the eastern side is the famous Valley of Jehoshaphat, in which are innumerable tombs, the most remarkable of which are the so-called tombs of Absalom, Zachariah, and St. James. The valley begins a short distance north of the city and gradually deepens till it becomes the torrent of Kidron, which separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives and the Hill of Scandal. Near the Pool of Siloam the Kidron meets the Valley of Hinnom (Gehinnom) which descends along the southern side of the city, having the Mount of Evil and Haceldama on its right.

It is with deep regret that we observe the surroundings of Jerusalem acquire a European aspect. To the north and west, where only a few years ago there were but stony, desert hills and valleys, a new quarter has sprung up, the buildings of which extend from the very walls of the old city. Thus was Jerusalem developed in times past; but it is not at all probable that the new quarter will ever be enclosed by walls. Jews constitute the greater number of the dwellers beyond the city gates. They have come with the hope of regaining the sacred soil from which they were driven so long ago. On this hope they seem to live, for the conditions of the Jews are not such as are conducive to life. German and English Protestants have erected chapels, schools and hospitals, and are making desperate attempts to spread a religion that can never find favor in Palestine, for it cannot give a satisfactory account of its origin, and its doctrines are too much in opposition to Palestinian traditions. Schismatic Russians also have come. Not far from the city walls they have erected an imposing church and a hospice for the hundreds of their pilgrims who yearly flock to Jerusalem. From this religious and political stronghold they seek to gain an influence, religious and political, in the Holy Land; but they make slow progress. The Catholics who are there are not upon foreign ground; for in Jerusalem the Catholic Church was established, and there it has always had members, few though they have been at times. After the defeat of the Crusaders the Franciscans remained to care for the faithful and to guard the sanctuaries. Nor were they reinforced until Pope Pius IX restored the Latin Hierarchy of Jerusalem and commanded a Catholic revival that is constantly gaining ground. The White Fathers have charge of the Sanctuary of St. Anne, a French possession, where they di-

rect a seminary for Greek Catholics. The Fathers of Sion, who form a congregation founded by Fr. Ratisbonne for the conversion of Jews, conduct a school for boys. The Dominican Fathers have founded upon the place where St. Stephen was martyred a college for biblical studies. The Augustinians of the Assumption direct a large hospice for French pilgrims. The Christian Brothers look after the education of young boys. Carmelite and Franciscan Sisters, Sisters of St. Joseph, of Charity, of the Rosary, of Reparation, and of Sion co-operate to promote Catholicity in a population of about 73,000 souls, of whom about 55,000 are Jews, 7,500 Moslems, 5,000 Schismatics, 500 Protestants. The number of Catholics is about 3,500.

Mons. de Voguë offers words fitting to terminate an article that may have appeared too long. "Notwithstanding its decay and misery Jerusalem has a strong attraction for the visitor who does not seek merely picturesqueness and vain curiosities. Such a visitor need but close his eyes to the actual misery of the city, and his mind will be flooded with recollections of the past: then the aspect is changed. The silence that affords heartfelt reflections tinged with melancholy though they be cannot but be agreeable. The barren rocks and the heaps of ruins possess a peculiar grandeur and attractiveness, and when the time comes for the visitor to bid farewell to them his heart is oppressed and his eyes are moist with tears."



ABSOLOM'S PILLAR.

TOMB OF ST. JAMES. TOMB OF ZACHARIAH.

THE PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

Translated from the French of JULES LEMAITRE by H. TWITCHELL.



THE little parish church of Lande-Fleuri had an old bell and an old priest. The bell was so cracked that its voice resembled that of an aged woman, and it certainly was not a pleasure to listen to it. The priest was still hale in spite of his seventy-five summers. His ruddy, wrinkled face had the guileless expression of a child's, and it was charmingly framed by white hair that resembled the wool spun by the good women of Lande-Fleuri. He was adored by his flock because of his goodness and his great charity.

* * *

As the time approached for Abbé Corentin to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, his parishioners determined to have the occasion fittingly observed.

The three wardens secretly solicited from house to house, and when they had accumulated a hundred crowns, they took them to the priest asking him to go to the city and select a new bell for the church.

"My children," said the good priest, "my beloved children — it is surely God — that is, in some way —" Then he quite broke down, overcome by his emotions.

* * *

The next day the priest started for the city to purchase the bell. He had to walk a few miles to the village of Rosy-les-Roses to take the diligence for Pont l'Archeveque, the chief town of the province.

It was a lovely morning. The birds, trees and wild flowers seemed to enjoy the brilliant sunlight. With his ears already filled with the music of the chimes the future promised, the worthy man walked briskly along, praising God after the fashion of St. Francis for the beauties of creation.

As he drew near Rosy-les-Roses, he saw a wagon belonging to traveling mountebanks standing by the wayside. Not far away lay an old horse, so poor that his ribs and hip-bones protruded through his shrunken hide. His nostrils were filled with blood and his eyes were set. An old man and woman clad in fantastic rags of a dirty red were sitting beside the animal weeping bitterly. A

girl of fifteen ran up from the ditch by the roadside at the sight of the traveler. She held out her hand and exclaimed: "Oh, give me a penny out of charity, kind priest. Just a penny!"

Her voice was softened to suit her spirit of entreaty. Her face was the color of newly-tanned leather and she wore nothing except a dirty sack and a red petticoat. But her eyes were large and velvety and her lips were like red cherries. Her yellow arms were tattooed with blue flowers and a leather band confined her black hair, which was spread out like fans at each side of her head, as one sees it in Egyptian figures.

The priest, slackening his pace, had taken two pennies from his purse. Fascinated by the girl's eyes, he stopped to question her.

"My brother is in jail, because they said he stole a chicken. He supported us, and we haven't had anything to eat for two days," she explained.

The kind priest replaced the two pennies in his purse and took out a silver piece.

"I know how to do tricks," the girl went on, "and my mother can tell fortunes. But they won't let us stay in any town because we are so poor and ragged, and now our horse is dead! Oh, what shall we do? What will become of us?"

"But why don't you find work in the village?" asked the priest.

"People are afraid of us, and they throw stones at us. Besides we have never learned how to work; we can get our living in but one way. If we only had a horse and money enough to buy us some decent clothes, we could get along very well. But now we must starve."

The priest replaced the silver in his purse.

"Do you love God?" he asked.

"I would love Him if he would help us," replied the girl.

The priest felt of the bag containing the hundred crowns belonging to his parishioners. The beggar gazed steadily at the saintly man with her antelope eyes.

"Are you good and chaste?"

"Chaste?" repeated the gypsy in wonderment, ignorant of the meaning of the word.

"Say 'God, I love you,'" he went on.

The girl was silent and her eyes filled with tears. The priest hastily unbuttoned his coat and took the bag of silver from his girdle. The gypsy sprang forward, seized it with the agility of a monkey, and said:

"Monsieur Priest, I love you." Then she ran away to the old couple who were still bemoaning their fate.

The priest resumed his walk towards Rosy-les-Roses, reflecting on the misery it pleases God to send upon his creatures, and praying him to enlighten this poor Bohemian, who evidently had no religion and who, perhaps, had never received the holy baptism.

Then suddenly the thought struck him that it would be useless to go on to the city, as he had no money to buy the bell. As he slowly retraced his steps, he fell to musing. He could not comprehend how it was that he could have given such an enormous sum to a strolling mountebank; money, too, that belonged to others.

He quickened his footsteps, hoping to find the beggars still by the roadside. But they were gone and there was nothing to be seen excepting the dead horse and the old wagon.

He reflected on what course to pursue. He had sinned gravely without a doubt; he had abused the confidence of his people and committed a sort of theft. With terror he thought of the consequences of his act. How should he conceal it? How should he make reparation? Where could he get the hundred crowns, and what explanation should he make of the delay?

The skies became overcast. The trees seemed to have an unnatural green color against the livid horizon. Great drops of rain fell. The priest was in sympathy with nature's sadness.

He succeeded in reaching home without being observed.

"What! back already, Father?" asked his servant, old Scholastique. "You surely have not been to Pont l'Archeveque already?"

The priest then told a falsehood, his first. "I missed the diligence at Rosy-les-Roses. I shall go to-morrow. But be sure and not mention my return to any one."

He did not say mass that morning. He remained in his room, not even daring to go out to walk in his garden.

The next morning he was summoned to administer absolution to a dying man in the hamlet of Clos-Mosso.

"The Father has not yet returned," said the servant.

"Scholastique is mistaken. Here I am."

On his way home, he met one of his most zealous parishioners.

"Well, Father, did you have a pleasant trip?"

The Abbé then told his second falsehood. "Excellent, excellent."

"And that bell?"

Another was needed now; in fact he no longer hesitated to tell them.

"Superb, superb. One would almost think it is pure silver. With only a light tap, it seems as if its vibrations would never cease."

"When shall we see it?"

"Soon, my dear child, soon. It must first be engraved with its baptismal name and some lines from the Holy Scriptures. And, you know, that will require quite a long time."

"Scholastique," said the priest on his return, "if we were to sell the easy-chair, clock and wardrobe in my room, do you think they would bring a hundred crowns?"

"They would bring almost nothing, Father. If you will allow me to say so, all your furniture is not worth a quarter of that sum."

"Scholastique, I shall not eat any more meat. It does not agree with me."

"Father, all this is unusual. You surely must be troubled about something. You have not been yourself since the trip to Pon:l'Archeveque. What happened to you then?"

She urged him so to reply that he ended by telling her all.

She said: "That does not astonish me. Your kind heart carried you too far. Do not be downhearted, Father. I will take it upon myself to explain the matter until you are able to replace the money."

* * *

The old servant then invented all sorts of stories, which she repeated to every comer. "They had cracked the bell in moving it and it had to be recast. Then the Father intended to send it to Rome to have it blessed by the Holy Father, and that would be a long journey."

The priest did not forbid her, but he became more and more melancholy. He felt responsible, not only for his own falsehoods, but also for those of Scholastique. These added to the sin of using the money of others, made an overwhelming mass of iniquity. He bent under the burden, and by degrees a cadaverous pallor replaced the ruddy hue of hale old age on his shrunken cheeks.

The day fixed for the celebration of the Abbé's golden anniversary and for the consecration of the new bell had long passed by. The inhabitants of the parish were greatly astonished at this.

Rumors began to circulate. Farigul, the peddler, said that he had seen the priest in company with a strange woman in the suburbs of Rosy-les-Roses, and he added:

"Take my word for it, he has squandered the clock money on her."

A faction was formed against the unfortunate priest. When he passed along the streets, many hats were not removed and he overheard hostile murmurings.

The poor man was completely overcome by remorse. He felt the keenest sorrow and realized the enormity of his sin. Still he could not help feeling a bit of consolation in spite of all. He knew that in this imprudent almsgiving with the money of another he had acted in spite of himself, that he had not even been given time for reflection. He also said to himself that this unreasoning charity had been the means of bringing to the ignorant soul of the gypsy girl a revelation of God which would perhaps be followed by regeneration.

In his imagination he could again see those eyes, so black, so soft, so full of distress. Notwithstanding this grain of comfort, his condition became unsupportable. Finally, one day, after praying long and earnestly, he resolved to rid himself of his burden by publicly confessing his sin to his congregation.

* * *

The very next Sunday, he ascended his pulpit with the pallid and determined expression of a martyr entering the arena.

He began: "Dear brothers, dear friends, dear children, I have a confession to make to you."

At that moment, the clear, limpid, silvery music of a bell filled the old church, and a murmur of delight ran through the congregation.

"The new bell! The new bell!"

* * *

Was it a miracle? Did God send the new bell by his angels to save the honor of his charitable servant?

Or, rather, had Scholastique confided her master's distress to the two American ladies who lived in the beautiful château a few miles from Lande-Fleuri, and had those kind women arranged to give Abbé Corentin this glad surprise?

To my mind, the second explanation presents fewer difficulties than the other. Whichever way it was, the parishioners of Lande-Fleuri never knew what it was that their priest was about to confess that Sunday morning.

A CATHOLIC INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

E. LYELL EARLE.



E note with pleasure the fact that our Catholic schools, with scarcely a wilful exception, are ready to embrace every new important subject or intelligent method of instruction. The broader and more tolerant spirit brought to the consideration of the subject of modern education, has led to the calm investigation of anything calculated to advance the best interests of the pupil. The various Catholic summer schools, too, are bearing their natural fruit, and the private Institutes conducted for teachers, deprived of those supported by the State, are supplying as well as may be a great and long-felt want.

The writer's position in Regents' studies, and his relation to the educational department of a prominent New York publication, kept him in touch as a duty with almost all of the secular institutions of learning, and as a choice with many Catholic schools and colleges. The above statement is the result of this position and experience.

This makes him bold to offer a suggestion as to a course of study that might be interestingly and fruitfully taught in Catholic schools with an advanced English course, and in all Academies and Colleges.

It might be called A Catholic Introduction to the Study of Literature. Its object would be to give our young people a correct knowledge of the Church's position in the literature in the world, and the place Catholics held and hold in producing it. Its scope would embrace literature in General, National, and Ecclesiastical literature and literature of Catholics.

This is an aspect of the subject likely to be overlooked. With our traditional habit of modesty and meekness, we are willing to permit ourselves to be robbed of glories all our own; and, going on the principle that excellence is *per se* evident, keep silent about deeds worthy the highest chronicling.

There is room here for a good text book. The writer has almost material enough ready, should he have time and inducement enough to order it.

The subject as a method might be taught both as an introduction to literature, and along with the regular course.

We will outline some of the topics and then take up the various divisions briefly.

1. Literature in General — Its origin; its nature; its purpose.
2. Ecclesiastical Literature — The Scriptures; the Fathers; the Liturgy.
3. National Literature of Catholics — Grecian, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, American.

Anyone even slightly familiar with History and Literature will see at a glance what an immense field there is here.

The first two headings would be strictly an Introduction and should precede the formal course of the text book. The foreign literatures or authors would be almost in the same class and would serve to whet the young appetite for English and American subjects and authors.

The subject matter of the first two divisions could be gotten over in fourteen weeks, giving an hour each day three times a week. This would leave twenty-six weeks of the school year for formal text book work accompanied always by the Catholic side of the study.

Under the head of literature in general, a great deal could be said to give the student a correct conception of the office of literature, and safeguard him against false standards and models. This is the time to instill into the young mind and heart correct ideals, and keep far away from them all matter that would create an appetite for the low and the sensational. Its origin could be traced historically to its first sources, the needs and aspirations of man modified by social, political, and religious environment. Its scope could be defined as ministering to man's instruction and pleasure, subordinate to his final destiny, and to the discharge of the natural and assumed obligations of life.

Under the head of Ecclesiastical literature a vast field presents itself. So vast in fact that the difficulty herein would be in selecting what is best calculated to give students a general idea of the subject, and excite their ambition for delving deeper into this treasure land.

The Scriptures especially will afford ample scope for several most entertaining lessons. Of course one must limit one's self here

to a mere sweeping glance at this tempting prospect. The nature of the various parts of the Old Testament especially should be pointed out: the sublimity of treatment and subject, and their unbounded influence on all subsequent literature emphasized. The Fathers, those vast store houses of wonderful erudition, will be classified and their special characteristics noted. While the Liturgy with all its varied beauty of Hymnology, Symbolism, Scriptural, and Patristic lore will prove a theme both instructive from a literary standpoint, and fraught with influences that shall very materially affect the daily lives of the Catholic youth.

Passing to Catholic literature and authors among various nations, its relation to Catholic habit of mind and living can be pointed out, and the influence of the Church's doctrine and practice can be traced alike in the theme selected, and in the manner of its treatment.

Incidentally, too, the student can be made to see how much those outside the church have drawn their inspiration from her doctrines and imitated the works of her children.

It will not be necessary to confine these to themes exclusively religious. It will suffice that the subject flow from Catholic habits and belief of life, and deal with people and events in ordinary Catholic society.

In the limited time allowed for this Introduction it will be impossible to point out more than the great masterpieces of Catholic authors and ages.

As an example the religious element in the *Divina Comedia* of Dante can be shown to dominate the personal and political motives that swayed the author. After the exodus of the barbarian hordes from the centuries of tutelage, their vigorous virgin efforts were all inspired by religious themes, their daily food in fact.

It could be shown that the early makers of German, Spanish, English and French literature all took their direction from the Church and produced a high, pure, and wholesome mental nourishment.

Monk Caedmon in England, long before Milton, sang in vigorous numbers of the fall and restoration of man, and gave the model for the later bard's immortal epic.

The central idea of Tennyson's *Holy Grail* and the *Idyls of the King* is Catholic chastity; and the best beauties of our own gentle Longfellow are borrowed from Catholic sources without any literary qualms of conscience.

Each nation would furnish ample proof of the above truth and afford the teacher great scope for showing the place the Church and Catholics hold in making the literature of the world.

Coming to the regular course in English and American literature obligatory in most institutions of learning, the method is somewhat changed. There we follow the historical development of the subject, and assign Catholic authors their proper place among writers of a given period. In most text books they are relegated to the end of the chapter, and in a repellent style of type are given a few lines abounding in errors and most general statements.

Whatever is distinctly Catholic in other authors should be clearly indicated and credit given to the dogma or the practice or the source whence it is drawn. Then, too, a constant process of expurgation is necessary, in allowing our young people to read indiscriminately writers of all creeds and none. The poison has to be eliminated and an antidote given.

The question naturally arises who is going to teach this course, which of necessity implies a wide and ready knowledge? Certainly not every teacher, not even every special teacher of literature is qualified to fill this position.

In parochial schools, with an academic department, the pastor or a young, ambitious assistant could easily give time and effort to this subject.

If he have a Reading Circle or Lyceum to take charge of this work will be a natural help for his meetings. Even without this, his college and seminary training fits him for the task. His general knowledge of History and the Scriptures, his daily reading of the Divine Office and Ritual of the Church, his extensive acquaintance with the literature of the world, past and to-day, make the task a comparatively easy one.

Not that it will suffice to come to the class room with merely general and ill-defined views on these subjects. His work must be school work. Vague and sweeping statements and eulogies of the Church and her children will produce no lasting results. It will be like a sermon abounding in generalities and flashes of beauty, but making no lasting impression, and leaving but little that is real for the listener to grasp.

The work must be clear, methodic, and complete. As we said above — it must be school work. The student must be able to repeat at least a summary of it. Epochs and the persons must be clearly defined in his mind, as an intelligent basis for future work.

This would answer for parochial schools.

In colleges and the higher academies there should always be a teacher for the special course. It will mean a little extra expense, but the results will more than repay the expenditure. It will be something pre-eminently Catholic in the curriculum of study. It will be something the student can procure in no other school. It will be a help to the pastor in his church work. His sermons will receive greater and more intelligent attention. It will justify his digressing somewhat in his discourses into the field of literature. It will be possible for him to refer to the Fathers and the varied beauties of the Liturgy in his sermons. It will save him much anxiety and labor in combating pernicious literature and opposing false standards. It will make his school library mean something, and if he have societies, literary or otherwise, it will give tone and method to his work.

It may be objected to all this that the school course is already too crowded and that it would be impossible to accomplish necessary work and give time to this.

First of all, this objection would hold against any or all new subjects or methods no matter how excellent or important.

Secondly this is a necessary work without which other work is imperfect and dangerous.

Lastly, it need not interfere with any subject being taught.

Take for instance, advanced English. How easy to select a passage from the Scriptures, the Fathers, some hymn of the Liturgy, or a quotation from some Catholic author as the subject of grammatical, rhetorical, and even logical analysis. The dignity of the subject, its specific meaning for a Catholic, will serve to impress it more deeply on the mind, while all the ends of teaching shall have been protected.

Let us suppose there is a Latin or Greek class in our Academies and Colleges. Take one of the beautiful Latin hymns of St. Thomas or St. Bernard or others. The style may not be of Virgil or of Ovid; but the poetry is as high, and the meaning more profound.

A translation of the hymn or a stanza might be attempted. The famous translations of the great hymns read to the students, and where they could find them indicated.

The dogma, the poetry, the history of the hymn or the stanza could be dwelt on, and incidentally the grammatical analysis worked out as a class exercise. No one can say that this method would not be a good one for advanced English and Latin classes.

In the Greek, the hymns of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, or St. Basil's prose poems would serve the same end. The Greek of these Fathers is almost as good as any used in first or second year's Greek text books. Here, too, all the methods of the subject in hand may be followed. Of course this is not to supplant the regular Latin or Greek classes. They are to serve as an antidote to the necessary poison.

The writer has tried this for several years and the results were very satisfactory. The same course can be followed in National literature. More stress should be laid on the matter of selections when the class comes to living Catholic authors. Where special authors are indicated as in the case of the Regents, they must be taught, but even there collaterally Catholic authors must have a place, and the influence of Catholic doctrine and authors on the work being studied must be clearly pointed out. This is always easy, for there is not a work of any importance where the influence of Catholic belief and literature is not felt.

We have already mentioned Tennyson and Longfellow. Any-one familiar with these can recall Catholic beauties sparkling like so many gems, set there by these master-builders. We might quote page on page to show this, but merely mention it. The intelligent teacher will not fail to find them.

Who can forget Evangeline returning to Grand Pre, after having received Holy Communion? One such picture painted in the youthful imagination will last forever. No time, no care, no sin even can entirely efface it. It is better than a sermon. It is a mighty example. 'Tis the hand of God in the beautiful, leaving its deathless impress upon the soul.

Looking at the subject impartially, there is no reason why we cannot have this special course. Its benefits are so great, its difficulties so few that the results more than equalize the labor. Let it be given a trial, and I am sure it will never be discontinued.

EVENING.

HUGH M. MAGEVNEY.

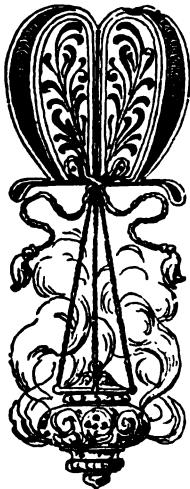
As the sun in the west
Sinketh slowly to rest,
Wrapt in his bright robes of scarlet,
Timid night in the east
Like a calm, holy priest,
Comes unto the death-bed of twilight.

FRENCH WOMEN OF THE OLD REGIME.

COUNTESS DE COURSON.

III.

IN EXILE AND POVERTY.



ANY of our readers are aware that at the outset of the French Revolution, a large number of priests and nobles left France. These first emigrants were far from realizing the gravity and extent of the upheaving which was to effect such a complete change in the political and social conditions of their country. They were disgusted, even more than alarmed, at the excesses of the Revolutionary party and fondly imagined that after an absence of a few months they would be free to return to their homes. Later, when the Reign of Terror fairly set in, the number of "émigrés" increased. Many crossed the frontier to save their lives, others, in order to form a body of troops that, together with the allied powers, might march into France, deliver the King from his prison and re-establish order. The emigration as a political act, has been severely criticised; it has been observed with reason that the King's brave and faithful servants would have better served his cause by rallying round him at the hour of peril than by putting the frontier between them and their unfortunate sovereign; that they thus lost a golden opportunity of struggling against and perhaps mastering the terrific power of the Revolution. These arguments, no doubt, are reasonable, but, while admitting their truth, we must remember how difficult it is after the lapse of a hundred years to understand how past events appeared to those who were called upon to act in moments of extraordinary difficulty. If, politically speaking, the "émigrés" committed an error when they abandoned their country to the horrors of anarchy, they nevertheless deserve our esteem for the courage with which they endured the privations of their long and painful exile and, among these brave sufferers, the women of the old "Regime" have a place of honor.

The exodus from France of many thousands of priests and royalists began after the taking of the Bastile, July 14, 1789. The

King's brothers, the Counts of Artois and Provence, set the example; they were speedily followed by the Prince de Condé, his son and grandson, and by a large number of royalists belonging to the highest nobility in the kingdom.

These first emigrants were full of delusions; they imagined that the agitation in France was only at the surface, that, with the assistance of the allied Powers, peace would soon be restored and that their own absence from home would not extend beyond a few months. Madame de Montagu, daughter of the martyred duchess of Ayen, was about to emigrate with her husband; her sister, Madame de Grammont came to help her to prepare for the journey and inquired whether she had taken her diamonds. "Oh, no," replied the traveler, "they would be of no use. I am not going to a fête." — "Poor dear, it is for that very reason you must take them," replied the more far-seeing sister. Madame de Montagu obeyed, and when in her distress she sold her diamonds to buy bread, she blessed Madame de Grammont's thoughtfulness. An interesting correspondence between Madame de Bombelles and Madame de Raigecourt, the one in Switzerland and the other at Treves, gives us a vivid picture of the alternatives of hopes and fears through which the unfortunate exiles passed. Both these ladies were the intimate friends of the King's holy sister, Madame Elisabeth, and were intelligent, high-minded and deeply religious. We can trace in their letters together with their devoted love for her, whom they call "our angel Princess," the succession of emotions that agitated their anxious hearts. They at first believed in a speedy return to France, and then by degrees, their hopes in the Emperor's intervention, in the success of the allied Powers, in the King's energy, in his brother's courage and devotion, faded away and at last Madame de Bombelles writes to her friend: "I resign myself to the will of God, He alone can save us." In face of their shattered hopes and bitter disappointments these two noble souls, faithful to their royal mistress's teaching and example, sought comfort in faith and prayer: "My only consolation," again writes Madame de Bombelles, "is to pray for our Princess and her family and to repeat to myself without ceasing that nothing happens to us without God's permission and that He has wise and just reasons which we must respect and adore."

As the Revolution daily gained strength, new and stringent laws were issued against the "émigrés"; to correspond with an "émigré" was a crime punished by death. Hence it became almost impossible for the thousands of "émigrés" scattered throughout

Europe to know anything of the fate of their nearest and dearest who had remained at home. Numbers of persons, of every age and condition, were sent to the guillotine merely because they were suspected of having written to or received letters from their relatives who had crossed the frontier.

While it crushed the country under a yoke of iron, the Revolutionary government raised formidable armies that, ill-trained and inexperienced as they were, nevertheless held in check the forces of the allied Powers, to which had been added the body of troops commanded by the Prince de Condé and composed entirely of royalist gentlemen. Some of these were mere boys and after the first flush of confident hope in a speedy triumph they realized to the full the miseries and hardships of a disastrous warfare.

By degrees the little stock of money that had been brought from France, dwindled away; jewels, clothes, weapons, everything was sold to procure bread and there came a time when throughout Germany, Holland, Switzerland, England and Italy might be seen men and women bearing the greatest names in France, who by the work of their brain and hands supported their aged parents or their little children.

Here and there, but rarely, we find a woman who to the obscure and daily struggle for existence preferred the perils of the battlefield. Such was Madame du Houssay, a Norman lady of good birth and blameless reputation, who, dressed like a man, fought by her husband's side in the royalist army. She was tall and strong and fulfilled all her military duties so zealously that she was quoted as a first-rate soldier. The secret of her being a woman was suspected, but none ventured to allude to it in her presence and she was always addressed as the "Chevalier du Houssay" and supposed to be her husband's younger brother. Her regiment fought at the siege of Dinan, in Belgium, against the Republican armies, and here her husband was grievously wounded. She carried him to the hospital and returned to her post; soon afterwards, M. de Houssay was killed at Louvain; his wife took his body in her arms, laid it in a deep grave, which she covered up with earth and then continued to fight. We find her sometime afterwards at Guiberon, in Britany, where her regiment was cut to pieces, she herself was made a prisoner and condemned to be shot, but contrived to escape disguised as a washerwoman. She lived to see the restoration of the Bourbons and was invested by Louis XVII with the military order of St. Louis.

The example of Madame de Houssay met with few imitators. As a rule, the French women of the Old Regime, whom political vicissitudes had thrown amid the moral anguish and material privations of a life of exile, turned their energies to the patient endurance of their sufferings.

In England, where the refugees from France met with much generous sympathy, we find among many other noble ladies, one whose singularly perfect character and extraordinary courage deserves a special mention.

Charlotte Hélenè de Lastic, Countess de Saisseral, was married at the age of seventeen and appointed at the same time, lady of honor to Madame Victoire of France, and of Louis XVI. Madame Elisabeth, whose attention had been attracted by the winning sweetness of her aunt's young attendant, soon became greatly attached to her and it was to the influence of the martyred Princess that Madame de Saisseral attributed what she called "her conversion." Her conduct had always been blameless and her attitude edifying, but at the age of twenty-five, after a novena which she had made to the Sacred Heart, at Madame Elisabeth's suggestion, a great change took place in her soul, and she decided to lead a life as perfect as possible. She obtained her husband's permission to get up at 5 instead of at 11, and to employ these early hours of the day in visiting the hospitals and the poor. She so arranged her day that none of her duties at home or at Court were neglected in consequence of the change in her habits; long years afterwards, alluding to this momentous epoch in her spiritual life, she writes: "I do not think any one could be more timid and less enterprising than I was. But with a firm will and the grace of God one can do all things."

Madame de Saisseral was 27 when, in 1791, her husband, in common with many other officers, decided to emigrate. He first went to Brussels with his wife, her mother and his three little children, then joined the army commanded by the Prince de Condé, but was forced by illness to leave it. In 1795, the invasion of Belgium by the Republican armies obliged the French refugees to fly and Madame de Saisseral, with her sick husband, embarked for England. It was in the depths of winter, the travelers landed in an unknown town and during nine hours wandered about without finding a shelter. Madame de Saisseral was still weak and ailing, her youngest baby was not two weeks old and the experience was well calculated to break down the courage of the delicate, high-born Court lady. "The snow was falling fast," she relates, "and when I

saw my mother, my husband and my poor little children literally dying of cold and hunger, I shed many bitter tears. Then I was struck by the resemblance between my position and that of Our Lady at Bethlehem. I dried my tears and began to hope or at any rate to be resigned."

On arriving in London, where she lived from 1795 to 1799, Madame de Saisseral bravely set to work to earn the daily bread of those dependent on her. She was clever and earned money by her embroidery, her painting and her skill in plaiting straw hats; by dint of incessant labor, she was able to educate her children and to give her husband all the comforts and all the care he needed in his last illness. He died in London and in order to buy mourning for herself and her children, Madame de Saisseral was obliged to pawn all the colored garments she possessed.

The courage of the young widow, her gifts of heart and intelligence, soon gained for her wide-spread sympathies. Several English Catholic ladies became her devoted friends and her poor lodging was the favorite resort of her countrymen. The large, bare room which in the daytime served as a work-room was used in the morning as a chapel, where many exiled bishops and priests said mass; when, as sometimes happened, there was abundance of work, Madame de Saisseral sent round to those of her "émigré" friends who were less favored; they gladly came and by lending a helping hand, had a share in the day's profits. Madame de Lastic, who was too old to work, undertook to cook for the little colony. "I felt so weak," wrote Madame de Saisseral many years later, "that it was all I could do to ask God for strength to spend the day. Sometimes, I almost hoped that God would soon call me to Himself, but remembering those to whom I was useful, I used to drive away the thought as a sinful one and simply asked God to give me grace for the present moment, without looking beyond."

The soul that had been formed in so severe a school was destined to do great things for the glory of God and the salvation of other souls. Madame de Saisseral returned to her native land in 1801; of her seven children only three survived and these three were destined to die before their mother, whose life was henceforth entirely devoted to good works. It was she who amidst the ruins caused by the Revolution, laid the foundation of many charitable and useful associations for the training of homeless children, the education of priests, the care of the sick, etc. During fifty years, she was the life and soul of these different works and, at last, in May, 1850, she went to reap the reward of her long and useful life.

Madame de Goutant, who afterwards became governess of the Duke de Bordeaux, grandson of Charles X, was, like Madame de Saisseral, a refugee in England, where she earned her living by painting boxes, her husband helped her and her mother knitted. Sometimes the natural gaiety of the French character broke out in spite of hardships and privations. "We work ten hours a day to earn our bread," writes one of the noble exiles, "but in the evening we change our dresses, we talk and dance."

The "émigré" ladies who found a shelter in England had the comfort of feeling that, however difficult and painful their lives might be, they were at any rate safe from the French Revolutionists. In other countries it was not so and the refugees in Holland, Germany and Switzerland were exposed to continual alarms; like a mighty wave the Republican armies steadily spread over Europe and the unhappy royalists knew that a certain death awaited them at the hands of their countrymen.

The memoirs of Madame de Falaiseau, recently published, give us a harrassing picture of the mental and material sufferings endured by a wife and mother during ten mortal years. Like Madame de Saisseral, she left France in 1791 with her infant son and two faithful servants; the Marquis de Falaiseau had already joined the army of the Prince de Condé, but neither he nor his wife realized the gravity of the situation. "We meant to spend three months in Belgium and then to return to find everything as in the past." These delusions lasted some months. At Bonn, where Madame de Falaiseau went, on leaving Belgium, she found a brilliant society of "émigrés", a miniature Versailles, and at Coblenz "a multitude of French people riding and walking; it looked like the Champs Elyseés or the Bois de Boulogne."

By degrees, matters changed, illusions fled and the pressure of poverty made itself cruelly felt. In 1795, when the Revolutionary armies invaded Holland, we find Madame de Falaiseau alone at Amsterdam; with a terrible wrench, she had sent her two children to England with devoted friends to save them from falling into the hands of the Republicans, her husband, who would have been instantly shot had he been seized by his countrymen, escaped to Germany, but she was daily expecting the birth of her third child and therefore unable to travel. Another noble French "émigré", the Princess de Berghes, was in a similar condition, and the two poor women found an asylum in the house of a Dutch family, who grudgingly consented to shelter them at this dread crisis of their lives. Their very existence had to be kept a secret, for the

French troops were in possession of the city and their hosts feared that the presence of two helpless French ladies might, if discovered, prove dangerous to their own safety. Madame de Falaiseau spent long weeks in a kind of cellar, where her daughter Adèle was born on the 21st of January, anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI.

"I consecrated her to the Blessed Virgin", related her mother my misfortunes seemed to be forgotten from that moment, and I exclaimed: My God, I thank Thee, bless and keep my child!"

The Princess de Berghes, her companion in misfortune, was lodged in a low and narrow attic, where on the same day she gave birth to a son; she seems to have been better provided with money than Madame de Falaiseau. "The presence of Madame de Berghes," writes the latter, "was a blessing to which I probably owe my own life and that of my baby. This confirms my conviction that Providence never fails to send consolations equal to their trials to those who put their trust in its mercy."

Throughout the troubles that still awaited her, Madame de Falaiseau's faith and patience never failed. From Amsterdam she made her way to Hamburg, then a free city where a large number of French exiles found an asylum. Here she was joined by her husband and by her eldest boy, a youth of rare promise to whom the suffering of his infancy had given a self-abnegation beyond his years. This son, the pride and joy of his parents in their distress, was taken from them in 1801; he died with perfect calmness and extraordinary piety; "he was only thirteen," writes his father, "but to me he was like a friend of forty years old." The same year Madame de Falaiseau was able to return to Paris, which she had left ten years before in the flush of youth, full of hopes and illusions. It was only in 1807 that she had the joy of embracing her second son, Charles, who had been completely brought up in England under the care of his parents' faithful friends. One of the saddest features of the emigration was the unavoidable dispersion of families; parents and children, driven here and there, by the Revolutionary tempest, remained during long years strangers to each other. Monsieur de Falaiseau recognized his child by the latter's resemblance to his elder brother; the boy spoke only English and all through his long life he kept an English accent in speaking French.

Another and more consoling feature of the emigration was the strong bond of mutual charity which it created among those who were suffering for the same cause.

"We seemed to form one large family," writes Madame de Falaiseau; "we became accustomed to seek one another, to be interested in each other's affairs, to help and assist our neighbors and to put our resources in common. I have so often been helped and consoled by the feeling of brotherhood that I do my best to keep it alive in myself and in others. I made it a rule, for example, never to let the thought of my own future needs, prevent me from helping others in more immediate necessities than my own."

Another French lady, who like Madame de Falaiseau, found a refuge at Hambourg was the Countess de Neuilly. Less improvident than many of her countrymen, she had taken a certain sum of money with her on leaving France. She was convinced that many years might elapse before she was able to return to her own country and she bravely established a shop where she sold perfumery and fine linen. Her daughter, who was clever with her needle, used to embroider ribbons, which the German ladies bought with enthusiasm. Madame de Neuilly, whose letters have been published by her son in his memoirs, was a different type of woman from the Marquise de Falaiseau, less tender less pious, but singularly firm, clear-headed and practical. All day long she was in her shop, which, owing to her activity and cleverness, became a real success; in the evening she used to change her dress and go to the parties or private theatricals, with which the "émigrés" sought to beguile the weariness of their exile. "I am now going to be the lady," she used to say to her children, "I have been the shop-woman all day."

Curious and yet pathetic were these evening gatherings of men and women, who during the long day had worked for their bread and who, with the natural elasticity of their race, threw off for a few hours their crushing weight of sorrow and became gay and witty as of old. Madame de Neuilly's letters give us a picture of the different occupations which her countrymen had adopted at Hambourg; among the men, some were dancing masters, others fencing, music or drawing; Monsieur de Foustain and Monsieur de Chateau Thierry established a "café"; the abbé d' Espartes gave enough French lessons "to buy himself a set of new clothes"; the Baron de Flotte became a farmer; the Chevalier de Montmorency a pastry cook. A young girl bearing the same illustrious name of Montmorency, was a water carrier; Madame de Brémont sold hats; the Countess d' Asfeld sold wine.

Madame de Neuilly, who so nobly and simply worked for her living and was proud to do so, considered it derogatory to her dig-

nity to return to France until the Bourbon princes had recovered possession of their kingdom. She let her son and daughter follow their longing to see their country again, but obstinately refused to follow, and it was only after the restoration of Louis XVIII that she consented to join them.

Very touching is the story of another "émigré" lady, the Countess de Virieu; her husband was one of the military chiefs who commanded the troops at Lyons, when that city rose against the tyranny of the Government.

Madame de Virieu was at Lausanne, tortured by anxiety on account of her husband, of whom she had no positive news. She only knew that the city, after a bloody siege, had been taken by the Revolutionists and that its defenders had been cruelly put to death. A worthy cloth merchant of Grenoble, named Rubichon, moved by her deep sorrow and crushing anxiety, promised to return to Lyons and seek for Monsieur de Virieu, who, according to some reports, had made his escape, and according to others, had been slain at the head of his men. The unhappy wife waited in breathless suspense, the days passed by and no news came; at last a parcel was put into her hands, she opened it and from it fell a piece of black cloth, of the kind called in the country "widow's cloth"; to the sinister black drapery was pinned a paper with these words: "From Monsieur Rubichon." "My mother," writes Melle. de Vierieu in her recollections, "fell on her knees and watered the piece of cloth with her tears. She understood that all hope was lost."

It was also at Lausanne that a noble family from Savoy found a refuge. In a book, published by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, we find a pathetic picture of the sufferings of his ancestors during those terrible days. The Marquis of that time had fought with the troops from Savoy against the Revolutionary armies. His eldest son, a mere boy, had been killed in battle and his own services being no longer required, he joined his wife whom he had not seen for four years. Their grandson tells us how during the long winter evenings, the refugees used to assemble in a shabby room, around a poor stove. Masters and servants, united by sorrows borne in common, seemed on an equality. Near the Marquise Costa, who was employed in mending her children's tattered clothes, sat the old family chaplain saying his rosary. The faithful maid and valet who had clung to their master's evil fortunes with unswerving attachment, were close by, the one busy at her distaff, the other employed in relating long stories of adventure to the Marquis' younger children. In the adjoining room were treasured

the memorials of the dead boy whose empty place was never forgotten: his sword, his drawings, his letters, his portrait.

In hundreds of French families similar recollections are handed down from father to son, and as we write these lines we see before us a poor, common wooden spoon, that loving hands now cold and dead, carefully put aside among family treasures. A Norman gentleman who like many others, took service in the army raised in Germany by the Prince de Condé, died at Constance, far from his wife, his children and the ancestral home hidden among the apple trees of his native province. A country neighbor, who had likewise emigrated, returned many years later to Normandy and brought to his friend's children the coarse, wooden spoon, with which the dead soldier had eaten his last meal. Trivial in itself, but pathetic on account of the memories it recalls, the poor, little spoon lies among his descendants' precious relics.

Before closing this paper, we must present to our American readers a woman, who, in spite of her humility, earned for herself a special place among her exiled countrymen. Daughter of that duchess d' Ayen, whose unworldly life was the fit preparation for an heroic death, the young Marquise de Montagu was one of those five sisters whose early training we noticed in a previous sketch. She tasted to the dregs the bitterness of exile, her nearest and dearest perished on the scaffold and she herself wandered homeless over Europe until she found a refuge with her father's sister, the Countess de Tessé. More provident than many others, Madame de Tessé had taken part of her fortune with her on leaving France. She bought a large farm some miles from Altona, in North Germany, and with its produce she provided for the little colony of relations and friends whom she had gathered round her in her northern solitude. Although she was herself safe from the worst pangs of poverty, owing to her aunt's generosity, Madame de Montagu was pursued by the memory of the hardships she had witnessed during her wanderings. Hers was an ardent and most loving heart and her tender compassion for her fellow-sufferers overcame her natural repugnance to attract attention. Poor herself and dependent on Madame de Tessé's kindness, she could not give much and yet the privations of the forty thousand "émigrés" scattered over Europe haunted her day and night. In order to relieve them, she organized a vast subscription and with the assistance of a few devoted and influential friends, raised a considerable sum of money. "It would be difficult to say," writes her biographer, "the exact sum that was collected by herself or by her helpers

the accounts which were carefully kept have since been destroyed, but enough remains to show that a portion of the money was employed in making a monthly allowance to families whose distress was greatest, or to old people unable to earn their bread."

Although she strove to remain hidden and unnoticed, Madame de Montagu soon found that the "émigrés" naturally looked to her as their earthly providence. In response to her touching appeal to public charity on behalf of her countrymen, gifts of money, food and clothes were poured upon her, but these generous contributions speedily found their use. From the distant solitude, where her lot was cast, this timid and delicate young woman, whom her tender compassion had drawn out of her natural reserve, became the good angel of the exiled French. Those who wished to find employment for themselves, situations for their friends, schools for their children, addressed themselves to her and never in vain. Her family was sometimes alarmed at her ceaseless activity, but in her frail body there was a soul of fire. "This is the only means I have of doing good," she used to say when anxious friends remonstrated with her upon the trouble and fatigue she so cheerfully took upon herself to serve others.

Sometimes when the distress of her beloved "émigrés" seemed more acute, she would ransack her drawers and cupboards and despoil herself of the little she had left. Thus she gave away her prayer book, and what was a still greater sacrifice, the black dress she had worn for her martyred mother, and which she kept as a kind of relic.

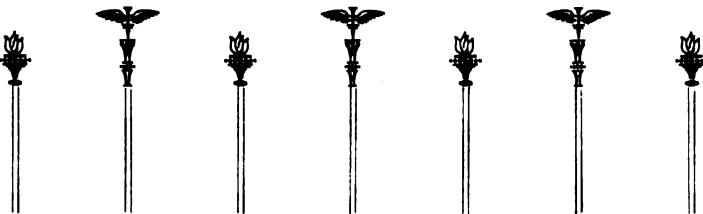
"She gave all she possessed," writes her biographer, "her work, her time, her sleep", for often the whole night was spent by her in writing or working on behalf of her poor clients.

When happier days dawned and she returned to France, Madame de Montagu's passionate love for alms-giving poured itself out in different channels; in her as in her sisters the holy teaching received in the far-off days of the Old Regime, at the knee of their mother, had produced ample fruit. In their case as in many others, the bitter wind of adversity brought strength to souls that a life of pleasure might have enervated and perhaps corrupted.

If, as we are taught, the "one thing necessary" is the salvation of our immortal souls, then all that serves this end, however repugnant and painful to nature, must have a bright and consoling aspect. So it is, that amidst the horrors of the Revolution, we can rest our minds upon the noble examples of faith, heroism and self-sacrifice that were given to the world by the French women of the "Old Regime"; whose innate qualities of soul were brought out by trials almost unprecedented in the history of the civilized world.



THE ANNUNCIATION, BY BOUGUEREAU.



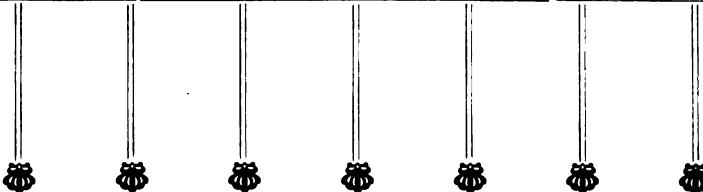
THE ANNUNCIATION.

E. B. S.

In Palestine the Spring has come again;
The softest winds blow over vale and hill;
With joy the earth revives from winter's chill.

A royal Maid within the holy fane
In fervent prayer doth, kneeling, long remain;
The morning light falls on her hushed and still,
In her the prophet's word doth God fulfill—
Who, from the first, in His great Heart hath lain,
A perfect soul, created without stain.

At eve she rests beside the window sill,
Mid scent of lilies, in her home, until
The stars reveal an angel, who doth deign
To speak, "Fear not." With awe her senses thrill,
Then doth the Son of God begin His reign.



LIFE OF FATHER ROCCO, FRIAR PREACHER.

Narrated for the Italian People by CARDINAL CAPECELATRO, and done
into English by EDWARD LINTHICUM BUCKEY.

V.

THE SPIRITUAL HUNT FOR THE PLAY-ACTORS, THE GAMBLERS AND THE SINNERS.



HEN Father Rocco preached in the public parks, and collected for love of Jesus Christ, the orphan girls and boys of the Neapolitan people, he was wont to call this his fishing. The hunting began, as it seemed to him, when his zeal undertook a quest more exciting and warlike, that is to say, when he must needs encounter danger.

And danger our brother never fled. Nay, he even sought it, as men do sometimes in times of war. He was gifted by nature with a bold and daring soul, and who can tell but that in the valiant stand he made before danger for the sake of God's cause, he had before his mind the long desired perils of the life given to mission service in a foreign land. Certain it is that the charity required to carry the Gospel anywhere without shrinking and in the midst of opposition, demands a martyr's soul.

In those days it was customary in our beautiful Naples, for wandering play-actors and buffoons to assemble in some open square, and under the plea of providing entertainment for the people, improvise light plays, generally, however, of a not very elevating character. The place resorted to by the lowest and most degraded of these troops, was the square Castello, which now is bordered by such lovely gardens. Let us for a moment enter the old park, and see it as it was in the days of Father Rocco. It was then a bad and dangerous spot. Here thefts, strifes, and quarrels were of daily occurrence. It was the rendezvous of criminals of every sort. Hand to hand encounters were not uncommon, often resulting in a pitched battle, so that it was sometimes necessary to call into requisition the cannon of the Castello effectually to disperse them.

So notorious was the evil reputation of the place that if any one wished to malign an enemy, he had but to say, "Get away with you, your place is in the square of the Castello." In speaking likewise of a thief or homicide, or usurer, all that was necessary to say was: "Oh, he does business in the square of the Castello." Now, through one of those contradictions which abound in human life, in this same park of frequent thefts and brawls, gay songs were sung, dances were performed, and speeches made; and there was an abundance of sinister jokes with jests and sallies of every kind. Our people ever vivacious and lively, laughed with relish at what they heard, though it might not always be so very innocent. It was all done in the open air. To-day undoubtedly it would be esteemed quite barbarous to hold such open-air performances (I am not sure, however, but that they may yet be found in some parts of Naples), although I am told that our better and most noble civilization does even worse things in certain places of corruption, which they call theatres; but which are in reality so low in tone and character that they well deserve a much worse name. Another difference between those times and ours, is that if a servant of God dared to-day speak against such obscene resorts, he would be considered but little less than mad and fit only for a house of detention, whereas then the Catholic priest who endeavored to stir up the dormant moral sentiment of the people, was loved and venerated, and he was not blamed if perchance he resorted to measures violent and extreme. It was not then considered a great sacrilege for a priest to apply a little physical force in his efforts to dissuade men from evil and induce them to use their liberty in right-doing. Now Father Rocco preached to the people, that while it was lawful for them to take recreation, they must do it in a Christian way. In truth not all the popular traveling plays were harmful or objectionable. He knew for example that the people greatly enjoyed watching the performances of some with dogs dressed like Punch and Judy, and also the antics of a monkey which travesties in its actions another popular Neapolitan amusement, called Caviello. He would say to his hearers, like dearest St. Philip, "Children, take what recreation you are minded, on condition only that you do not sin." Sometimes entering more into particulars he would add, "Divert yourselves with song for God has given you birth in a lovely land that is full of harmonies, but even though they all have not God for their theme, let them at least be clean. You love the sound of the tambourine and to recount to each other curious and marvellous

tales; I would not have it otherwise. I do not and would not forbid innocent pastime, but my children, flee, and Father Rocco bids you on his sacred word, flee impure delights which are the ruin of your souls, and which waste and destroy you worse than fire. Woe to you if you do not hearken to my words! If you only knew how terrible is the vengeance God will take for such offences. If you only knew how countless and frightful are the evils that come from this lust of yours for sensual joys."

Sometimes Father Rocco's words would bear immediate fruit, and the actors themselves would keep within the limits of propriety. Generally however the habit of evil doing, their lively dispositions, and their constant desire to please, inclined them to revert to their old, shameful and immodest ways. When Father Rocco heard what was being done in that infamous square of Castello, he immediately betook himself in that direction and began his hunt in the very midst of the crowd. He made a vigorous effort to stop the performance. He ordered the actors to depart, and then mounting one of their benches, delivered a sermon against such outrageous ways of amusement. None of the actors or spectators dared to make open resistance. Father Rocco flourishing on high his Crucifix, and threatening them, in his terrible voice, with the divine judgments, filled them all with a wholesome fear. There were not wanting, however, hints, threats, and furtive attempts to thwart the good efforts of the Friar. Father Rocco showed himself unmoved and seemed even to enjoy their apparent reluctance to yield to his desires. Higher he lifted his voice, showing to all once more the outstretched arms of Jesus crucified. He shook it, and waved it, as if he were about to strike them. He took his Rosary and did the same with that, and so evident were his zeal and bravery from his looks, his attitude, and his words, that almost always the very people who had assisted at the play, stopped to hear what he had to say, with interest, and even with sensible signs of grief. I am aware that men of the world are apt to mock at these sudden changes of the human heart from evil to good and good to evil, but may they not perhaps correspond with that persistent duality and strife which we can all so easily recognize within ourselves? I have observed among the educated similar changes as violent and as frequent too, and the only difference between the two seems to me to be this: the rich

hide their feelings, the others openly betray them. The scene which I have related was often repeated, so that after a while it happened that the actors and buffoons would decamp as soon as they caught sight of Father Rocco's approaching form. And when this did not occur, some of the crowd at least, becoming aware that Father Rocco was drawing near, as if fearing to be detected in some crime, would furtively withdraw and go away, and as the good father approached, it rejoiced his heart to see that God had enabled him to diminish if but little some of the evil which cannot be altogether eliminated from our earthly condition.

But to even greater perils was Father Rocco wont to expose himself when, as he said, he went to hunt the gamblers, because they were generally more resentful and more inflamed by their passions of gain or loss. It was very common then as it partly is to-day, for the poor to spend much of their time in the public houses and wine shops, and even in the alleys and by-ways rarely frequented, playing cards and other games of chance, thus wasting the greater part of the day, which might have been so much more usefully employed. Such playing was not the quiet and sometimes perfectly lawful game of cards which one indulges in after long fatigue. This indeed is no matter for reproof. It was veritable, downright gambling, accompanied by losses of money, and with that insatiable, hateful greed to possess the property of another. It is needless to add that such playing was almost always accompanied too by recriminating remarks, bitter words, and any amount of bad language. Whence it followed that the game often ended in blows and sometimes murder. This deplorable evil, the players would not surrender immediately or altogether to the fiery zeal of Father Rocco. It was not enough to make it the subject of sermons, or to launch invectives against gambling, with that vigorous eloquence so peculiar to his preaching. No, he must go further than that. He went then in the remote and obscure parts of the city, he entered without regard, the open shops, and wherever he found that gambling was going on, put a stop to it, by sheer force of his own personal authority, and by prayers and threats, obtained the promise of its entire cessation. Sometimes as the Lord put it into his heart he made use of efforts more daring and resolute still. He broke up games by scattering the cards, the counters, and the

money, with violent gestures of head and hand, threatening terrible consequences to the players. In short, whether well or ill-disposed, he would oblige the parties to discontinue. But as we might imagine, this method of stopping games was to him a source of continual peril. Many begged him to temper his zeal, and desist from such methods. They urged him not to put himself in so much danger, but to be satisfied with what results he could get from his preaching. "Were not the Apostles content with preaching alone, and all those old servants of God whose spirit assuredly was apostolic? Why must he then desire to use force and violence against the gamblers whose greed of gain often rendered them furious?" But Father Rocco had the mettle of a man that does not easily desist from what he undertakes, and so he continued to follow his own inclinations despite the warnings of his friends. Sometimes the gamblers threatened to cudgel him, again they would vent upon him all manner of profanity and vile language, but the Friar continued straight on his way, slaking his zeal as he saw that notwithstanding the continued threats, he almost always succeeded in breaking up their games. So he dared more every day in combating this noxious sin. One day it happened that our good brother saw some fellows playing their cards under the college steps of St. Thomas of Aquin. It seemed to him a good opportunity for the exercise of his zeal. And behold so audacious was he that he crept very stealthily up to the bench of the players, and then without saying a word, with an impetuous dash of the arm, swept away money and cards and all upon the ground. Then one of the players, already infuriated because he had lost a great deal of money, drew a knife from his pocket, and made a quick lunge at Father Rocco. He would certainly have been a dead man in that instant, had not a chance passer-by raised the stick that he had in his hand, and with an equally dexterous movement, struck the arm of the would-be assassin, and knocked the knife out of his hand. The man, terrified at what he had done, immediately turned and ran away. But in vain; the people rushed after him in hot pursuit, and he was duly captured by the guards. Through the influence of Father Rocco he was however shortly after released from jail and allowed to go free. On another occasion, not unlike this, our Father Rocco displayed a similar daring, although he never wilfully sought such perils. One day three gamblers not content to engage openly in their nefarious play, chose to select for their purpose the steps of the church of Saint Philip and Saint James. It seemed to Father

Rocco that not only were they guilty of sin in their gambling, cursing, and swearing, but also that they were desecrating a holy place. Moved by his zeal, he threw his walking stick in the air, and it fell like lead right in the midst of the players. They turned around much amazed, but no sign of Father Rocco was visible as he had slipped into a shop on the other side of the street. But they recognized whose stick it was, from a curious brass ring and other signs, and they were very much frightened. Without waiting even to pick up the money which had been scattered by the falling stick, they sneaked off, and hid behind a wall to see what would happen.

Then Father Rocco, much elated at the success of his venture, went to the spot and in the presence of everybody tore into bits the cards, and distributed the few pennies to the beggars who had gathered around. In vain were the imprecations of the players, as they saw what was being done. They did not dare to say one word to the Friar. And the people, the good folk who know their true benefactors and love them accordingly, applauded the courage and valor of their dear Father Rocco.

But still more risky and difficult and repulsive was the spiritual ministry of Father Rocco, when he wished in every way to stem that torrent of evil, which is the scourge of city and nation, which chokes souls, and makes them slaves of sense and of deeds too vile to mention. Terrible indeed this warfare which the Catholic priest has to wage against the abettors of an evil so fraught with peril of every kind. Every time I think of it, I pray God if He finds us truly humble and pious, to come to our aid, and grant us His most powerful assistance in this fearful strife!

There is danger in accosting any sinner of this kind, whether man or woman — for their impure and unholy breath, of its very nature, is infectious. There is peril in fighting it without great circumspection, for sometimes in the heat of battle, pride and the senses become rebellious, and turn a promised victory into a sad defeat. There is risk even in studying too profoundly the reasons and consequences of this deadly sin. And yet the Catholic priest according to the measure of his strength and Christian prudence, must fight it in the name of God wherever he meets it.

Father Rocco in attacking impurity went about it in his bold, frank, daring way. Consequently besides the dangers inherent in the sin itself he encountered the vicious hatred of many wicked women and their base admirers. They cursed him, they ridiculed him, they vilified his character, they loaded him with slanderous

charges, hoping thereby to weary him, making him see how little they esteemed him. Sometimes they went so far as to strike him, to beat him and to threaten his life. But God who read his pure intention, guided him and kept him safe. Not only did he come forth as conqueror in all these trials, but issued scathless from that fiery furnace in patience and in chastity. He preserved also his good name untarnished, even though he mixed with the vilest sinners, and never refused to go anywhere in his hunt after the sheep which were lost, so that he might bring them back to the fold of their shepherd Jesus Christ. His harvest indeed was great, and he had the happiness to gather in his home under the shelter of faith and Christian charity, numbers of girls who had gone astray, and whose career so early had been stained. When once he harvested these souls, he kept them safe, and never did he abandon them, for they were the choice fruits of his charity, not only because these unhappy creatures were so often the victims of poverty, but also because he remembered that Jesus Christ had taught us that there was more joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

Hence it was that while he sought to win them to a religious and moral life, mindful of their poverty, he provided for their wants, and even maintained them at his own expense. Every day he begged alms for them, and he never failed to send to the house constant supplies of food. And it is touching to think that this work which had cost him so many tears, and so much trouble, nevertheless remained dear to him even to his last days. When he was on his bed of death, he had no other anxiety save for the future of these women won by him from a life of shame.

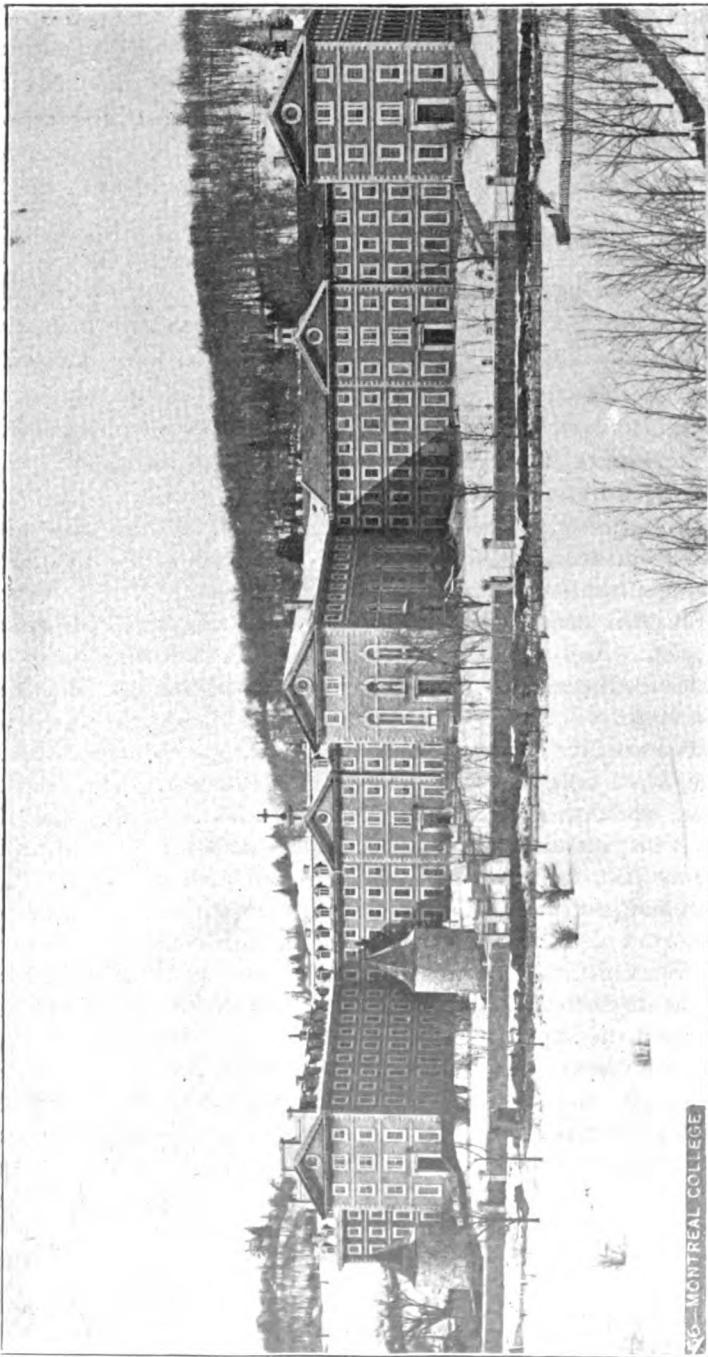
This grand zeal of Father Rocco against impurity, resulted one day in a singular incident, which will aid us much in gaining a better idea of the warlike disposition of our dear servant of God, as well as of the manners of the time. A foreign ship dropped anchor in the bay of Naples. A group of dissolute soldiers disembarked and began to take possession of the town, with their ribald songs and wanton conduct. Not content with the uproar they were making they made known their base intentions, and flaunted them with boasting manner in the very face of the passers-by. As soon as Father Rocco heard of it, without waiting one second, he rushed off to meet them and stop them on their way. Catching sight of them, he waved on high his crucifix which was his constant weapon,

and with high authoritative voice said to them, "What do you mean to do? and where will you go? Why do you thus scandalize my people?" The soldiers at first were rather startled, and replied, "And who are you, and what matters it to you what we intend to do?" So saying they began their forward march. But Father Rocco did not let them, but with his crucifix and rosary and high vibrating voice did everything he could to stop and disperse them. At last the soldiers drew their swords to strike him, but behold a great crowd of people hastened to his aid, and made of themselves a shield to their beloved Friar and protected him most effectually. Then some soldiers on horseback came up to quell the tumult, and after a little while, the foreigners seeing so many people, and such great commotion, beat a retreat, and returned to their ship. So at least for the present all was quiet again.

The various facts which I have narrated to show how great was the influence exercised by Father Rocco upon the Neapolitan people, contributed also to increase it. The people were convinced that this their dearest brother, and such he was, acted always for their good. And on the other hand, the Friar knowing the power he had with the people, gained always greater courage, and dared always more.

Even the civil authority, the soldiers, the government, the king himself, were obliged to consider Father Rocco in their relations with the citizens, and especially with the masses. They saw that to have his friendship was a great gain and an evident utility, Therefore they let him do what he wished, and indeed strove to aid him and protect him. Father Rocco did not abuse that protection, but did what he could not to lose it, and to turn it to his own ends. With his fine intelligence or rather wit, he saw that the apostleship as he exercised it, would almost be a failure unless he could count upon the support of the King and the Government.

Finally he wished to take advantage of the favors which he enjoyed and let those in high places hear some straightforward, sincere, and plain preaching. It is true that he had given himself most absolutely to the people and had accustomed himself to preach in a very popular style, but why should he not sometimes address the King and Court, since they loved also to speak sometimes the dialect of the country, and like him animated and impulsive, would not be displeased with his frank, determined ways. The opportunity, as we shall see, soon presented itself.



THE GRAND SEMINARY, MONTREAL.

— MONTREAL COLLEGE

ORDINATIONS AT MONTREAL.

REV. THOMAS A. McGOVERN.



IT was the morning of the 18th of December, '91, that a party of us chartered a special car on the Central Vermont Railroad from the Heart of the Commonwealth to the grand old city of Montreal. We arrived at Bonaventure depot about eight in the evening and were driven at once to St. Lawrence Hall, the popular stopping place for New England travelers for well nigh a century.

It was a beautiful winter evening. The air was cold and dry and the snow never seemed so pure and white. The jingle of the sleigh-bells, the clanging of the bridle chains, the snap of the coachman's whip and the gay appearance of the city and its people, cheered our hearts so that we forgot the fatigue which comes from looking at the snow-covered Vermont hills from morning until night.

Arrived at the hotel — there was handshaking and greeting on all sides. The spacious parlor was comfortably filled. Strangers had been coming on every train during the day and careful preparations had been made to receive them. An interesting assembly it was. There were old men, fathers of families, who had passed their allotted three-score years and ten, mothers too, on whose faces the fingers of care had written the story that only mothers know. The young and light-hearted were there, — mere boys and girls — who had seen little of life and knew nothing of its cares and sorrows. This was their first long trip away from home. Their hearts were filled to the full with the delights of the journey. They danced about and skipped from friend to friend and looked like merry fairies in the cheerful glow of the large fire-place.

At one side a dozen priests of different ages sat chatting in little groups of two and three. They had been classmates in seminary days. Everybody was talking of the morrow, for the next day was ordination day at the Grand Seminary. These people in the parlor have a son or brother to be ordained to the Holy Priesthood

to-morrow and they have come from all parts of New England to see the grandest ceremony of the Church — the ordination of her ministers.

In the midst of that joyful assembly I was strangely alone that night; I seldom spoke; I could not. Friends asked me, "Are you ill? Perhaps the journey has been too much for you."

"No, I am not ill, and the journey I enjoyed, but to-night I would fain be alone to ponder and meditate and soliloquize and perhaps weep and then when I am tired close my eyes and sleep until the morning."

I knew those people around me. I knew them well. I had grown up among them. Often had I listened to their strange stories of their own strange land; its green fields, its fertile soil, its mountains and its rivers, yes, and its burnt down and deserted homes. The walses, the dances, the fairs, the stories of the banshee, and the fairies, the phooka, the enchanted house of the mountains and the terrible Coista-gann-konn. Many a time, when a mere lad, it was in fear and trembling that I picked my way home at night from some neighbor's house and dodged imaginary ghosts and goblins along the road. Their stories of the awful evictions and of the famine and the fever and the persecutions that drove them from home made me sad. I pitied these good Irish people, and I loved them too. They were an honest, hardy, chivalrous and above all a religious people. They would walk a dozen miles to mass. They loved the priest. Their reverence for him was simple and true. One never heard them speak of home but Father — was blessed and praised.

The boy among them who gave indications of a religious vocation was pointed out with pride. If a son went to college and then to the seminary, oh, how his parents would watch and wait and pray for his day to come. They would live then only to see him a priest. Life would have no other charm. "If God will spare me until I see my boy a priest," they would say, "then I will be willing to die." And if they saw their son ordained they were willing to die. They were willing to say with the aged Simeon, "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation."

At last the great day was at hand and these fathers and mothers who had waited and toiled and prayed for so many years were to receive their reward.

How they longed for the morning! But they were tired, and an early hour found them all in bed.



CHAPEL OF THE SEMINARY.

At four in the morning the hotel was in a glow of light. Fresh logs were burning in the fire-place. Busy girls were preparing the dining room. Friends were running from room to room — "Hurry up, father!" "Mother, are you ready?" "It is four o'clock!" "Yes, dear, come" — sounded above the noise of the dishes below.

After a hot cup of coffee we took sleighs at the door, wrapped ourselves in the warm buffalo robes and were soon at the seminary gate.

It was intensely dark and cold as we walked in single-file up the narrow path between high banks of snow to the chapel door.

Up the winding stairs we went to the places reserved for us in the gallery of the warm, comfortable, little chapel. We knelt some time in prayer, thanking God for His many blessings. The gallery is situated at the end of the chapel, opposite the altar. The seats of the chapel are along the sides, leaving the floor an open space. The roof is a beautiful arch. The lights were low, but in the dimness I counted twelve figures, more than life-size, standing on high pedestals between the windows, where the arching roof begins.

They were the twelve apostles looking down upon that holy place where generations of priests had prepared themselves for the work of "teaching all nations."

The chapel is as silent as the tomb. After a while attentive ears catch the sound of some solemn chant. It is faint and far away. Hark! it is the "Veni Creator Spiritus". Slowly it grows louder and louder. The chanters are coming nearer. A faint light comes in through the chapel door, on the gospel side. It grows stronger and stronger. Suddenly, as if the gates of heaven had opened, a flood of light and song fills the place. Hundreds of trained voices in perfect time swell up and down the majestic measures of the Gregorian chant, "Accende lumen sensibus, Infunde amorem cordibus."

The people in the gallery have long been standing. The women are sobbing like little children and strong men slyly brush away a tear.

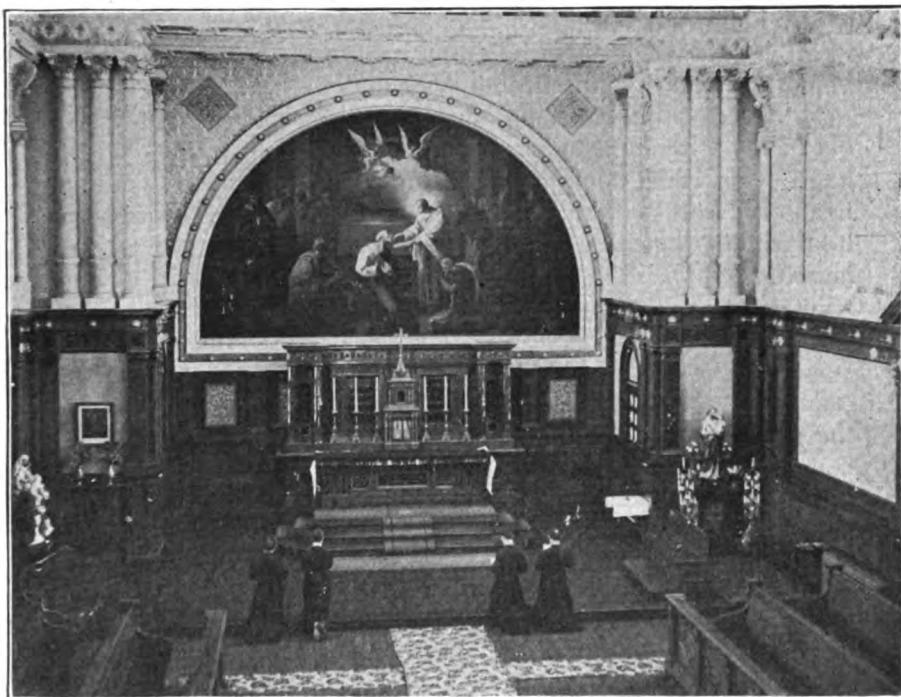
Two by two the clerics come, each carrying a candle and a small book called the "Series ordinationum". They genuflect before the altar, then separate and march down the chapel floor still singing in heavenly voice the Veni Creator Spiritus. First those who are to receive tonsure, about ninety in number. They wear a long, black cassock and carry a white surplice on the left arm.

Then those come, who are to be raised to minor orders. They number about fifty and they wear the cassock and the surplice.

Next in the grand procession come forty young men who this day are to renounce the world to find in Jesus Christ their heritage. These are dressed in long, white albs, bound with the cincture, and on their left arms they carry the maniple and the tunic, the vestment of the subdeacon.

They who next enter the chapel door are to be ordained deacons. They too wear the long, white albs, bound with the cincture. The maniple is pinned on the left arm and they carry the stole and dalmatic of the deacon.

Then come those young men upon whom all eyes are turned. They are dressed as deacons and they carry the vestments of the priest. They are as pale as the snow-white robes they wear, but yet there is a look of heavenly joy about them. Their life's longing is satisfied. Soon they will ascend the altar of God to offer the eternal sacrifice. The people in the gallery lean over the low railing. Every eye is strained. The Archbishop attended by the Sulpician fathers enters. His voice sounds out above the others in round, sweet notes, as soothing to the soul as they are pleasing to the ear.



CHAPEL OF PHILOSOPHY HOUSE.

"Credamus omni tempore."

Hear him now. His heart is in the words. O, he is a goodly man, tender as a woman — innocent as a child. Kindliness is written in his beautiful countenance. To know him was to love him — good Archbishop Febre, who since then has gone to his reward.

Taking his place before the high altar, he begins mass. After the Kyrie Eleison, while the chanters are singing the 15th Psalm, "Conserua me Domine quoniam speravi in te", the Tonsurandi are presented to him. One by one they kneel at his feet and repeat in a clear, low voice "Dominus pars haereditatis meae et calicis mei. Tu es qui restitues haereditatem meam mihi."

"The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup. Thou art He who will restore my heredity to me."

The Pontiff cuts five small locks of hair from the head of each and invests him with the surplice, saying, "May the Lord clothe thee with the new man who was created according to God in the justice and the sanctity of truth."

A kindly advice is given them and they depart.

Then those advance who are to receive the four minor orders of Porter, Reader, Exorcist and Acolyte.

"Accedant qui ordinandi sunt ad officium ostiariorum". says old Father Parent, the master of ceremonies. A venerable old man he is. One would think by his looks that he lived most of the time in another world. Perhaps he does. I have seen him before when his thoughts seemed far from earth. How undisturbed and resigned he always seems. The students say he went on with the "deuxième point" of the "examen particulier" during a terrible earthquake that shook the city a few years ago. The seminary building, a massive stone structure, trembled like a deserted house in a storm. The candle-sticks were thrown from the altar; windows were broken; the students made a rush for the hallway. They thought their hour had come, but good old Father Parent, like a soldier willing to die at his post, continued the meditation "on the detachment from the world, which should characterize ecclesiastics." Every ordination gives new life to the good old priest.

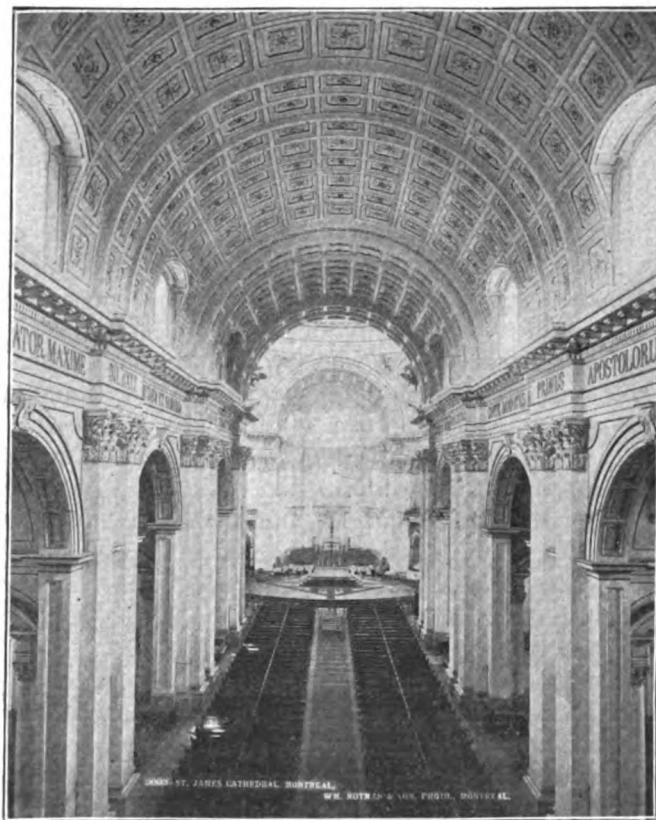
"Let those who are to receive the order of portership come forward," he says. They advance to the altar and the ordaining prelate gives to each the key of the church with the admonition, "So act as having to render to God an account of the things locked by these keys."

Then two by two they go out of the chapel in charge of the master of ceremonies, to open and shut the door of the church and ring the bell — the functions of their office. The duty of ostiarius or door-keeper was more important in ancient times, before the conversion of the Roman Empire. He had to prevent the heathen from entering the church, to keep the laity separate from the clergy and to see generally that decorum was maintained. He had to guard the church and all that it contained — to open the door at certain hours and to prepare the book for the preacher.

The procession winds around the large bell in the corridor, each one ringing it as he passes. Then back to the chapel they come, to receive in turn the three other minor orders, namely Lector, Exorcist and Acolyte, and an hour passes before this part of the ceremony is finished.

The grey light of the Canadian morning is now breaking through the varied colored chapel windows. It promises to be a beautiful day. The priests from the city and surrounding country begin to arrive. They have said their masses and hastened to be present at the ordination. As they walk down the chapel

floor they present a striking figure. There are Trappists and Franciscans and Dominicans and Jesuits and many others dressed in the robes of their respective orders. One old priest has a long, white flowing beard. The weight of eighty years has bent his tall figure. He has just returned from the missions of the Northwest. He has come to die in the mother-house of his order. His life's work is over, but he must bless the new priests



ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

this morning and wish them a God-speed on the mission which he began over half a century ago. There come a Monsignor and a mitred Abbot. How different their dress and rule of life, and yet their faith is the same. How strange it all seems!

Now comes the important part of the ceremony. "Accedant qui ordinandi sunt subdiaconi," "Come forward all who are to be ordained subdeacons," and forty white robed clerics stand upon the chapel floor. They are manly looking youths. It was the love of

souls that brought them here. Long ago, when other boys were saying, "Some day I will be a man, and I will be wealthy," these young men had whispered to their own hearts, "Some day I will be a priest and I will save souls." Since then the Church has watched them and trained them. For many a long year she has purified them in prayer and penance. To-day she will mark them as her own forever.

It is an important step, the order of subdeaconship, and for this reason the pontiff tells them once more, as they stand before him, to consider again and again the promise they are about to make. "As yet you are free," he says, "to go into the world and busy yourselves with the affairs thereof, but this step once taken, you belong to God and your life's work to His Church."

Every eye is on them. God Himself is looking down. There they stand between two worlds — will they step over into the better one? Yes, when the pontiff asks the final question, "Si in sancto proposito perseverare placet, in nomine Domini huc accedite". Like soldiers of a mighty king they step across the line.

A signal is given and they who are to be ordained deacons and priests take their places upon the chapel floor. They stand in rows across the chapel — and the rows are about six feet apart. In an instant they are prostrate on the floor, — lying face downward, as if dead — they are dead to the world. —

A woman shrieked behind me and another at my right, was carried out in a faint. I trembled like a child, and those about me looked pale. Had the roof of the chapel fallen in upon us, the shock would not have been so great.

There they lie.

The choir in solemn, majestic measure chants the litany of the saints over them, calling as it were upon the saints in heaven to bless them and to pray for them at this awful hour.

I shall never forget the impression that moment made upon me; never as then did I realize the meaning of those divine words, "I am with you always." O, yes dear Lord, but especially at that solemn moment of the prostration. I felt your presence then as I never did before. I saw your power; I knew your providence and I will serve you till I die a better man and a truer Catholic, because I was present at the ordination on that memorable December morning.

When the litany is finished all arise.

Those to be ordained deacons and priests retire to their places and the subdeacons remain.



SHERBROOK STREET, NEAR THE SEMINARY.

The pontiff sitting on the faldstool holds the chalice and paten in his hand. Two by two they kneel before him and touch the sacred vessel with the right hand. The amice, maniple and tunic are given to them. They receive the book of Epistles with permission to read the same "in the Church of God", and depart bound to the Lord forever.

Then follows the ordination of deacons which is simple but impressive. The deacon is ordained chiefly in order that he may assist the priest in the celebration of solemn mass and on certain occasions to preach and baptize. The ordaining prelate places his right hand on the head of each with the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost for strength and to resist the devil and all his temptations in the name of the Lord." The stole and the book of the Gospels are given to them.

Now the great hour has come. The greatest hour of all the years. An hour of supreme happiness for these young clerics who have spent their whole lives in preparation for it.

"Accedant qui ordinandi sunt ad ordinem presbyteratus." "Let all come forward who are to be ordained to the order of the priesthood."

Oh, the joy that fills a mother's heart when she looks at her boy through the mist of tears at this solemn moment, and oh, the gratitude and thanksgiving of the father's stronger nature. What matter the heartaches of a lifetime? This scene is a compensation for

them all. Hark! some one speaks. The most Reverend Father, the Archdeacon, says, "Holy Mother, the Catholic Church begs that these deacons present be ordained to the order of the priesthood."

"Do you know them — Are they worthy?" the Pontiff asks. "As far as man can know I know and testify that they are worthy." Thanks be to God!"

The good Archbishop turns to the candidates before him and his thoughts go down the years, then far into the future. "Will they be faithful? Will they be true?"

With his eyes raised to heaven he places both hands upon the head of each and as the clerics leave him, they form a circle kneeling on the chapel floor. The visiting priests, an hundred or more, leave their places, stoles are handed to them, and one by one they impose hands on the ordinandi and stand around in an outer circle with their right hands outstretched over those to be ordained.

The Archbishop turns to the altar and reads a long prayer from the missal, after which he turns again to the ordinandi.

The priests who have assisted at the imposition of hands return to their places. The Pontiff sitting before the altar receives the ordinandi again and adjusts the stole in the form of a cross on the breast of each.

"Receive the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet and His burden is light."

He then invests them with the chasuble which is pinned up so as to rest upon the shoulders.

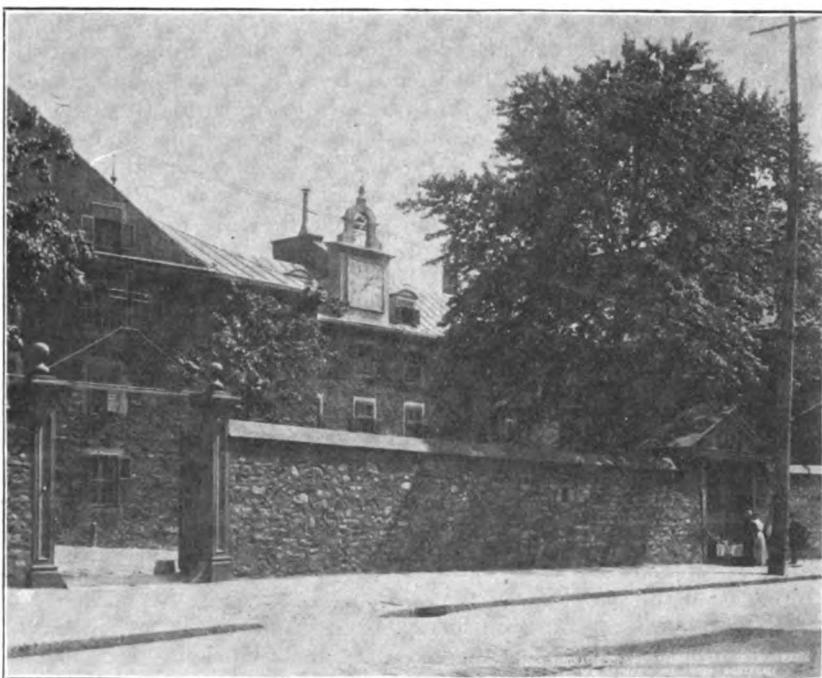
"Receive the priestly vestment," he says, "by which charity is symbolized, for God is powerful to increase thy charity", and with the priestly garments on them they kneel before the altar in fervent, silent prayer.

The Pontiff on bended knees intones the "Veni Creator Spiritus" and the little chapel resounds again with the notes of solemn music as the choir takes up the beautiful hymn.

While the chant goes on the pontiff sits on the faldstool and the ordinandi one by one kneel before him and present both hands to him, palms upward. In the form of a cross, he anoints the forefinger, thumb and palm of each hand with holy oil, saying at the same time, "O Lord, may you deem worthy to consecrate and sanctify these hands through this anointing and our blessing, that whatever they bless may be blessed, and whatever they consecrate may be consecrated and sanctified in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

One of the assistant priests then binds the index fingers and thumbs of both hands together, with white linen, and each candidate returns to his place thus bound. This ceremony finished, they again come to the pontiff who holds a chalice containing wine and water and covered with the paten upon which is a large bread. With his hands bound each ordinandus touches these.

"Receive the power," the pontiff says, "to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate masses for the living and the dead, in the Name of the Lord."



THE OLD SEMINARY, NOW THE PARISH HOUSE OF NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

They are priests forever. The Archbishop as celebrant of the mass proceeds with the Holy Sacrifice and as soon as he has said the "Munda cor meum" before the gospel one of the newly ordained deacons approaches the altar, carrying the book of gospels.

He too says the prayer "Munda cor meum" and chants the gospel.

One of the assisting priests now prepares a number of small hosts upon the altar, for the newly ordained will receive Holy Communion from the ordaining prelate.

While the offertory is being chanted they wash the sacred oil from their hands and dry them with the white linen with which they were bound.

The Pontiff having read the offertory sits on the faldstool and two by two the newly ordained genuflect before him and give as an offering the lighted candles which they brought to the chapel.

The Pontiff goes on with the mass, but not alone. The new priests celebrate the holy sacrifice with him. Together they say the prayers, together they repeat the solemn words of consecration. What a grand sight! Those fervent young priests gathered around the venerable Pontiff offering with him to Almighty God the great sacrifice of the new law.

After all have received Holy Communion the Pontiff says, "I no longer call you servants but friends, because you know the things I have done in your midst," thus borrowing the words of Christ to His apostles. The young priests standing before the altar recite the creed in solemn chorus, and then they kneel before the Pontiff who, imposing his hands on the head of each, says, "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." The chasuble which until now has been pinned up is let down.

Again they kneel before the altar and the Archbishop taking the joined hands of each within his own, asks them a solemn question, "Do you promise," he says slowly, "to me and my successors, reverence and obedience?"

"I promise."

Giving each of them the kiss of peace, he says, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you. May the blessing of Almighty God, of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost descend upon you, that you may be blessed in the priesthood and that you may offer acceptable sacrifices to the omnipotent God for the sins and offences of the people."

The mass is soon finished. The grand ceremony is over. When the procession is formed to leave the chapel the Archbishop intones the "Te Deum." The grand hymn of thanksgiving is taken up by all present. It is soul-stirring, inspiring.

"Pleni sunt coeli et terra majestatis gloriae tuae." "The heavens and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory." Those words still ring in my ears and in my heart. I will never forget them.

Coming down from the balcony and up through the chapel, I followed the procession at a distance. Down the long corridor it went, down, away down into a large hall. When the "Te Deum" was finished they began to unvest. The vestments were laid upon long tables and they were free.

Immediately there was a rush from the corridor to the newly ordained priests to get their blessing. Fellow-students who for

many long years had called them by familiar names addressed them now as "Father" and knelt for their blessing.

By this time the relatives who had witnessed the ordination from the gallery had arrived in the parlor and the priests went out to give their blessing to them. It was a touching sight, to behold aged fathers and mothers kneeling to receive their son's blessing and to note the expression of holy joy upon their faces, but I was most deeply impressed when I saw white-haired old priests asking the young priests for their blessing and kneeling to receive it.

It was noon and we left for dinner at the hotel. Our train would not leave until evening, so we spent the afternoon visiting some of the interesting places about the city. The Grey Nunnery — no tourist stopping at Montreal ever fails to see it — the Church of Notre Dame, and the Gesu.

In the evening, and it was Saturday evening too, we started for our dear old New England home. Our party numbered twenty-one, with four newly ordained priests among the number. On we went through the night, every hour bringing us nearer home where we knew anxious ones were watching for the morning and for us. Thanks be to God, we arrived at our journey's end in time to hear mass.

Though tired from the long ride I never assisted at the Holy Sacrifice with such devotion. I felt a new life within me — perhaps it was the life of grace — whatever it was it made me a happier and better man, and every day of my life I thank God for my trip to Montreal.



THE OLD TOWERS.



THE SORROWFUL VIRGIN.

BY SASSOFERRATO (FLORENCE—UFFIZI GALLERY).

FOR THE FEAST OF OUR LADY'S COMPASSION.

EDITH R. WILSON.

 LIKEST to God, we own thee,
 To Uncreated Beauty most akin;
 The fairest work of God's almighty power,
 The Virgin without sin.

Likest to God, we own thee;
 The Babe of Bethlehem took His from thine,
 And lip and cheek and brow, alike proclaim thee,
 Mother of the Divine!

No outward pomp invests thee,
 Thy weary feet earth's dusty highway trod,
 All silently the silent Word thou barest,
 Shrine of the Living God!

No outward pomp invests thee,
 But on thine upturned face the Spirit's rays,
 In sheen celestial falling, weave a glory
 To guard thee all thy days.

Thrice knit to God is Mary!
 He gave her life to draw from thence His own;
 At Bethlehem she sat beside His manger,
 Now sits she by His throne.

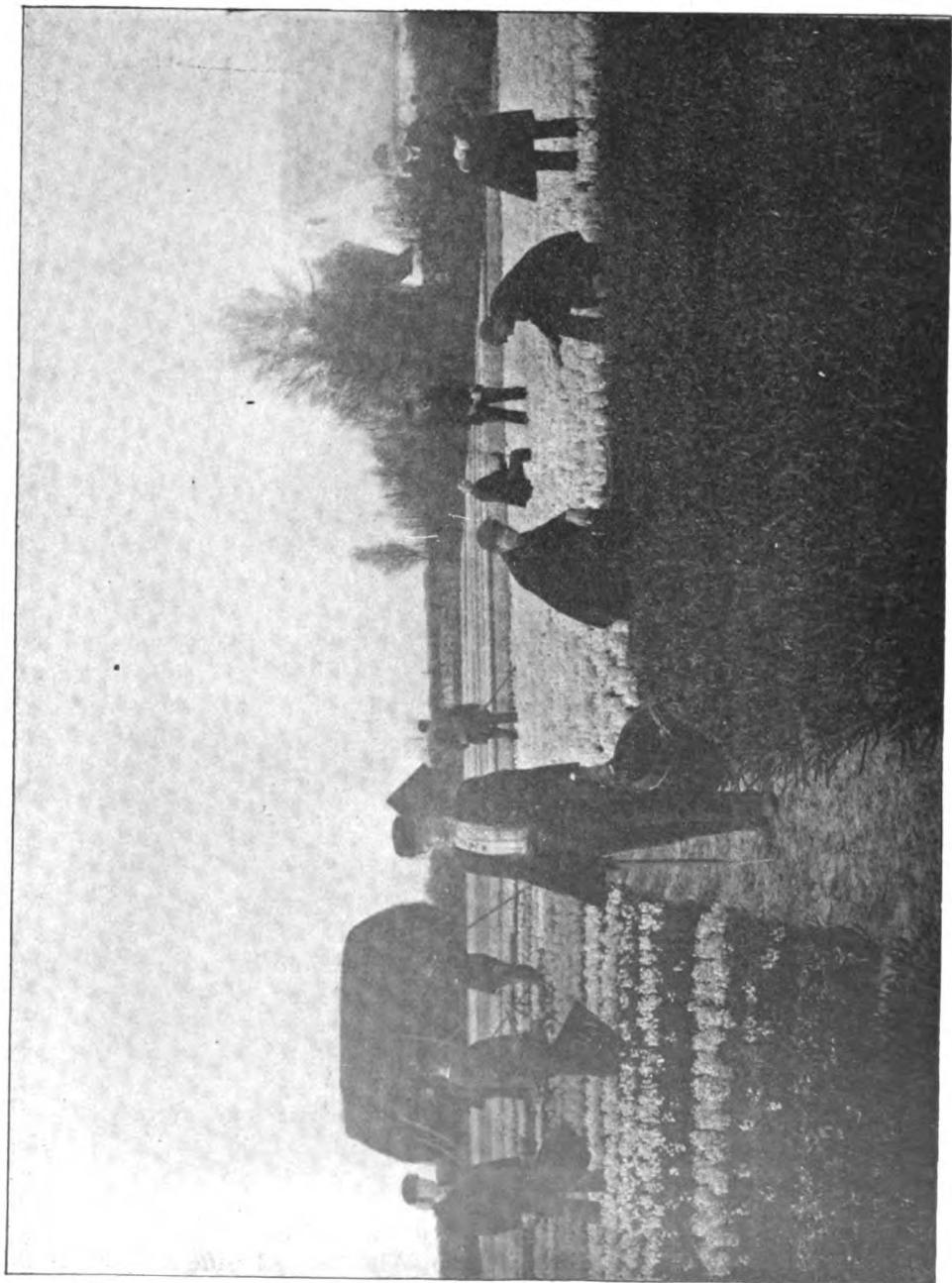
Thrice knit to God is Mary!
 From her sin's dart fell harmlessly aside;
 And—full of grace—the angel bowed down to her,
 The Spirit's bride!

But at the Cross of Jesus
 The glory of our Mother best is seen;
 The sword that pierced her there becomes a sceptre
 And she our Queen!

So, at the Cross of Jesus
 We kneel to kiss His bleeding feet and say,
 "Mother, for His dear sake, Who hangs beside thee,
 Cease not to pray."

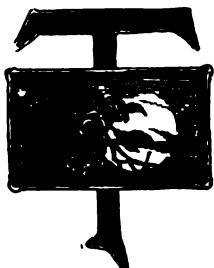
A HYACINTH FIELD IN HOLLAND.

Courtesy of *How to Grow Flowers*.



HYACINTHS AND HOLLAND.

LAWRENCE IRWELL.



THE hyacinth, which beautifies our homes and gardens with its graceful and bright-colored flowers, even before spring has come, is a source of considerable wealth to the people of Holland. At the present time there is so great a demand for hyacinth bulbs that about a thousand acres of land are employed by the Dutch in their cultivation, and it is said that nearly forty thousand people depend upon the hyacinth trade for their livelihood. Many millions of the bulbs are annually exported, the United States and Great Britain being the best customers. Dutch hyacinths are now, however, household flowers in all parts of the civilized world.

The mother-species of the greater part of the hyacinth race is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, a native, as its specific name implies, of the East. According to "Chamber's Encyclopædia," it is indigenous to Asia Minor, Syria and Persia, and it has been found in flourishing condition seven thousand feet up the mountains. The year of the introduction of the hyacinth to Holland cannot now be determined. It is not improbable that it was carried into Italy by some returning crusaders, and from there introduced into Western Europe, where, towards the end of the sixteenth century, it found a congenial soil on the moist, sandy flats of its present home. We know for certain that hyacinths were grown in the botanical gardens of the city of Leyden in the year 1600, for they are mentioned in a list of plants, still extant, cultivated in these gardens in that year. In a catalogue, dated 1602, several varieties of *Hyacinthus orientalis* are specified, which shows that some progress had been made in hyacinth culture even in these early days. The color of the first cultivated specimen must be doubtful; it may have been white, blue, purple, or pink. But all the wild specimens in the Herbarium of the British Botanical Gardens at Kew have blue flowers.

The tulip mania early in the eighteenth century seems to have withdrawn the attention of the Dutch from the hyacinth, as the historical facts recorded regarding it during the tulip craze are very

meagre. Nevertheless, it cannot have been entirely neglected, for St. Simon, in an interesting book, published in 1768, mentions some two thousand varieties which were then grown in Holland. Like many other plants, after being under cultivation for some years, the hyacinth showed a tendency to produce double flowers. These, in the early days of its culture were regarded as monstrosities, and were treated accordingly. Whenever one revealed itself among the seedlings, it was destroyed. About the beginning of the 18th century, however, double flowers which had escaped detection, and were thus allowed to come into full bloom, were seen to possess a distinctive beauty, and soon attained great popularity. In 1735, the tulip mania having somewhat abated, the stock of a new double variety, blue in color, was sold for what in our money would be \$600. During the seventeenth century the passion for hyacinths spread to England and a single bulb of a double red variety sold for about a hundred pounds sterling. In fact, the rage for these plants became as great among the wealthy as the orchid fashion has become of recent years. The Dutch of those days had faith in the hyacinth; and its value to their descendants has justified that faith, although the bulbs no longer command extravagant prices.

The majority of the bulb farms are situated on the sandy flats between the cities of Harlem and Leyden. The former city is the centre of the trade. There the growers and dealers have offices and stores. The soil in which the hyacinths are grown is a light, fine sand, which is generally dry on the surface, but moist and cool beneath. However hot the weather may be, there is always plenty of moisture a few inches below the surface, and this condition appears to be conducive to the health of the bulbs. When wet weather sets in, the superfluous rain easily percolates through the fine sandy soil, and the land quickly regains its normal condition. Every two or three years the ground is very heavily manured with cow manure, which is brought from all parts of the country, and is a valuable source of profit to the Dutch farmer. This manure is kept in heaps until it has become thoroughly decomposed before being put on the ground. The farms are all similar in appearance, care and order in the manner of culture being apparent everywhere. The fields vary from 5 to 25 acres in extent, and are cut up into patches divided by canals and ditches, which intersect the entire farm and cross each other at right angles. The canals are wide

enough to admit of the passage of an ordinary boat, and consequently require to be bridged wherever communication between the plots is necessary. The ditches are narrow enough to be stepped over. As water is always present, the irrigation is almost perfect. The surface of the fields is usually about two feet above the level of the water. All the farms are connected with the extensive canal system of Holland by means of these private canals, this arrangement enabling the farmers to convey the necessities of their business from all parts of the country, and to send away the ripened bulbs to the sea ports. The canals running through the farms are quite green in summer with a little aquatic plant, the Lesser Duckweed (*Lemna minor*); and when a boat passes along, all the water that can be seen is a small triangular space at the stern, which becomes green again as soon as the plant floats back into place.

The custom in the early days of bulb-growing was to plant the same ground only once in three years. Now, however, the Dutch find hyacinths and most other bulbs do very well if planted on the same ground each second year. The land is divided into two portions, one of which is planted with the bulbs, while the other is dug and heavily manured. The latter portion is allowed to lie fallow, or is planted with some crop suitable for preparing the soil for the bulbs—potatoes, for example. Each bulb, even the smallest, is lifted and replanted once a year, September and October being the planting months. The bulbs are placed in rows in large beds, each variety being kept separate, and carefully labeled with a wooden label, bearing its name or number, stuck into the ground near the spot where it begins. The large bulbs are put in first, then the smaller ones. This arrangement may mar the effect of the beds at flowering-time, but utility, not ornament has made the rule; and, after all, the matter is of little importance, as the flowers are only permitted to open far enough to allow of their being proved true to color or name, and are then cut off. This cutting of the flower-spike lets the leaves develop to the fullest extent, and helps to strengthen and enlarge the bulbs. As soon as the planting is finished, which is always by the end of October, the ground is covered to the depth of four inches with reed-grass or straw, to keep off the frost, which is quite often severe. In the milder days of spring, when the growth begins to appear, this covering is gradually removed. The flowering time is usually about the end of April,

but if the season is late the blossoms will not appear before the middle of May. When the flowers have been "proved," the spikes are cut off, and the bulb left in this condition to mature. Towards the end of June, when the leaves are well withered, the bulbs are raised out of the ground, the foliage cut off, and the roots carefully trimmed. They are then carried into sheds and placed upon dry shelves where they remain from four to six weeks. Packing and "shipping" then begin, and these duties engage the attention of all the workers on the farm until September, when the planting-time has again come round. For the export trade, the hyacinths are generally arranged in four sizes or qualities. First: the largest, soundest, and best-shaped, named bulbs. Second: second-size, named bulbs. Third: bulbs suitable for bedding-out purposes. These are usually made up in colors and are unnamed. Fourth: the badly-shaped and smallest bulbs.

The methods employed to increase the number of bulbs are numerous and interesting. The oldest and most natural way is to leave the bulb in the ground after it has reached its fullest development, when a number of offsets are formed around the parent bulb, which then decays. Another method is to hollow out good-sized bulbs so that the lower part and a portion of the inside are removed. After being planted, a number of bulblets are formed inside the shell between its remaining layers. Still another way in which propagation is effected is by making several deep cuts across the bottom part of the bulb, the cuts intersecting near the centre. Soon after planting, young bulbs are formed in these incisions. Some varieties are found to produce the best results when hollowed, others when cut. Although hyacinths could, I presume, be raised from seed, this method does not appear to be adopted in Holland. If a bulb is cut, the new bulbs will mature in four years; if hollowing is resorted to, six is necessary. But, as the latter process produces a larger number of bulblets than the former, the result compensates for the longer time required to grow them to marketable size.

Hyacinth growers have many enemies to contend against, the worst of which is a disease, caused by a fungus, called "The Rot." Occasionally a vast number of bulbs are destroyed by it in one season. To protect the hyacinths from this fungus, the growers

divide the most valuable varieties into two or more lots and plant them in separate fields. In this way, should one portion be attacked by the disease, the other may escape. In the larger farms, during the growing season, some workers are employed to keep a special watch for "the rot" in addition, of course, to other duties. As soon as a bulb is seen to be attacked, it is taken out of the ground and burned. Rats and mice also are very destructive. They find shelter among the straw which protects the bulbs during the winter, and they have been known to do serious damage.

Many efforts have been made in various European countries to obtain a share of the hyacinth trade; but these attempts have not been successful. The methods employed may have been at fault, or the soil may have been unsuitable. The Dutch hyacinth growers, however, believe that the natural soil and favorable climate which Holland possesses have placed their industry on so secure a footing that they do not fear competition from any foreign country.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

S there a land the whole wide world around,
O great apostle of green Innisfail,
Where faith doth unbelief in vain assail,
Wherein thy votaries may not be found?
Hark! how their voices in thy praise resound
This middle March, when in the sheltered vale
The shamrocks glisten, and the primrose pale,
With our dear Lady's daffodils abound!

By the southern seas where summer seldom dies,
In arctic realms rude boreal blasts that know,
On sunset slopes, and where unclouded skies
Catch the first blushes of the morning's glow,
Thy countless children, wheresoe'er they be,
Are chanting anthems of acclaim to thee.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STATUE OF ST. THOMAS IN POSSESSION
OF THE DOMINICANS AT WOODCHESTER, ENGLAND.

ST. THOMAS A POET.

REV. BONAVENTURE O'CONNOR, O. P.



HAT Bryant wrote of nature and her students in the opening lines of his immortal *Thanatopsis*, may with even greater truth be said of him "who hold communion" with the Catholic Church — the visible form and expression of the will of the omnipotent God of nature.

If there is one thing more than another, besides the "marks" properly so called, which distinguish the Church from all other religious institutions, it is her wise provision for every plan of human nature, not indeed as she would have it, but as she finds it. No lawful means, calculated to elicit the extant good of fallen human nature, is overlooked by the Church in her passionate desire to inspire men with generous impulses and nobler resolutions, and to attract them to the supreme and only God of this life and the life eternal. The human passions — we use the word in its widest sense — only too often engrossed by profane, when not by sinful objects, she purifies, spiritualizes, and satisfies, diverting them into purer channels and consecrating them to the service of God. Her ritual and liturgy alone reveal a masterful insight into psychology — a science which this self-conscious and introspective age would claim as all its own. Truly may it be said of the one true Church that to him who

"Holds
Communion with her visible forms; she speaks a various language."

In his hour of depression and despair, when in darkness and in doubt he has been tossed and buffeted by the militant and discordant billows of dissonant doctrine, she guides him into a calm and peaceful haven, where the Vicar of Him who quelled the turbulent sea of Galilee by His omnipotent word, insures peace, truth and safety, keeping afar off the disturbing elements of doubt and doctrinal strife.

In his hour of sadness, when the hand of grief has fallen heavily upon him; when the all-beholding sun, regenerating the earth in

the joy and gladness of a new-born day, has for him no smile, and its warmth chills his blood; when nature's gladsome beauty is overshadowed by the desolation that reigns within, then, lifting his thoughts above the clods of earth, she unfolds before him a vista of ineffable happiness, "such as it has not entered the mind of man to conceive."

"For his gayer hours" when the heart is light with joy and tender with devotion in canticles and hymns she lifts his voice in swelling harmonies, blending with the supernal melody of angelic choirs, to the throne of the Most High. These songs of the Church dwelling upon the loftiest and most sacred themes oftentimes possess in addition to their wealth of piety and tenderness, a beauty and excellence that have won keener appreciation perhaps from those outside the fold than from Catholics themselves.

Among the sweetest and most beautiful songs in the Church's hymnal are those which owe their origin to the angelic Doctor, St. Thomas of Aquin.

Owing to his undisputed supremacy among the theologians of the Church and the unequalled honor conferred upon him and his works by Leo. XIII, we are apt to think of the Angelic Doctor only in relation to his theological labors. History for the most part pictures him as the astute dialectitian, the prince of schoolmen parrying with consummate skill the assaults of unbelievers, and laying open with masterful strokes the fallacies of heretics, sophists and sceptics. The words of Buser "Tolle Thomam, et ecclesiam Romanam subverterem", have presented him to us as the insurmountable barrier of all enemies of religion. We think of him probing to their depths the abstruse, knotty and cross-grained problems of theology and philosophy, and deftly weaving from scattered and apparently discordant materials that magnificent and harmonious fabric of divine science that in the Tridentine Council reposed side by side with the Scriptures and the crucifix. One can scarcely imagine the author of the Summa turning from the subtleties of scholasticism to pour forth in fervent strains of exquisite beauty and tenderness, immortal songs, not of an earthly muse, but of ghostly inspiration.

But even as when the sunlight of a dying day slowly fades upon the western sky flushing the heavens with ever varying and

blending tints we see the soft, blue canopy of heaven set with some bright star that had paled from sight before the prevailing splendor of the sun, — so when we veil the lustre of the Theologian, in the softer lights which follow, the religious, the Dominican, the poet stand forth the more clearly. In his last named character we shall view the Angelic Doctor.

The office of *Corpus Christi* written by St. Thomas at the command of Pope Urban IV, affords us the best field for the study of his muse. There is a beautiful legend apropos of the origin of this office connecting the two great contemporaries, Saints Thomas and Bonaventure.

The legend has it that St. Bonaventure as well as St. Thomas was asked by Urban IV to write an office for this feast. While St. Thomas was preparing the Vespers for the feast St. Bonaventure called upon him, and taking up, he read that exquisite antiphon for the *Magnificat*, beginning with the words "O Sacrum Convivium!" So convinced was he of its incomparable depth and sweetness that upon returning home he cast his own composition into the fire.

The office of *Corpus Christi* has been justly ranked among the most beautiful offices in the Breviary. Indeed it may be justly claimed that in the celebration of her greatest festivals the Church employs no office so touching, so soul-stirring and so unctuous as that of *Corpus Christi*.

Depth of thought, felicity of expression, graceful energy, epigrammatic doctrine and tender piety are in evidence in every line. Its antiphones and versicles while wanting the finish, metre and sweet cadences of the more formal verse are full of true poetic feeling. Unlike the vapid, empty, and tinkling effusions of much that passes current for poetry in our day, straining truth for some pleasing effect of art, taking no account of the logical values of thought or the moral significance of words, the hymns of St. Thomas, treating the sublimest of subjects, teaching the most pregnant lessons and the weightiest truths, breathe in every line and word the truest and purest of poetic sentiment and feeling. Couched in an exactness of language that seems almost impossible to rival, free from ostentatious adornment, giving poetical expression to the deepest of divine mysteries in that epigrammatic style for which the Latin is

so well adapted, it is almost a hopeless task to attempt to render them into English. However, several noteworthy attempts have been made.

We may quote the highly appreciative words of Archbishop Vaughan in regard to the hymns for Vespers and Matins in the office of Corpus Christi: "The 'Pange Lingua' and 'Sacris Solemnis', so exquisitely theological, so tenderly affective, so reverently adoring, so expressive of every want and aspiration of the human heart — where are two hymns so touching, so poetical, so angelical as they are?" The Savior's ineffable love for man so wondrously and mysteriously manifested at the Last Supper, is the sublime burden of the "Pange Lingua." Measured in sonorous trochaic and embellished by its recurring assonance it possesses a beauty, charm and dignity in perfect keeping with its lofty theme. Greater evidence of its intrinsic worth, beauty, purity and loftiness of its form and sentiment, could neither be asked nor given than the fact that it has been chosen by the Church as the vehicle of the faithfuls' praise, gratitude and adoration to their divine Lord in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the "Sacris Solemnis", the hymn for Matins, the doings of that memorable repast, the significance of which he never tires of telling, is again the subject of his song. So joyous and even jubilant are its cadences, so exquisitely couched its doctrine, so tender and reverential its sentiments that we are instantly made to feel how great was the Saint's joy and adoration as he contemplates the mystery of the Eucharist.

The hour of Lauds is now with us and, we seem to hear, as if indeed an angel singing —

"Verbum supernum prodiens—"

The song continues and anon we hear in reverential lay, the advent of the Savior upon earth and of his continuance there for all time to be our sustenance and strength under the species of bread and wine. The angelic strains continue and upon our enraptured sense, in gushing flow and sweetest cadences these words musically fall:

"Se nascens dedit solum, convescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium, se regnans dat in praemium."

Without any disparagement to his acknowledged worth, Santeuil, the poet of the Parisian Breviary, might well declare that he would have gladly surrendered the authorship of all that he had ever written for this single stanza!

The melody has ceased, but an inward feeling assures us that it has not finished. Suddenly as though the nine angelic choirs, Cherubim and Seraphim, Power and Domination and all who unceasingly sing before the throne of the Most High, unite in one grand pean of praise, there bursts upon our ear that solemn and ecstatic chorus:

“O salutaris hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur fer auxilium.”

Thus ends the office of Corpus Christi. Did time and space permit we should like to dwell upon that glorious anthem of jubilant praise, the “Lauda Sion”, whose ringing notes, tender piety and lofty sentiments never fail to rouse within the soul pure and lofty aspirations, and which merits indeed the proud title of “Theme of themes angelic.” The sweet, simple and love-breathing stanzas of the “Adoro Te Devota” too merit a lengthier notice, which they will probably receive at a future day.

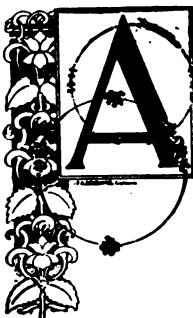
These hymns have written in indelible characters the Angelic Doctor’s name upon the walls of the sanctuary. For 600 years they have been the messengers of loving souls to their Redeemer. For 600 years they have caused the vaulted aisles and ampler naves of countless temples to reverberate in peans of joy and hymns of praise, in an unending ever-swelling chorus from dawn till dawn again.

With Cardinal Vaughan we may truly say that “He who lived at the foot of the altar, and drank of the dew of heaven; he whose conversation was with the saints of God; had learnt, as no other, how to throw into human words an angel’s song. He the champion of the Blessed Sacrament, as if by heavenly inspiration poured out his numbers in a poet’s prayer. . . . The angelical was master of every note of joy, adoration and thanksgiving which could be breathed from the human soul fired with the grace of God; and he knew as no other, how to stamp the impress of his own spirit on the treasures of his genius.”

ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.

THE FINDING OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE—OBEDIENT LOVE.



LMIGHTY God, Maker of Heaven and earth, how touched am I in reading those words of the Holy Gospel: *Et erat subditus illis*: "He was subject to them." The better to express Thy Love towards the protectors of The Childhood, so ready to humbly adore Thy perfections, Thou dost deign to submit Thy sovereign Will to theirs.

To do the will of those we love, is the rule of love. I desire, O my Beloved Savior, to be subject to all the sweet and salutary exactions of that law.

Speak: "Thy commands shall be dearer to me than all treasures." Whatever Thou askest and in whatever manner, Thou shalt, I trust, ever find me perfectly obedient.

Is it pleasing to Thee to add to the precepts ruling my Christian life, mysterious inspirations, urging imperiously towards the perfection my cowardly nature dreads? Fiat! I consent, through love, to whatever Thou mayst order; I will tread with resolute steps all the paths Thy Divine light shall point out; I will scale the steepest summits from which I shall hear Thy call. The great, the sublime, the difficult, the heroic, the impossible, I will all with Thee, to prove Thee my love.

If, in the labor grace shall impose upon me, it seems fitting to Thee to deprive me of spiritual consolation, to make me walk before Thee bending under the weight of a thousand crosses: Fiat! Not only, do I, in advance, adore Thy holy rigors, but I love them, because Thou willest them. Drynesses, aridities, abandonment, troubles, interior desolations, sickness, languor, infirmities, sharp pains, all are loveable since in them I see Thy Will.

Let those who represent Thee, here below, ill me Thy servant, instead of mildly transmitting Thy orders, nonetheless shall they obtain my perfect submission, because my heart ever sees Thee, it is always Thee my love obeys.

O Jesus! King of the obedient, when I shall present myself to Thy judgment-seat, may I hear the voice of Thy Holy Mother and of Thy angels rendering me this testimony: "*Erat subditus tibi.*" He was subject to Thee.



LENTEN THOUGHTS.

MRS. D. A. MUNRO.

I WANT to direct your attention for a few moments to the particular season in which we are now—the holy Season of Lent. We are recalling the most awful sufferings that ever were endured, and the most beautiful character that ever was unjustly or cruelly treated.

True, this was nearly two thousand years ago, and He who was so ill-used has been all that time reigning in Heaven, as man as well as God, and in glory with His Father. All suffering and sorrow for Him is over forever! But, my children, those past sufferings endured for us should never be forgotten. Oh, how the blood flowed down from the fearful wounds He received! How the thorns were forced into His tender head, and how the dirt, and slime, and filth, flung at Him by those vile wretches, covered His cheeks! His clothes were torn off, and He stood almost naked before them, and was laughed at and insulted; His eyes were bandaged and after each blow, they asked Him, jeeringly, "Now tell us who struck Thee!" And He endured all this for you, and me, and countless millions besides us, that our sins might be forgiven by God, and that His fearful sufferings would open the gates of Heaven to us. And He who could have had legions of angels to strike down those wicked men, just lifted His heart to Heaven, and while they were insulting and hurting Him, prayed for His murderers!

What must have been His Blessed Mother's feelings at that time?

How she must have remembered His birth, and the awful words the holy man told her when in the Temple she held her beautiful boy in her arms, and holy St. Joseph held the two little cooing, snow-white doves, for an offering.

These were the words the holy man said as he took the baby from His Mother's arms: "A sword shall pierce Thy heart also." This he said with his eyes fixed on the fair, young Mother!

The sword had indeed come, and Mary, His Blessed Mother, gazed at His awful sufferings with her eyes blinded with tears!

I wonder what other man ever endured such unmerited agony, without a word of complaint!

And all this had been told of Him hundreds of years before, by one of the great prophets of God.

And this was what was said: "As a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth! He was despised and rejected by men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Now, in this holy season of Lent, I want my children to think of all these terrible sufferings of Our Lord, and it is only part of what He endured I am telling you about now.

I want you to realize, as perhaps you never did before, what Jesus suffered for you, *you* individually, remember, and I want each child to think what a fearful thing sin must be, to have the Son of God to leave the glories and bliss of Heaven, and tread this earth for thirty-three wearisome years as a poor working man, not a gentleman, remember, children, but a poor working man! And the greater part of that time He was but a carpenter making a living for His Mother and Himself, for His foster father, St. Joseph, is said to have died when Jesus was about sixteen years old.

Now think of what a life for the King of Heaven; think of what a life for the only Son of God! and remember that whole life of sorrow, poverty, and suffering was led because He so loved us that He took this awful penance on His shoulders that *we* might find mercy with His Father in Heaven. Some one had to suffer for our sins so that God could forgive, and that somebody had to be spotless and pure, never having sinned; and und He was the only fit one to take upon His own shoulders the weight of our terrible sins and receive instead of us the awful punishment.

Now, children, I ask of you, can we do enough for Him after that?

Do we ever lift up our hearts to Him and thank Him for all He did for us? Do any of my dear children realize how He deigns to value human love? To a great saint He once complained in a vision, and this is what He said: "I love the love of my children on earth, and wish more would love and think of and pray to me."

Think of this, my dear children, and during this holy season let your hearts be often raised to Him. The youngest and meekest of us He will listen to, and our prayer can be a very short one: "Help me love you more, Blessed Jesus, for all you suffered for me"—that is enough.

And in the midst of His glory, in the midst of the adoring worship addressed to Him by His angels and saints, He will hear through their hallelujahs and songs of praise, which fill the courts of Heaven, the little voice of the child He loves, saying, "I thank Thee, Lord, and I love Thee."

Then just a word more to my dear ones: I fancy each boy or girl might do something for Him in Lent. If mamma gives money for candy, put a few cents by for St. Anthony's Bread, or any of the missionary works in our churches.

Suppose that we have a sick friend that is lonely, let us go and sit with that boy or girl and give up an hour's play or pleasure for their sake, and if we could take something pretty to them to please them, and make them forget their pains or loneliness, oh, that would be commendable; or, if some companion has said a naughty thing about us; let us go and try to make friends whether he will or not.

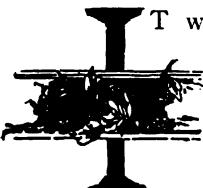
And all these christian acts, and a hundred others springing from kind hearts, can be done in honor of the suffering and death of our Blessed Lord. Surely our guardian Angels will carry up these our prayers, kind words and acts to Him in Heaven, and He will send these Angels back to us laden with blessings, for He will say, "Inasmuch ye did these things to the least of these, my brethren, ye did them unto Me."

TWIN SISTERS.

MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

NEW LIGHT.

T was a morning in the middle of October: just chilly enough to make the hard coal fire which burned in the deep, old-fashioned grate very welcome and pleasant. Books lined the walls of the long, low room, and plants made a bower of the broad window sills. Evidences of woman's work in the shape of embroidery and a mending basket with a pile of light worsted escaping from a gayly striped silk bag on the table brightened and cheered what might have been, without these, a rather sombre room, although the morning sun was at this moment pouring through the lace-curtained windows. In other days this had been the library, and since the death of her husband and son Mrs. Heminway had made it her ordinary sitting room. She was reading the morning paper, while Hattie, now grown to be a slim, straight-limbed girl of twelve, was watering the flowers. She still wore her brown curls, but now they were tied back by a pretty blue ribbon of a lighter shade than the navy-blue cashmere dress which fitted her so trimly and was yet so girlish. In those days little ladies did not disdain the neat white aprons which are fast losing favor in our own; Hattie's, though of the finest striped jaconet, was simply trimmed with lace about the broad bretelles. When she had finished watering the plants she said:

"Grandmother, I had a curious dream last night. Not so curious, either, but it is one that I have dreamed several times before."

"What was it, dear?" inquired Mrs. Heminway.

"I thought I was looking through the drawers of that little old desk in the corner, and that you came in and scolded me — yes, actually scolded me — something you never did in all my life" —

Mrs. Heminway sighed, glanced in the direction of the desk as she replied:

"There is nothing in that desk but some old papers of little or no value. But it has not been opened for years. We will set it to rights this morning, if you wish."

"When you have finished the paper, then, grandmother, let us begin."

Mrs. Heminway smiled and resumed her reading. Once she glanced up from the paper and saw Hattie standing beside the desk, looking at it attentively.

"Open it, dear," she said. "My desk key will fit it."

Hattie waited no further permission. Presently Mrs. Heminway heard her say:

"Oh, what a cute little drawer. May I open it, grandmother?"

"Yes, but you will find nothing in it but some old seals and sealing wax." A short silence ensued, followed by an exclamation.

"Grandmother, here is a letter — from Virginia — from my grandfather."

During all the years that had elapsed since the arrival at Mrs. Heminway's, Hattie had preserved a fleeting but tender remembrance of the home of her infancy, while at the same time she had lately begun to wonder with a feeling somewhat akin to reproach why her grandparents had given her up to a stranger. The arrival of the short letters which made their appearance at long intervals, and then only in response to those which Mrs. Heminway faithfully transmitted, never failed to create an emotion of interest in her heart, though the seeming indifference of her relatives as contrasted with the affection of her adopted mother was at times an almost painful mystery. Mrs. Heminway looked up quickly at mention of the letter.

"To whom is it addressed?" she inquired, holding out her hand.

"To Dr. Heminway," said the child, bringing it over to her grandmother's chair.

Mrs. Heminway looked at the superscription. It was in the handwriting of old Mr. Stewart, and bore a post-mark anterior but a few days to the death of her son.

"How strange," she thought, "that he should have placed it there. Could it be that it contained something derogatory to his friend — something he had wished to conceal? But why? He knew that she, his mother, had never been in the habit of looking at his correspondence except when he gave it her to read. She turned it over and over in her hand. Should she read it now, after all these years? Something, in which curiosity had no part, impelled her to do so.

Later she remembered that her hands grew cold and she trembled, as though on the brink of an important discovery. An impulse, equally strong, bade her dismiss the child while she read.

"Hattie," she said; and the child thought her voice sounded strangely, "will you go into the garden for a few moments, dear? I would like to look at this alone."

"Yes, grandmother," was the reply; and the next moment the door closed upon her retreating footsteps.

One hour, two hours passed. Hattie walked about the garden, clipping the withered leaves until the gyrations of a gayly colored butterfly among the nasturtiums claimed her attention. At length, tiring of this, she went to the parlor and practiced faithfully for some time, pausing at intervals, when she thought she heard the opening of the library door. But all was silent on that side of the house. But, finally, becoming really alarmed, the child closed the piano, and went on tiptoe to the threshold of the opposite room. Still there was no sound; she knocked lightly on the door, too lightly to be heard by the weeping woman within. Alarmed, the child softly opened the door. Beside the old desk Mrs. Heminway was kneeling, her head bowed on her hands.

"Grandmother," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Oh, what is the matter? Won't you tell me."

Slowly Mrs. Heminway arose from her knees, and advanced toward her, opening her arms as she came.

"Dear little one," she said, clasping the child in her arms, "you can not guess the news I have to tell. I am your grandmother, your own grandmother. I have learned it from that letter, hidden for so many years — lost years."

The child threw her arms about the old lady's neck, kissing her fondly. "It is good news — good news" — she murmured, "but I can't love you any better than I do already, nor you me, I am sure."

Mrs. Heminway smiled through a mist of tears, drawing the little girl on her lap as she replied:

"Yes, I do love you better for the knowledge, my darling. I feel it, I know it, although two hours ago I would scarcely have thought it possible. And what a joy to know that you are flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood, the child of my darling Eustace — my poor, foolish Eustace, who must have been made unhappy by the secret which he tried to tell me at the end."

"He was my father?" softly asked the little girl, stroking her grandmother's cheek.

"Yes, your own dear father!"

"And grandpa Stewart is not my grandfather at all?"

"Oh yes, he is. Your mother was his daughter. I can not explain it all, my child — you are too young to understand. Some day, perhaps, I may. Tell me, do you remember your mother at all? — she can not be living; surely she can not be living!"

"No, I only remember grandpa and grandma and another little girl about my own age; they called her Addie."

"Probably some neighbor's child, with whom you played," said Mrs. Heminway.

"I don't know," said Hattie, "it was all so long ago."

"I must write to your grandfather this afternoon," said Mrs. Heminway. "It shall not be long until I know the whole story. I can not understand his reticence, especially since your father's death. I shall be very impatient to hear from him, dear."

"In his place, grandmother, could you have let me go?" said the child.

Mrs. Heminway hastened to reassure her by saying:

"He thought he was giving you to your father, dear."

"But — but I can't understand it at all — that you shouldn't have known about it, or about my mother."

"No, darling, as I said before there is much that you can not understand. To me it is made clear" — and she pressed her closer with a heartfelt pang, for she divined that her son had erred through a fear of her own disfavor.

An anxiety, which of late had harrassed the mind of Mrs. Heminway, was now entirely removed. Sometimes she had feared as a remote possibility that the old people would suddenly recall the child to whose custody she had not been aware of her legal right. This apprehension was now dispelled forever. To her the whole occurrence of that morning seemed almost like a miracle, though on sober second thought she admitted that the strong desire to see the inside of the desk would account for the dream, and that, eventually the secret would have been disclosed in some other manner. At the same time she thought it almost criminal in the old people not to have revealed a fact so vital to the interests of their granddaughter. For this she could find neither motive nor excuse.

She lost no time in writing to Mr. Stewart, telling him of the discovery she had made through the medium of his letter to her dead son, and asking the explanation of several things which she could not understand. Several weeks elapsed before she received an answer. The old man wrote that he and his wife had both been very ill and unable to write.

"I am seventy-five," he wrote, "and my dear wife is nearing seventy. She has now fully recovered from her recent illness, but as for myself, a cataract which has been forming on my left eye for some years must be removed, as the right eye is also becoming affected. The doctor has advised me to have an operation performed and it will be necessary for me to go to some large city for

that purpose. Your letter his decided me: I will be in _____ about the last of the month, when our explanations can be made by word of mouth, and I can have the pleasure of seeing my dear child, who is still as near to our hearts as on the day she left us. I hope then, my dear madam, to recover your good opinion, which I seem to have forfeited in some degree."

Mrs. Heminway said nothing of this letter to Hattie, fearing a possible change of plans, and the child, well-trained as she was, asked no questions.

On the Feast of All Souls they were returning from Mass. An old man was standing at the foot of the steps, as though about to ascend. He awaited their approach. Mrs. Heminway noticed how tall and well-built he was, how respectable his entire appearance in spite of his plain but neat attire. His snow white hair hung almost to his shoulders — in his hand he carried a heavy stick on which he rested, awaiting their approach. When they came near he removed his hat, saying, "This is Mrs. Heminway, I presume." She knew who he was at once; but before she could reply his emotion had overcome him; he flung the stick on the side-walk exclaiming, "Ah, it is; it is my Hattie over again," and the child knew she was in her grandfather's arms.

SAINT THOMAS OF AQUIN.

SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS, C. P.

COME, read about the pious child,
Who heard and kept so well
The saintly words and counsels mild
Which from the old monks fell;
His pastime still a quiet walk,
A legend simply told;
Or dearer yet, the holy talk
Of Benedictines old.

Come, see how sweet the mother smiled,
To claim her child once more,
A simple, meek and sinless child,
Yet graver than before;
No changling thing of smiles and tears,
Light laugh and buoyant tone;
But wise beyond his father's years
And sweet beyond his own.

Come, linger by the fair domain,
 Through which young Thomas moved;
 The home ties at his heart again
 All loving, all beloved.
 No priestly counsels met him there,
 But whereso'er he trod
 His cloister was the ceaseless prayer
 His soul sent up to God.

The boy has left his home once more,
 'Mid youth and bearded men,
 He leaves the rich and varied lore.
 But well may God and angels smile,
 For tasks are nobly done,
 When earth is only moved awhile
 That heaven may yet be won.

No monks of Benedictine rule,
 Are round our Saint to-day—
 Not through the early convent school
 His future pathway lay ;
 No line of saints shall Thomas claim,
 As brethren crowned above,
 But in himself a leading name
 For after-times to love.

Will a proud father scorn to see
 The path thus humbly trod ?
 Will a proud mother mourn to be
 Left desolate for God?
 Will his warm youth be strong to meet
 A struggle fierce as this?
 Ah! he has prayed at Jesus' feet
 That God's strength might be his.

In prison-tower, the novice keeps
 His vigil long and dim;
 The brothers storm, the mother weeps,
 The angels watch with him;
 His sisters long have ceased to pray
 With pleading look and tone,
 For, oh! he charmed their hearts away
 To dwell beside his own.

And, there, within that silent tower,
 Derided or forgot,
 He sowed the seeds of future power,
 E'en while he knew it not.
 For some worn volumes, scant and few,
 Conned o'er and o'er again,
 Shaped forth for him the doctrine true
 Which burst like light on view.

What, if the temptress sought him there,
Since God defends the right,

And he that never fails in prayer
Will never fail in fight;

But ere he reaped his rich reward,
He well and bravely strove,
Then angels bind him with cord
Of pure angelic love.

The prison-tower hath loved its hold,
The convent smiles once more,
The habit with its sacred fold
Is round him as before.

The brethren and the quiet cell,
The silent hour of prayer,
The holy choir!—oh! who shall tell,
What raptures wait them there!

Grace, with its sweet, subduing power;
Light, with its force divine; [] []
Love, with its rich and teeming dower,
Meet at the Saviour's shrine.

There shall the sinful weep forgiven,
There may the weary rest,
There will the heart that hopes in heaven
Drink of its fountains blest.

Through the still night he hears the voice
Of Jesus break his prayer,
Making his inmost soul rejoice
With the strong rapture there.

"Thomas of Me well hast thou written,
What shall thy work reward?

Swift was the answer, proudly given—
"Naught but Thyself, O Lord."

* * * * *
Now rest we here for he is dying,
The sage whom Jesus taught,
Long hath his soul for God been sighing,
The God so early sought.

Sweetly he waits his parting hour,
Calmly he looks above,
Still are his words the words of power,
Still is he taught to love.

Show me a nobler life than this,
A heart more grand and true,
Cast like a seed of future bliss,
And ripening as it grew.

In heaven, where joys around him flow,
May great Saint Thomas pray.

For hearts still wavering here below
That lean on his to-day.

MRS. MUNRO'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF A SLAVE GIRL WHO BECAME
EMPERSS OF CHINA.

Y Dear Children: — Once more we are on our travels! This time we are going to cross the mighty Pacific Ocean. Our fairy boat must take us to the Land of China and then we must travel to one of the interior Provinces. Moreover we must go sixty-four years back in the world's history. In a little hut made of bamboos and of the poorest kind we find a little girl baby a few hours old wailing piteously in the arms of its nurse. And well it might wail for it came into this cruel world without one to welcome it but its poor mother. A scowl was on the face of its father as he looked at the helpless little creature. "Drown the little wretch; it is nothing but a girl," said he, pointing with disgust at it with his finger.

But the poor mother pleaded tearfully. "Oh give me my baby," she cried, "we are allowed one girl by the law of the land, and I love her so!" Now children, the poor Chinese mother spoke the truth, though this may seem a most strange speech to your young ears; she was allowed by the laws of her land only to keep alive one daughter, the others must all be drowned as soon as they are born, but boys the parents were allowed to keep. Such was the law in China at that time, and such it even now is, except where "The Church" has penetrated with its mission of mercy and love.

But to come back to my story. The poor mother's petition was heard by her disgusted husband.

"Well, well," he said, "we can let her live."

"What name shall we call her?" said the happy mother a few days after, as she nestled the wee thing to her breast and fondly kissed her brow.

"I do not care what you call her," growled the father; "I have let her live when she ought to have been drowned, and I do not want any more trouble about her."

"I shall call her Tuen-Tsou-Hsi," said her mother, "for that is a beautiful name and will bring her luck."

I wonder which of my children would call a doll Tuen-Tsou-Hsi, or like to address a little sister by such a queer, outlandish name!

Little Tuen grew up rather tolerated than loved by every one but her mother.

She was told a hundred times a day she was a nuisance, and being a very thoughtful child, she with a wonderful destiny before her began to think and wonder and grew sadder every day because of her uncongenial and most unnatural surroundings.

Her life at this time was very quiet and simple.

She did cheerfully the daily drudgery that fell to her lot, and lived the life of any other Chinese girl of poor family.

She was much pleased, however, with her humble lot, for no one tried to double up her toes under her heels, as they would most assuredly have done, had she been a fine lady, for those who are born of rich parents always have their feet tortured, so that people may see how grand they are, and what small shoes they can wear and how utterly useless they can be! That makes their parents proud. "Look at our daughter's feet, they are so small, she can not walk, she has to be waited on, and driven about in our fine carriages; and look how small her shoes are. We are rich and shall marry her to a Mandarin of three buttons." And they perch and plume themselves like silly geese, which indeed they are, and I beg the goose's pardon for mentioning that respectable bird in the same breath with them! —

Well, to return to our young Empress that was to be. She grew up a healthy, fine girl, and became a very beautiful one, and her surly father got rather proud of her.

"I am glad I did not drown Tuen," he said to his wife. "See how her brothers love her; we must marry her to some rich man soon."

But Tuen tossed her lovely head when she heard this.

"I do not want to marry," she said; "leave me with my darling mother."

That poor, down-trodden woman sighed as she heard her daughter's words, for well she knew both herself and Tuen were mere slaves, obliged to obey the will of the men of their family.

Men were tyrants and women were drudges at that time in the lovely land of China, and are still so as they are in all countries where the light of Christ's love and teaching is not known.

A terrible rebellion broke out when Tuen was about fifteen years old, and it stirred the empire of China to its very depths. Tuen's father was one of the sufferers at the hands of the rebels. His little hut was burned and his patch of garden was destroyed.

Day by day the future Empress of China stood with the rest of her starving family at the gate of the temple of the god Buddha begging for a little food.

Sometimes during that fearful time they had nothing to eat all day.

As the soldiers had burnt their home they used to sleep in the open space before the temple.

Now, as I have already told you, Tuen was no ordinary character, for besides being gifted with beauty she had wonderful wisdom for one so young, and, like our Corsican boy, whose history I have lately told you, she dearly loved her family, even her surly old father, who had so nearly murdered her when she came into the world.

"I can not bear to see you all hungry, father," she said, "why not make some money by selling me? You know very well I would fetch a good price."

The poor child knew she was beautiful, but only thought at this stage of her career how it would help her people.

"How can we sell you, my darling?" sobbed her mother.

"You will get money enough then to live," said Tuen, "and those who buy me will have to give me food too, and if ever I am freed, mother, I will send for you all."

"I won't part with you, my beautiful daughter," said her now loving father.

"But then you may have to bury me whether you want or not, if I starve to death," said Tuen calmly to him. "Are you not glad now you saved my life," she added, "for in turn I will save yours."

"Well, well," he answered, "if you mean it, Tuen, I will sell you, and, as you say, you will help us if you can. These horrid 'Taepings' have taken all I have and we must live. So get her ready and I will take her to Pekin," he said to his wife, "and offer her for sale. A girl like Tuen will fetch us a good deal of money."

So beautiful Tuen with her own consent, indeed at her own entreaty, was taken and sold as a slave in Pekin, as was the custom in those times.

She was bought by a high court lady. Fortune seemed to shine on her from that very day. Her mistress saw soon that she was a very remarkable girl and promoted her from the kitchen work for which she was originally bought to the embroidery room, where young girls were busy making and embroidering robes for herself and her family; they were dressmakers, in short, just as we have them in our houses too, only they were bought slaves, not free women, in business for themselves, as with us.

The dressmaking and embroidery Tuen liked very much, indeed, and she became so skilful that her mistress was more pleased than ever with her, and showed her such special favor that the slave girl was emboldened to ask her a favor.

"Oh teach me to read, sweet mistress," she said one day, the tears rolling down her cheeks, so earnest was she in her pleading with the kind lady before her.

Her mistress was very much astonished. "Why child," she said, "what good is education to us women? That is left for the men."

"Ah, but madam, I want to learn," persisted Tuen, "and if I have pleased you with my services since you bought me, I beseech you to grant me this favor."

And because she persisted and never let her kind mistress alone about it, her request was granted.

Even then Tuen showed the same determination to get her own way that she has since shown as Empress of China. That same disposition is puzzling the powers of Europe at the present day. Nothing can move the Empress; she has her own plans, and few know what they are!

But to return to our story. Tuen's mistress got so fond of her that she took her everywhere with her, even to court, to see the royal family, and the Emperor saw Tuen, and because of her wondrous beauty fell in love with her and made her his wife and Empress of China.

Here was a change! She sent for her family and persuaded the Emperor to make great lords of the court of her father and brothers, for of course she could do anything with him as he was an old man and she was a beautiful young girl.

Can you imagine, children, what her mother's feelings must have been when she saw her once despised and neglected little girl dressed in the gorgeous robes of an empress of one of the largest countries of the world? I have no doubt she gave her mother the most beautiful things money could buy, for she was a loving and dutiful daughter.

Well, time went on and the Emperor, her husband, died, leaving Tuen ruler over one-third of the population of the world, for China is an enormous country, as you will see if you look at your maps.

Now Empress Tuen had no children of her own, but she had a stepson, the Emperor's former wife's little boy.

Our beautiful Empress, like the boy from Corsica, Napoleon Bonaparte, was fearfully ambitious, and she determined never to let the power out of her own hands, though well she knew that when the young Emperor came of age, she would have to allow him to be crowned and she would then have to pretend "to take a back seat," as the saying is.

But, my children, it was only pretence, for in due time the boy Emperor came to manhood and sat on his father's throne and supposed he had the power in his own hands, and that he was ruler of China, but he soon found out he was a mere puppet in his scheming, clever stepmother's hands.

"I have held the reins of power too long," she said to one of her trusted ladies of the court, "and I shall never let that power out of my hands while there is breath in my body."

"But the Emperor rules," said her friend timidly.

"Bah," she laughed, "he is a poor, stupid fool! He has neither brains nor education. The latter I took care he should not have. Had he been my son, I would have acted differently, but he is the son of a woman I hate, a woman who once insulted me. I have never forgiven her and have taken it out in making her son a weakling, an ignoramus, and if he dares to disobey me, he will not do so long!"

The court lady looked at Empress Tuen, and shuddered, for people that the Empress disliked had a strange way of disappearing, and never being seen again.

(To be continued.)

THE WISE LITTLE NIGGER NAMED NAT.

TOBY TWINKLE.



HERE was a wee nigger called Nat,
Who was noted for being too fat;
He could roll out of bed without bumping his head,
Could this spry little fellow named Nat.

This same little nigger boy Nat
Had a hole in the top of his hat;
It quickly struck him to tear off the brim
And fill the big hole up with that.

Poor, spry little, smart little Nat
Got gloomy because he was black,
And wished with his might he'd turn suddenly white,
And wanted his name to be Jack.

One day discontented, sad Nat
Met a ragged street urchin called Jack,
Whose face, although white, was a pitiful sight,
For it soap and water did lack.

Now, hitherto unhappy Nat
Took what he had wished for all back;
He tossed up a mig, danced a gay little jig,
And felt jolly because he was black.

DOROTHY'S CALL

E. E. HARRIS.



THAT might be said that Dorothy was not exactly an Attic Philosopher, and it may have been only because she was a wee little girl that the world looked brightest when viewed through grandma's attic windows. True it is, that when the day came that Miss Dorothy could philosophize, she reasoned well that there are many things in a young lady's life to be preferred to cob-webbed garrets and old fashioned clothes. But at the time I first made the little girl's acquaintance, the weather clerk could not give enough rainy days to please her, and of all spots in the great, roomy, southern home, the shady old attic was the dearest.

Dorothy's papa and mamma died when she was a baby and grandma had brought the little tot home to the great, rambling old house to be loved and spoiled as only grandmothers can love and spoil little girls.

If Dorothy was a wee bit old fashioned, it was due to the fact that Mrs. Humphrey forgot now and then that her granddaughter was only a baby in years, and talked to her of things much beyond her age. Then there was old "mammy" who had nursed the Humphreys children for three generations, and was now ready for her cozy corner and her knitting. It was hard for two such old people to amuse a little girl, and it was perfectly natural that a child thus surrounded, should grow to be a quaint miss.

On sunshiny days Dorothy played under the huge old oaks, where she did wonderful house-keeping after a fashion of her own in moss-carpeted parlors that a queen might envy; with dainty cups and saucers made from polished acorns; and the quaintest bits of bric-a-brac gathered here and there in her travels through the house and yard. If grandma missed anything she was sure to find its remains in Dorothy's play-house.

Everything that lived loved the child: the flowers in the fine old garden blossomed for her pleasure, the birds sang their sweet-

est songs when she fitted to and fro on the ground beneath them. For many a day grandma Humphreys thought and thought how she could amuse her little girl when the great rain storms came and she could not send her out of doors to play; for rainy days were very dull in the house with only two old people to talk to. One day the mystery solved itself. Grandma went to the great attic to hang the peppers Dorothy had helped to pick and string, and that were now to be dried for winter use. Dorothy went along to help, she said, but she was very much in the way. In and out of every corner asking dozens of questions in one breath about all the odd, old things stored away in the garret, until, in desperation, grandma opened a big cedar chest and threatened to put Miss Dorothy into it if she did not keep as still as a mouse. The effect was wonderful; for both grandma and Dorothy, forgetting everything else, and leaving the poor peppers to care for themselves, were soon deep in the mysteries of that cedar chest.

Not since Mrs. Humphreys had folded away her wedding gown, so many years ago, had she looked through the contents of this old chest. There were the frocks she wore when she was a girl; here, the dainty, faded slippers in which she had danced as the belle of many a ball — for grandma had been a belle in her day, and was, even now, a beautiful old lady. Here were the once treasured gowns of her feminine ancestors as far back as the days of the Colonies. Such powdered wigs and high-heeled boots, such wonderful silk gowns with flowing sleeves and queer necks and tiny waists, Dorothy had never seen. She gazed into the chest and then about the old attic to see if she were not transferred to fairyland. Her eyes fell upon the dear grandma bending low over some trinket the sight of which stirred memories painfully pleasant. The tears were falling on the box she held, and she, too, fancied she lived in other times and other lands. Soon, two soft little arms were around her neck and a sweet voice whispering: "Grandmamma, I loves you forty-leben bushels," brought her back to the present.

Dorothy considered the old chest and its treasures hers by right of discovery. Grandma was coaxed and wheedled into letting her try on the things "just once"; but "once" came to be so frequent that Mrs. Humphreys concluded to reserve the game of colonial dame for rainy days. This is why Dorothy liked rainy days best, and this explains her love for the attic. Here, with mammy nodding in a corner "jes' to see dat precious chile didn' fall trou' dem

raftahs whah warn't bo'ded obah," Dorothy clad in the one-time finery of her great-grandmother, walked minuets, cut high capers, and was so happy that the shades of even these stately dames of long ago must have beamed indulgently upon this little descendant who sought to borrow their personality.

And so the rainy days passed as pleasantly as the house-keeping that could only be done in the sunshine; until one day poor Dorothy's pride had a fall, a terrible fall, for she was laughed at and her dignity as an attic Colonial dame was ever after a matter of question and of ridicule.

A little friend in the neighborhood had donned her mama's long skirt, and, like a real grown lady, called to see grandma and Dorothy. What capital fun they had — Mrs. Humphreys had left her spectacles upstairs and was really "fooled" the little girls thought. Then Dorothy secretly told who the supposed young lady was; how they enjoyed her surprise and the good romp and cake that followed!

After that there was one wish of Dorothy's yet to be gratified. "Would grandma please let Dorothy dress up and go calling?" "Perhaps, if Dorothy were a very good little girl." But the promised day seemed so long in coming that Dorothy could wait no longer and resolved to steal a march on grandma and mammy.

Mrs. Humphreys had a dear friend who lived not far away; she would often take her sewing and spend the day with Mrs. Baldwin. Dorothy was frequently sent to the Baldwin's with mammy, and the heart-hungry woman made much of the child. It chanced, also, that a friend of Mrs. Humphreys and Mrs. Baldwin, a Mr. Gordon, whom they had not seen since their girlhood days, was visiting in the town; he had called on Mrs. Humphreys and was expected any day at the Baldwin home.

When Dorothy had seen her grandmother off one morning on what she supposed a shopping excursion, and had coaxed old mammy into a cozy nap by promise to be good she slipped away to the attic and there arrayed herself for a round of calls.

No picture in the long lines of paintings on the drawing room walls looked quainter or more faded as regarded their coloring than Dorothy did in her many-styled costume, parts of which were in vogue twenty-five, fifty, and even a hundred years ago. It did not matter to Dorothy that the high-heeled slippers had to be tied on,

nor that the blue skirt and green waist did not altogether harmonize. What odds could there be in wearing grandma's bonnet with the long black veil, and why should she not crown all with the white parasol Uncle Ed had sent for her birthday?

When the little lady took an approving look at herself in the long hall mirror, there was no shadow of a smile at the picture that met her eyes. Her moment of triumph had come. She would go straight to see Mrs. Baldwin. Wouldn't that lady be "fooled"? Perhaps grandma would hear about it a long time afterward; but then it would be so long she would forget to scold Dorothy for running off.

There was one thing more — grandma always took little white cards with her when she went to call and she gave them to the man who opened the door. It would never do to go without the cards for the man might think she was only Dorothy after all, and would not treat her like a grown-up lady. But where would she get the cards? She sat on the bottom step to think about it when she spied the loose cards Mr. Gordon had left on the table just the day before. With the two bits of cardboard bearing Mr. William Logsdon Gordon's name tightly squeezed in her hand, the little girl crept quietly out of the front door and went bravely down the avenue. All went well for half a block, when the poor feet refused to be hampered with any such footwear. The strings slipped down and the little feet slipped out and mortified Dorothy had to sit down on the sidewalk to tie them on again. Why is it that little girls can only tie hard knots, and why is it that those knots will never, never come out again? Dorothy's knots were hard, and pull as she would with her teeth and her fingers those knots had been made to stay and stay they would. Hot tears began to blind two blue eyes and the owner of the eyes began to think playing lady in the street far from being the fun playing lady in the attic had been. There was no use trying to tie those slippers on — they simply would not stay — so, unless she were to wait to be picked up by some well-disposed passer-by, Dorothy concluded she must either go back or onward without them. The old home looked tempting — only half a block away — but give up that call? How could she do it? When would she ever have such a chance again? And who could tell if she gave up now, whether grandma would ever let her go to the attic again, or ever see the chest with the

wonderful clothes in it? For Dorothy knew she was naughty and feared a just penance for her disobedience. The thought of never carrying out her cherished plan cast the die for her; so, tucking the slippers under her arm she started on again and reached Mrs. Baldwin's just as that lady had seated a dozen guests at luncheon. Cautiously up the stone step, went the little stocking-footed girl; pull went the bell, and on went the slippers once more. Presently the heavy doors swung open and there, bowing in the doorway, stood the shining negro with his silver tray to receive the visitor's cards. Sam was too well trained to look astonished at anything. With the same gravity with which he would have received the President of the United States he took Dorothy's cards and led the way to the drawing room. Mr. Gordon's card in such condition and at such an hour alarmed the hostess, who, by way of apology for leaving her guests, hinted her fears of an accident. She hastened to the drawing room expecting to see her old friend in some terrible plight. Fancy her surprise to behold a queer looking little figure in faded blue and green almost lost in a widow's veil and bonnet, perched on the highest chair in the room. In sheer amazement the good lady looked at Dorothy, then in a moment she understood it all. Such a ringing laugh as echoed through those halls had not been heard there for many a day. No sweet child had come to bring sunshine and laughter to this home.

"Sam," called Mrs. Baldwin, "ask the ladies to come here." When they came, Dorothy could stand her ground no longer; in a wilted little heap, down sank colonial gown, widow's veil and all. Only a hard, hard sobbing made known the fact that underneath this green and blue and black there beat a little girl's heart wounded to the core. No woman can enjoy a joke long when tears plead against it, and soon twelve gentle, kindly women were making an honored guest of Dorothy. Grandma even could not think of reprobing the scared and penitent little culprit; so she was petted and feasted to her heart's content. But no amount of good things could make amends for the wound given her pride; every now and then the funny side of the situation sent some lady into fits of laughter, down would go the corners of Dorothy's mouth and she wished she were safe home again in her attic. Only when grandma had tucked her up in bed that night did she feel that the dreadful shame of it all was over and then she whispered: "Grandma, I'm dreffu! sorry I goed callin'. It's nicer to be a little bits 'a girl, and I don't never want to grow up."

BOYHOOD OF ST. PATRICK.

ELLA F. MOSBY.



Roman soldiers.

He remembered so well his beautiful home, built like a Roman villa with mosaic floors and marble pillars. It was just south of the walls of Severus and near a Roman camp. For his father was a British magistrate under the Romans, and closely allied with them. He was also a Christian deacon, and his son was a gentle boy fond of his studies, and grounded in the Christian faith. There was no thought of danger as he wandered alone in the woods near Solway Frith on a dewy summer morning. But all at once he was seized by a band of roving savages and hurried away into their boat. Then he was taken to Ireland, and sold to an Irish chieftain, as savage as they were, and set to watching his herds on the lonely mountain for six long years. That was better than the savage and drunken orgies at the castle with the chief and his wild kerns or foot-soldiers, but it was very dreary for a young lad.

He did not know the language these people spoke, nor did they know his, only they respected the Latin hymns that he sung to himself morning and evening, and never harmed him, and he understood the love and the sorrow in their mournful laments over their dead, or in the inexpressively sweet tones with which the women sang to the babies as they went back and forth on the edge of the woods or through the narrow bog-paths that only the peasants knew, or could follow with safety.

It was in the first part of the fifth century, and there was much wild and unsettled land in the British Isles, and perhaps nowhere was it more lonely than on Slemish Mountain with its upland pastures running down to the sea. When the dew lay thick on the

wild clover or the green leaves, young Patrick had no companion; but the cattle browsing around him, and lowing after their calves, or sometimes getting startled by an unfamiliar sound into a panic, and after much pawing the ground and bellowing, running away wildly with sudden snorts of terror. Occasionally he heard the distant barking of a fox, or of a dog, almost as savage, or the splash of the oars in the salt water.

He began to dream wonderful dreams: Angels and saints appeared to him and he heard their ecstatic singing. By day he longed for home, by night, when the herd lay asleep around him with deep and heavy breathing, he was comforted by shining visions. At length he resolved to escape by means of the robbers themselves, so strong had he grown in courage, and the next time a band landed on the coast he went down to them, and entreated the captain to take him away from this lonely spot.

"I am alone here," he said, "night and day, I and my cattle," and his voice was full of despair.

"Well," said the man abruptly, "do you want to go with me? You are a tall, active fellow, and I'll show you how to make your fortune," and he laughed.

"I want to go with you," answered Patrick, "but to Solway Frith, no farther," and a stouter heart might have quailed at the man's frown, but presently his brow cleared, for Patrick had not flinched.

"Come along, then. I will give you that much. How long ago were you captured?"

"I have been six long years, alone, on this bleak mountain," was the reply, and the outlaw said no more, only strode swiftly along to the cove where his boat was concealed.

The men were rough and sinister, but Patrick paid no heed to them, and when they reached the British coast, he was put ashore by the captain's orders as he had desired.

He was in a wild and rugged land, but at last he reached a monastery where he was lovingly received, and his tale heard with wonder and awe. The venerable abbot blessed him with tears in his eyes: —

"God hath work for thee, my son. Thou wilt return to us."

As yet, however, Patrick's heart was bent on reaching his father's house. Once arrived there, it was that which seemed like a dream, the fountains, the gardens, the paved courts, the luxurious home, the speech of his childhood, in contrast with the solitude and roughness of his captivity! But when he was recognized, he

was received with joy and welcome, and soon fell into the old habits of comfort and pleasure. Yet there was a difference. Again he dreamed by night; pitiful dreams of the poor and ignorant peasants on the Irish coast, and in his dreams they called to him to help and deliver them.

At last he began to feel it was given to him to reject the world, and go as a messenger from the Church to these wandering sheep who knew nothing of the true Fold. He was prepared for his work at the White House or Monastery of St. Mirian, and finally went back to Ireland as a Bishop. Under his care, churches and schools were built, and hundreds of happy Christian homes took the places of the wild and savage abodes he had seen before. By unknown ways he had been led among them and learned their needs. The sea-robbers had been used as instruments in the hands of God for His own merciful ends.

The story of St. Patrick's life is a beautiful one: and his day, the 17th of March, is a festival of grateful remembrance and joy.

PUZZLES.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

First. SPAIN—Asp, reptile; Spa, place to live in; pans, things to cook with; nap, to enjoy when tired; pain, being very disagreeable; span, a measure; pins, always being lost; in, preposition; Spain must surely feel very small just now!

Second puzzle. SNOW—Sow, well known in farm yards; on, preposition; now, adverb; son, important part of family; won, delightful experience; snow, very much in evidence now.

MARCH PUZZLES.

FIRST PUZZLE.

I am a word of eight letters:

My 5th, 6th and 7th, has a head but no brains.

My 3d, 4th and 5th, is part of the body.

My 5th and 8th, is a river in Italy.

My 2d and 3d, is part of the name of a Chinese statesman.

My 5th and 6th, is good! good! good!

My 3d, 4th and 5th, is bad! bad! bad!

My 1st, 2nd, 3d, 4th and 5th, is not pleasant to receive.

My 1st and 2nd, mama says to naughty boys or girls.

My 7th and 8th, is a negative.

My 2nd and 3d, no one likes to be.

My 1st, 5th and 8th, many young men are.

My whole is very little known and not very much admired.

SECOND PUZZLE.

I am a word of three letters:

One of my letters is the name of a river.

One is a measure.

One is the name of a street in Washington.

And my whole causes a good deal of excitement in warm weather.



On the twenty-fifth of this month, the Feast of the Annunciation, we should remember in a very special manner the homage which is due from us to the Mother of God. The redeemer of man was begun when the "Lily of Israel" was overshadowed by the power of the Most High. Under her heart, she carried the Son of God, and from the closeness of this union there came into her soul that wealth of love and tenderness which only mothers can know, and which only the Mother of God could own in its highest and fullest degree. For us all this great heart beats in motherly ways, and whether we be of those whom the grace of God has kept in the straight, clean path of virtue, or of those who have fallen, alas, and become bedraggled, *there is* our asylum.

The Feast of St. Joseph falls upon the nineteenth of this month. It is a day of special devotion, but the church not satisfied with this, has set apart the entire month as a time in which we should bring him particular homage. It is but proper, therefore, that during the passage of these March days, we should frequently meditate upon the virtues which adorned the foster-father of our Blessed Redeemer. St. Joseph worked faithfully and diligently in the performance of the various tasks which came his way, but his mind and heart were ever fixed in heaven. Lowly and insignificant as was his occupation from a worldly point of view, he never forgot that by acquitting himself of it conscientiously, he should be storing up for himself

treasures, the duration of which time could not measure. He knew that the child Jesus was the Omnipotent God Himself; that He had come to establish a realm upon earth, in which even kings should be subjects, and yet he never mistook the character of this kingdom. We find the Apostles contending among themselves as to who should be the first in the kingdom of Christ, regarding it in a grossly material sense. Stubbornly they clung to this view, and it was only after repeated admonitions that they finally came to regard the reign of Christ as one of a purely spiritual kind. St. Joseph, however, never fell into this error. He seemed from the first to grasp the real purpose of Christ's coming and to understand that His kingdom was indeed not of this world, and consistently with this belief he directed all his acts to a supernatural end. Let us do likewise, and we shall find the sweat of our honest toil, becoming fruitful dews and yielding to us a rich harvest of heavenly joys.

* * * * *

How memorable are these words of Pius IX: "I have seen a little picture which represents St. Joseph with the Divine Infant, who points to him, saying: 'Ite ad Joseph.' To you I say the same, 'Go to Joseph;' have recourse with special confidence to St. Joseph, for his protection is most powerful now above all that he is the Patron of the Universal Church."

We shall begin next month the publication of a series of articles, embracing "The Confraternity of the Rosary."

"The Perpetual Rosary," "The Living Rosary," "The Holy Name Society," "The Angelic Warfare" and "The Third Order of St. Dominic." Their nature and history, the requisites for membership and the benefits thereof will be briefly stated with a view to giving our readers desirable information in a precise and clear manner. A digest of these articles will be made, and will be printed in every number of the magazine, beginning with April of this year. Frequently information is sought concerning these points; a reference to this digest will, we trust, always yield the desired information.

Beyond the power of words to express is the glory of St. Thomas. He was a vessel of election. Gifted with a matchless intellect, with wonderful loveliness of character and sprung from a race of princes, he was without the very flower of humility. He was a devout client of our Blessed Mother—how could he fail then in humility and purity, her chosen virtue! On

his feast, the seventh day of this month, let us go to him with earnest and confiding prayers and with the firm resolve to make our lives like his, conspicuous for humility and purity.

The paper on "A Catholic Introduction to the Study of Literature," contributed to this number by Mr. E. Lyell Earle, will be read with much interest. In works on literature Catholics have never received the recognition which is theirs in simple justice and fairness. Too long have we submitted to this slight and allowed generations to grow up with the mistaken notion that the place of Catholics in literature is but a small one, indeed. It is time therefore that we should be up and doing and give to our own, at least in the minds of our own, the credit and recognition which they deserve. Apart from this, the line of study mapped out in the article will increase the literary activity among Catholics and go far to secure an intelligent appreciation of all that this activity may produce.

MAGAZINES.

Harper's for February contains its usual quota of things entertaining and instructive. "Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest at Fort Donelson," by John A. Wyeth, M. D., is a stirring recital of the part played by that intrepid warrior in the operations that called forth Grant's memorable terms—"Unconditional surrender or I will storm your works." "Anglo-Saxon Affinities," by Julian Ralph, is another appeal for an alliance between the two great English-speaking nations. Whatever may be the advantages of such an alliance to the parties concerned, we are at a loss to understand how such a union can be furthered or strengthened by such a perversion of recent history as Mr. Ralph employs. When he asserts, without any effort to substantiate his statements, that English Catholics generally manifested hostility to the American cause during the late war, and that they alone were at the bottom of the pro-Spanish meeting held in London when the war broke out, his statements as those of a narrow-minded partisan, are beneath contempt. The

children of the Catholic Church in England are as loyal to Her Majesty's policy as the adherents of the "religion established by law"; and the records of her army and navy prove beyond question that their loyalty and patriotism are not of the stay-abroad species, such as Mr. Ralph's. Henry Cabot Lodge contributes the first of a series of papers on the Spanish War, entitled "The Unsettled Question." "With Dewey at Manila," by Joseph S. Stickney, an eye-witness of the battle, is a graphic narrative of the justly celebrated victory of the Asiatic squadron. The fiction maintains the usually high standard of this magazine.

The February *Century* contains many articles of unusual interest. Frederic Courtland Penfield, former United States diplomatic agent and Consul-General in Egypt, claims the opening pages of this number for his excellent paper on "Harnessing the Nile." He proves conclusively that the English are doing good work in Egypt, both for the education of the natives and

for the enrichment of the country. Accompanying this article are very pretty illustrations, done by R. Talbot Kelly. "What Charles Dickens Did for Childhood," by Mr. James J. Hughes, is another article of interest to all. Dickens is here placed beside Froebel and the two are called "the best interpreters of Christ's ideals of childhood."

William R. Shafter, Major-General U. S. V., writes the story of "The Capture of Santiago de Cuba." The General, in this article, takes the occasion to correct many false statements scattered abroad concerning both army and officers. The third instalment of Hobson's "Sinking of the Merrimac" is printed in this number, and keeps up our interest in the narrative. The stories in this number are excellent.

What from its position appears to be the most important article in the February *North American Review* is Sir G. S. Clarke's "Imperial Responsibilities a National Gain." As his article, and, indeed, as all articles on the great myth of our day, the triumphs and future of the Anglo-Saxon race, are purely speculative, it is almost impossible to correct or criticize them. When a man leaves the practical, and strikes out across the field of theory he is exlex, for so many-sided are earthly things and happenings that a basis can always be found for the wildest statement, and for the greatest stretch of fancy. There are few men who will ferret out the faults in that which they love, and what does a man love more than his country and kin? Our loves are ideal. To argue with a man whose ideas and theories are built upon social prejudice is a hopeless task, for that foundation is too secure. Prejudice blinds our eyes, and clouds our intellect. Prejudiced men are not open to conviction because they never see the possibility. Anglo-Saxons and Scotch-Irish will not be convinced. To such men this article will appear wise, to men who ridicule the terms it will appear shallow and amusing. Still we think Mr. Archer will find few even among his admirers to bear him out in some of his statements about the mutual relations of England and the United States in times past. If Major Griffiths had gone more into details in his "Old Time War Prisons in England and France," in regard to the

cruelties inflicted on captured Americans, more interest would centre on his contribution. Reasons of shame cause most Englishmen to gloss over such historical passages. "Russia as a World Power" is an appreciative study by Chas. A. Conant. Wide reading of this would alter many of the fake impressions of the Czar and his people, current in this country. "The Awakening of China," or better, the capture of China by the missionaries, is told by Rev. Judson Smith. Here is shown another instance of the shrewdness of Protestant proselytism. In our own country, in Mexico, now in China, they secure the children. Their fat, bulging wallets, which are quite a contrast to those of the Apostles and those of our poor Catholic missionaries, enable them to make use of every possible material aid to attract the poor heathen. But with all their advantages they do not convert. Still, we Catholics should learn the lesson of zeal from these missionaries, and do our duty. Other interesting articles treat of various economic and scientific problems just now engaging the world's attention.

The able editor of the *Review of Reviews* gives, in the February number, some very practical advice on "Reconstructing the Philippines." He explains what is meant by "government with the consent of the governed," and foretells the ratification of the treaty of Paris by the U. S. Senate. He deals also ably with the work of reconstruction in Cuba; and shows what evils our government should guard against, being taught by those which followed the civil war. He recommends that our government advance to Cuba money sufficient to pay off their soldiers, in order that they may return to their industrial pursuits. If such is done, in a few years Cuba will be able to refund the money with interest, and with the necessary reforms established, will become a flourishing country. "Aguinaldo": a character sketch, was evidently written by an intimate of the treacherous chieftain, by one who shared his likings and his prejudices.

Mr. Henry Macfarland contributes to this number an excellent paper on "The Army Signal Corps in the War." And Mr. William Howe Tolman writes on the "Volunteer War Relief Associations."

The *American Ecclesiastical Review* for February opens with an excellent paper on Pascal's Pensees and Modern Apologetics, written by the Reverend F. P. Siegfried, of Overbrook Seminary. Recently three books of note have appeared, "The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ from Pascal," by William Bullen Morris of the Oratory; "Les Pensees de Pascal," by the Abbe Guthlin and "Pensees de Blaise Pascal," by M. le Chanoine Didiot. The publication of these three works has created quite an interest in Pascal, about whose precise religious views there is such conflict of opinion, and by this was occasioned the present article. It is a good one and will reward the reader with much instruction and please him with the even temper of its general tone. The Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, of Brighton Seminary, contributes a paper on "Church Building—the Priest and the Architect." It is full of good, sensible advice which we trust will be heeded by those to whose lot church building may fall. We can not measure the comfort as well as great aid in the growth of culture that priests would bring to their people were they to be governed by some such advice as Father Hogan gives. "My New Curate" is still distressing Father Dan. What a remarkable serial this is, and what a happy thought to embody it in the *Ecclesiastical Review*! The question as to the validity of be-

quests for masses receives able consideration at the hands of Mr. J. H. Wigman, of the Green Bay, Wisconsin, bar. A very important subject is this, and it is gratifying to know what we had reason to expect, that the weight of authority in America is for the validity of these bequests.

The Outlook keeps on improving. It is a most excellent weekly, containing a variety of timely matter as well as that which is of general interest, and all treated in a clear, unsensational manner. The issue of the 4th of February contains a delightful review of his literary neighbors by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Of that class were Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, etc. One never tires reading of these, the makers of American literature, and the purity of their lives has a wonderful charm, and a lesson as well, for all the vast number of their countrymen. Kipling, "that literary meteor," as Hopkinson Smith calls him, is the subject of a brief sketch by Robert Bridges, and Richard Watson Gilder talks entertainingly on "The Newspaper, the Magazine and the Public." A fine portrait of John Burroughs graces these pages, and the many whom he has taught to love and know birds and insects, will linger over the venerable beauty of his countenance.

BOOKS.

From Rand, McNally & Co., New York and Chicago, we have received "A CRUISE UNDER THE CRESCENT," by Charles Warren Stoddard. We have examined this new book by the author of the "South Sea Idyls," from beginning to end. It possesses a lightness of composition that is agreeable to a tired reader, and here and there a touch of humor that is pleasing. But this is all. We are familiar with the Orient of which Mr. Stoddard writes, and we were curious to see what he says of it. And so we turned page after page hoping that the disappointment met in the beginning would wear away. Of the very small part of Palestine that he visited, of Constantinople, and of Athens, he has given us a very poor description. He has not only failed to tell us more than a very little of places that are full of interest for all

the world, but he has written with an inaccurate pen of what he saw some years ago, evidently with the eyes of a tired and hurried tourist. Within the narrow limits of the Plains of Sharon, where there are only a few towns and villages, he crowds nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants and declares that at one time the number was 20,00,000! Of the historic places which may be seen from the mountain road that he followed from the plains to Jerusalem, he says almost nothing. He tells us that along the way he saw ravines with dense woods; but others see only modest olive groves. And he puts in close proximity Biblical sites that are far apart, as the Valley of Ayalon and Abu Gosh (Kirjath of the Bite). When he tells us that the Mosque of El Aksa, at the southern end of the great temple-area in Jerusalem, is "small" and that

it was originally a "chapel," we wonder if he really entered the famous mosque, originally a majestic basilica, which has an area of 50,000 square feet and long rows of superb columns. And so he continues, ending as he began, by weaving words that give but a faint, descriptive notion of the picturesque East and its interesting people. In a book of travel we like to read of places and men; for the delights of the nargileh and the thousand trifling incidents that succeed upon each other we care less. The publishers have brought the book out in a neat form.

We have received "IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS," by Walter Lecky. Those who are familiar with Walter Lecky's previous work, and know the high ideals that guide him in his labors, must have been curious to know in what estimation the author of "Billy Buttons" held some of the much-lauded writers of the day. Such pardonable curiosity will be more than satisfied by a perusal of this pamphlet, the contents of which deserve a more pretentious and lasting form. The author's appreciation of some of the best known of living writers, couched in virile and vigorous English, is as refreshing and gratifying as it is just and reasonable. We would place his paper on the "Priest in Fiction" in the hands of every Catholic, especially the young people, who will, despite all warning to the contrary, delve indiscriminately into the translations of foreign novels. The papers entitled "M. Zola and His Art," "Catholic Literature" and "Richard Malcolm Johnston" are especially valuable. The last, though written in the life time of the subject, is a just and loving tribute to a sweet and noble character whose demise we have not yet ceased to mourn.

From the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, we have received (1) "THE TALES TIM TOLD US," by Mary E. Mannix. The tender dedication to her mother puts us in the fitting mood to read this group of stories written in Mrs. Mannix' best vein. They are altogether charming and interesting, with their exquisite play of pathos and humor. We learn to love Tim as we listen to his stories, and for many of us the happy hours of childhood are born again—hours beguiled by just such another Tim, with a mind filled with folk-lore and legend. We wish

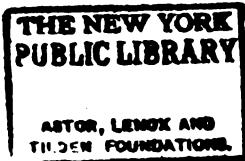
we could place this little volume into the hands of all our readers, for it would prove a factor in dispensing cheer and gladness. It is tastefully made in binding of delicate green. It sells for seventy-five cents.

(2) "Peasants in Exile," from the Polish of Henry Sienkiewicz, by C. O'Connor-Eccles. Already we have noticed in these pages two other translations of this charming short story of the famous Polish writer. The appearance of a third translation has not been called for by any faults in the previous renderings, but very probably by a desire to aid in making known the good lesson contained in the story. Through the Ave Maria it will doubtless reach many readers who have not seen and may not see the others.

From Benziger Bros., agents for Thomas Baker, London, we have received "How to Pray," from the French of Pere Grou, S. J. The writings of Pere Grou that have been republished and translated during the past few years have found favor among readers of pious and devotional works. Doubtless this new translation, which is from a larger work not yet translated, will be welcomed by such readers. In it there is much that will be appreciated by those who are given to prayer. Others who are but entering on the higher life, though they may be unable to profit by the reading of the first part, will find many helps in the last chapters, which give a more practical teaching.

We have received from B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., "A HARP OF MANY CHORDS," by Mary F. Nixon. This is a light, pleasant and attractive story for those who enjoy reading between the various sterner occupations of the day, or who desire to while away pleasantly the hours of a long winter evening. Price, \$1.00.

From William H. Young & Co., New York, we have received "AUTUMN LEAVES," from the pen of Mary Agnes Tincker. This little volume of two hundred and ninety pages contains thirteen charming stories and many beautiful poems. The stories, all of which deserve praise, will beyond doubt prove exceedingly interesting to our young folks, for whom they are especially intended. The work is neatly designed, bound in cloth and is sold at the price of \$1.00.



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PASCHAL HYMN.

ROLL back, ye heavens, your clouds of gloom!
Rejoice, oh ransomed world, rejoice!
Forth comes the Victor from His tomb,
Greet Him and cry with gladsome voice,
Alleluia!

Where once was darkness, now is light;
Where death before, now throbbing life;
What fainting then, now filled with might,
And soothing peace, where all was strife,
Alleluia!

Oh, soul of mine, how can'st thou sin,
And woo the deadly shade of guilt?
The light is thine, oh enter in
And be with endless rapture filled,
Alleluia!



THE FRIARS AND THE AMERICANS.



REV. AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

AT the risk of being considered tedious and wearisome, we return once more to the religious question in the Philippines. At the outset we cannot too strongly emphasize the vast importance that the subject has for the English-speaking Catholic public, seeing that a Catholic population, as large, if not larger, than the combined Catholic population of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is about to be brought under the influence of the English-speaking world, and in close touch with the Catholic Church in America, and, perhaps, later on, with ourselves. It is not more than a year ago that the Philippines were a "terra incognita" to us all, of which we knew the name, but hardly more. For the last ten months they have been brought under our notice almost daily by the newspapers, and monthly in the pages of the magazines. In the meantime their control has passed from Spain to America, and a conflict of opinion is going on in the States as to the desirability or otherwise of undertaking the responsibility of their future government. Under the old regime, Church and State were united, a natural union when the State was professedly Catholic, but which when it was under infidel and Masonic influences, was utilized by the State to hamper the Church in her freedom of action and to degrade her into servitude, while professing to be her protector. In the new condition of things the Church will be placed in the same position as it holds in America, free to flourish or to die, depending entirely on its own resources, and neither helped nor persecuted by the State. Its ministers, though not enjoying any special privileges, will be protected in their persons and property in common with all other citizens. Its Religious Orders will receive the same recognition as secular corporations and their corporate property will be respected. So far so good, for it was to be feared that the Spanish Government, which had been deterred only by political motives from suppressing the Orders, yielding at last to the pressure of the Freemasons, might have confiscated their property,

and either secularized their members or expelled them from the Islands. Still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that dangers from a different quarter are looming in the near future, the existence of which it will be our object to point out before we have finished, as well as the necessity of being alive to those dangers, if worse evils than ever are not to befall that large Catholic population of the Far East.

In the meantime, we cannot view without grave misgivings the unexpected turn that affairs have taken since the war with Spain and the second war begun between the insurgents and the Americans. It is now plain that it was entire independence from all control that the promoters of the rebellion were looking for from the very beginning, this being well known to the friars all along, and clearly indicated in their Memorial to the Spanish Government. Aguinaldo and his companions have unlimited confidence in themselves, and aspire to form a civilized republic. The character of this pure-souled patriot may be judged from a transaction he had with the Spanish Government. After the armistice of Biac-na-Bato, he was bought out by them, and took thousands of dollars as his price for leaving the country for aye, never to return. He pocketed the money and went off to Hong Kong, but when the Americans came to Manila and destroyed the Spanish fleet, this worthy returned to the Philippines and once more raised the standard of rebellion. If the Americans are foolish enough to imagine that the Filipinos can form a civilized government, and base enough to leave them to anarchy after destroying the power of the Spaniard, the gruesome story of San Domingo and Hayti will be once more repeated. All colored and tropical races have a tendency to revert to their original type and the barbarous customs of their ancestors, if left without control and tutelage by the white man. The blacks got possession of Hayti nearly a century ago, at which time they were at least domesticated and partially civilized, having been in contact with the white man for two centuries previous. They have gone back and not forward ever since. The history of the black republic is a bloody revolution every two or three years, distinguished by acts of barbarous ferocity. Life there at the present day is a hideous caricature of civilization and Christianity. Incredible as it may seem, there has been a revival in the remote villages of the old African Serpent-worship, and child sacrifices followed by cannibalism.

Eight Spanish Augustinian friars recently came to San Francisco from the Philippines. In an interview with the representative of the "San Francisco Monitor" they stated that it was not through fear of the Americans that they had left Manila, but, on the contrary, they believed that the Church would prosper under American rule. They said that the respectable element in the Philippines, though they had been quite content with the Spanish rule, and deeming it all that could be expected under the circumstances are yet welcoming the Americans as a relief from insurgent atrocities. "The insurgents," they said, "are an undisciplined mob of rioters, led by a demagogue. They are the riff-raff of the Islands, men without principle or property in most instances. Aguinaldo has them pretty well in hand to-day, but to-morrow they may disintegrate into fifty gangs. Aguinaldo is an ungrateful renegade, who was fed, clothed, and educated by Catholic priests. He is a mere puppet in the hands of the Freemasons. It is to these worthies and organized anarchy in Europe that we may trace the origin of the trouble in the Philippines. Soon after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the insurgents wrecked our schools, robbed and despoiled our missions and churches, and drove us into Manila. About fifty priests were brutally killed by them. As our field of work was thus laid bare, we decided to leave the Philippines. What made us depart was the discouragement of seeing the work of years destroyed by the men we had gone to teach, and the improbability of being able to build up the work again immediately."

The Filipinos have already shown proof how far removed they are from civilized ideals and how dangerous it would be to leave them to themselves, by their inhuman treatment of their Spanish prisoners. Besides ordinary Spanish civilians, they have kept in captivity for several months hundreds of friars, including one hundred Dominicans, and the Dominican Bishop of Nueva Segovia, Mgr. Joseph Hevia. Numbers of the friars have lately died of the hardships to which they were subjected. A letter received some time ago from one of them by a friend in Manila, describes the ferocious and satanic hatred shown towards them by the rebel chiefs. They were stripped of their clothes, hats, and shoes, robbed of their money, spat upon, tied to trees, and flogged several times. Daily they were forced to work on the public roads from morning to evening, under a broiling sun, receiving food and drink barely sufficient to support life. The leaders mocked at and jested over their

sufferings. Though violent threats were held out against all who succored them, their parishioners seized opportunities of coming to visit them and alleviate their miseries. From other sources we learn that the noses of some of the prisoners were slit, and a cord passed through the aperture to be used as a leading-string by their guards. The venerable bishop was subjected to the grossest indignities. One aged friar was placed on a saddle and jumped upon till blood flowed from his mouth and nose. Another, it is said, clothed only in a rain-coat, was carried in triumph for two hundred yards and then cudgelled to death amid savage cries. Some were crushed to death between boards. Nuns in the convent were subjected to shameful treatment. In the name of common sense, we ask, are men who encourage or permit such atrocities fit to control and guide the destinies of eight millions of people?

Of course the policy of the Press in general has been to keep these atrocities from the eyes of the public. As it did not suit their purpose to publish them, they have wilfully kept them concealed, though, as a rule, they make a speciality of sensational news. Owing to their careful management, the sympathies of the world have been enlisted on the side of the "poor down-trodden Filipinos." An impartial examination of the grievances of the latter, and of the catch-cries by which the leaders have seduced a considerable portion of the simple natives, will not reveal very much against either the civil or the ecclesiastical rule of the Spaniard. As in everything human, we may suppose that neither was absolute perfection; but, all things considered, there was less to justify rebellion in the Philippines than in most parts of the world where the black is ruled by the white man.

One of the grievances of the rebels is that nearly all the ecclesiastics in the Archipelago have been Spaniards and they demand an entirely native clergy. Now, the Catholic Church has been always most anxious to form a native clergy in missionary countries, but insuperable difficulties have often prevented the realization of this idea. Among colored races there is a paucity of real vocations; it is hard enough to get the people to live up to the Christian ideal without adding thereto the grave responsibilities and life of self-sacrifice of the priesthood. An example in point is the Black Republic of Hayti. It is a Catholic country, nominally at least. The people have retained the faith taught them by the white man, though preserving such a dislike to him that no white man can own a yard of land in the country. Yet such is their inability to provide

themselves with priests of their own blood that they are forced to fall back on the services of a French bishop and French missionary priests, who do all the spiritual work of the island. Another case in point is that of Cuba, an island containing a million and a half of inhabitants, Cubans and Spaniards, of which only forty-three of the former are to be found in the ranks of the priesthood. There has never been any distinction made between Cubans and Spaniards in the two seminaries of Havana and Santiago de Cuba; all are received alike, and treated alike if they have a vocation; of the forty-three priests, twenty-eight hold parishes and the rest have other positions of trust, which shows that it is simply owing to lack of vocations and not to any other cause that we must ascribe their fewness in number. In the Philippines, as far back as two centuries ago, the experiment was made of forming a native priesthood, with doubtful success, however, as Dampier informs us that the natives generally held the native priests in contempt, while holding the Spanish clergy in the greatest esteem. We must, perchance, conclude that in the Philippines, as in other countries, it is simply lack of vocations that keeps the number of the native clergy at such a low ebb.

Another grievance brought well to the front by those who have written on behalf of the Filipinos, is the taxation, which is alleged to have been excessive. The writer is informed by one who lived many years there that it was not. However this may be, all taxation is odious to primitive and half-civilized communities, who are inclined to look upon the most necessary taxes, without which no stable government could be carried on, in the light of oppression. The Americans will have the same difficulties to face with regard to taxation as the Spaniards had, though not in the same degree, as the country will be opened to trade in a way undreamt of in former years. In the interests of order and also to protect the people from unjust imposts, the friars were in the habit of acting as their counsellors in these matters, and used to exhort their parishioners publicly and privately to pay the necessary taxes. A passage from Blumentritt, whom we have quoted more than once in our previous articles, will go to show that all this was done in the interests of the people:—"In the following centuries the friars continued to extend their protecting hand over the natives, preventing, as far as possible, any oppression on the part of the government employes." Yet this action of the Friars, good, charitable, and necessary under the cir-

cumstances, has been used by the promoters of the rebellion as a fulcrum to raise the friars, in the eyes of the poorer classes, into the invidious position of tax-gatherers, tyrants, and abettors of oppression. Without doubt cruel methods, for which, however, the friars were not responsible, were in vogue in dealing with defaulters, as we may see in Dean Worcester's lately published work on the Philippines; but it is nothing less than downright hypocrisy to raise a chorus of condemnation against the Spaniard on this score, when it is well known that no other nation, in trying to solve the eternal difficulty about the taxation of colored and subject races, has emerged from the conflict with clean hands. We remember reading some years ago of very cruel methods employed in the gathering of the taxes in British India, in some of the up-country districts; and within the present year of grace, 1899, two books have appeared dealing with the English and the Dutch in South Africa ("Rhodesia and Its Government," by H. C. Thomson; "Malaboch, or Notes From My Diary on the Boer Campaign of 1894 against the Chief Malaboch," by the Rev. Colin Rae), both of which, in describing the punishment inflicted on those refusing to pay taxes to the ruling powers, could give points to the Colonial Spaniard for cruelty. What is very remarkable about the Protestant missionary is that instead of condemning the barbarities described in his book, of which he was an eye-witness, he approves of them, even to the extent of giving his approval to the inhuman crime of blowing up with dynamite the caves in which four hundred men, women and children had taken refuge. The Rev. Mr. Rae's opinion of the campaign against Malaboch for his refusal to pay taxes, a campaign in which women and children, and men bearing flags of truce were fired upon recklessly, is that the Transvaal Government were doing a much better work than any Christian missionary has yet accomplished. God help the Filipinos if Protestant missionaries of this description are going to overrun the field of labor left vacant by the deaths and expulsion of the Spanish friars. One great test of the mild rule of the Spaniard in that country is that the native population has increased since the conquest, instead of being almost exterminated, as is the case in North America and in many of the colonies of European States. We hope that the American rule will be characterized by clemency and justice. A hypocritical cry has been raised in the States about the tyranny and oppression under which the natives are said to be groaning. The rule of the Spaniard

has indeed been imperfect enough; but America ought to approach the question of reform with becoming modesty, seeing that her own record in her dealings with the Indians has been stained by many a crime against human rights. They have been robbed of the country which once was their own and driven back from reservation to reservation, while even the rights guaranteed to them by government have been filched from them by unscrupulous officials. The light recently thrown on the case of the Pillager Indians has disclosed cruelty, open robbery and a disregard of solemn obligations. In the Philippines the Americans will find the natives still in possession of their country; a people once wild and nomadic like the Indians brought into settled habits of life by three centuries of missionary effort; a people in fine who, whatever is said to the contrary by noisy declaimers and demagogues, have been on the whole well pleased with their lot.

It can be pretty well understood from the words and acts of the rebels, that they have been casting envious eyes on the large landed estates of the Friars, hoping on their expulsion to have a division of the spoils among themselves. We pointed out in our last article how an iniquitous plan of confiscation was boldly advocated in Spain just before the war. We now learn to our surprise, from the "Church News" (Washington) that this cry has found an echo across the Atlantic, from Protestant pulpits in the States. Besides, the fact that confiscation would be robbery pure and simple, as the estates are not national property, and have not been given by the government, but have been acquired in the usual way by purchase, and in the course of three centuries have naturally grown large—confiscation of the estates would mean a great calamity to the country, even if the friars were allowed to go back quietly to their parishes and resume their spiritual ministrations among the people. For it was by means of the estates that the friars introduced agriculture and settled habits of life among tribes originally nomadic; it was by means of the estates that they got them to live in villages, and introduced amongst them the arts of civilized life; it was by means of the estates that they acquired the power of inducing them to labor with a certain amount of regularity and method, the great safeguard against a relapse into a state of savagery. Giraudier, who was director of the "Diario" of Manila, and spent thirty years in the Archipelago, says something very much to the point:—"The natives, with some rare exceptions, are in need

of tutelage, without which they would fall back to the customs of their ancestors, a tutelage that no one can exercise better than the friars." The latter, in truth, made themselves all in all to the people. Within the precincts of the monasteries were to be found workshops for teaching carpentry, forges for teaching the natives the working of iron, brick and tileyards—in fact most of the mechanical arts were fostered and encouraged by the friars. The villages they formed around them presented a pleasing picture of happiness and content, in startling contrast to the homes of those who were still pagan and uncivilized. A former British consul thus describes them:—"Orderly children, respected parents, women subject but not oppressed, men ruling but not despotic, reverence with kindness, obedience with affection—these form a lovable picture by no means rare in the villages of the Eastern Isles." Will such a happy state of things exist under new conditions? We are very much inclined to doubt it. The experiment tried in some of the islands of the West Indies of making the blacks small freeholders and planting them on the bankrupt planters' estates, has not been attended by such beneficial results to the land, as to justify our hoping that a similar experiment in the Philippines will prove a success. The natives of the tropics in general are like overgrown children, blessed with the virtues and cursed with the faults of children, rejoicing in present abundance and destitute of that measure of forethought for the morrow without which there can be no human progress.

As might have been expected all along, the Protestant missionary bodies have inaugurated a movement for sending out missionaries of their own to the Archipelago. The Rev. John R. Hykes was directed last September by the American Bible Society to proceed from Shanghai to Manila and "investigate concerning the Philippines as a field for Bible work." He submitted his report in a very short time, having made up his mind on the religious needs of the people, the scandalous lives of the friars, and the superstitions of their benighted parishioners with incredible rapidity. His sensational report duly appeared in the American papers as the "Startling Revelations made by the Rev. John R. Hykes." Sure of a sympathetic audience, he laid on the colors thickly. The report need not occupy much of our attention. Half of it is made up of ordinary information about the country that anyone could get for himself out of a good encyclopedia, and the other half is a rehash and repetition of the charges already dealt with by us in our previous articles.

One statement is, however, worth noticing, as it clearly indicates the hopelessness of getting fair and unbiased treatment from the enemies of the Church. Mr. Hykes states that he was shocked by the stories of immorality brought against the friars. And to make an impression he adds that the people who told him the stories said they were prepared to give names, dates, and places in confirmation of what they said. Now, as we pointed out in our last articles, names, dates, and places were the very things asked for by the friars in their Memorial to the Spanish Government, as far back as last April; but their enemies, finding those details beyond their power, have adopted the simpler process of repeating the calumnies to all who, like Mr. Hykes, give them a ready and sympathetic hearing. Mr. Hykes, who never went beyond Manila, presumes to judge, in a few days or weeks, of the spiritual condition of six millions of Christians, and more than a thousand priests, scattered over the whole Philippine Archipelago. From a Dominican missionary who spent twenty-seven years in the Philippines and now holds the distinguished position of rector of the Spanish-Dominican College in Rome, to whom was sent that part of Mr. Hykes's report dealing with the burial fees and the Paco Cemetery at Manila, the writer received the following: Mr. Hykes states that "the burial fees demanded by the priests during an epidemic of smallpox were something enormous. As many were unable to pay, the dead were lying in the churches and in private houses in such numbers as to become a serious menace to the public health. The thing was so scandalous that the Governor General interfered and issued orders for all the corpses to be buried at once. The priests disregarded it and telegraphed to the Government at Madrid, who reversed the order." To these lying statements the missionary gives an unqualified contradiction. He himself was a parish priest during the cholera of 1882-83, when 20,000 people died in six months. In his own parish alone 1,829 died and were buried and yet he did not get a penny for burial fees. He adds that the other parish priests acted like himself.

The revolting description of the treatment of the dead in the Paco Cemetery is a foolish fabric built on the simple fact that bodies are removed from certain niches after five years to make room for others. Mr. Hykes indirectly imputes the extortion of enormous burial fees in this cemetery to the clergy. Whether the fees are enormous or not they do not go to the Church; for the missionary

father reveals the fact wilfully kept back by Mr. Hykes—that the cemetery belongs to the Manila municipality, who get all the fees. This cemetery story told with such apparently honest indignation, is alone sufficient to discredit all Mr. Hykes's report and is a proof that he knows how to color and misrepresent facts to suit his purpose.

We are afraid it will be men of the type of Mr. Hykes who will be the new missionaries of the Philippines, coming in crowds with their wives and children, to spread, forsooth, the pure light of the Gospel, or rather to engage in the more congenial task of vilifying the Catholic Church.

In an American Protestant Missionary Review there is an article on the Philippines, by a former agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in that country. The article, as may be expected, is full of gross misrepresentations. He puts down the Christian population as seven million Romanists, for he even denies the ordinary title of Christian to Catholics. This emissary of the Bible Society writes:—"The question now asked on all sides is—Are the Philippines at last to be opened to missionary effort? Personally, I feel that a non-sectarian, but strictly evangelical, mission, aiming at the Christianization of the whole territory, is what would succeed best." We may gather from the whole tone of this Protestant Missionary Review what a low type of Protestantism it represents, a type largely made up of self-presumption, ignorance and fanaticism. Throughout the Review Catholics are denied the title of Christian. It speaks of the nineteenth century being the first century of Christian missions; there was no native Christian Chinese at the beginning of the century, there are now 90,000. It divides the population of a country into pagans, Romanists and Christians—the latter, of course, being Protestants of one denomination or another. To such absurd lengths does religious rancour bring it and all connected with it. Catholics give the title of Christian to all who are baptized and profess belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. They would not deny it even to the Rev. Mr. Hykes, bad as he is. But perhaps our new missionary friends may be similar to those of whom Marshall speaks in his "Christian Missions," who went out to evangelize the South Sea Islands, and taught the people that baptism was merely a ceremony not at all essential to salvation, thus showing their want of belief in baptismal regeneration. At any rate it will be news to the Filipinos to hear for the first time from these enlightened men that they are not Christians.

That these Bible scatterers can and will do harm there is no doubt. Already they have flooded Porto Rico with tracts and pamphlets, crammed with the usual vile charges against the Catholic Church and her ministers. But it is equally certain that they will never succeed in making the Philippines a Protestant country. It is a matter of notoriety that Protestant missions are not a success in any part of the world, and that the funds have been kept up in most instances by glowing and rosy-colored, but fraudulent reports, sent by the missionaries to their supporters at home. The Review which I have just quoted, is forced to acknowledge that in Brazil, after thirty-five years' work, there are only eight thousand Protestants out of a population of sixteen millions. No less than eight American Protestant Missionary Societies have been working there together, well supplied with funds, as is always the case, and yet this is the result. In fact eight thousand may not be the result at all, for the missionaries have a way of making up statistics (to open the purse strings at home) which is little short of the marvellous. In Mexico, too, they have been at work for many years unmolested by the authorities, and yet they have but wretched results to show for themselves at the present day. They make no impression either on the rich or the very poor; any successes they have being amongst the impecunious middle classes, the children of whom they teach gratuitously in their schools, and feed and clothe, and who carry away with them from these schools, as the principal result of the religious training they received, a bitter hatred of the Church in which they were born. Just as in Mexico, the Protestant missionaries are sure to make proselytes among the same classes in the Philippines, from which classes we know that the promoters of the rebellion have been mainly recruited; but the better classes and also the poorer, whatever their shortcomings, have the Faith and are intensely devoted to our holy religion. These are no more likely than the people of Mexico and Brazil to be led to accept the mutilated form of Christianity which will be presented to them by Mr. Hykes and his friends; unless, indeed, there is such a deplorable dearth of priests that they will be left without instruction and guidance.

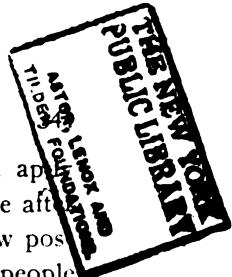
There are grave problems ahead which will tax the wisdom of Congress far more than the military occupation of the country. John Foreman, who spent some years there, and is a Catholic, advocates ("National Review," September, 1898,) the disendowment

of the Church as a necessary financial measure which would bring a certain amount of relief to the colonial treasury. With the exception of 15,000 dollars a year paid to the archbishop of Manila and 7,500 dollars to each of three other bishops it is difficult to see how the endowment comes in except as a measure adopted by every civilized state in dealing with its uncivilized subject races; and unless the United States is prepared to abandon the role of civilizer, she will be obliged to keep up the paltry endowment made in the past by Spain for that purpose. The Church in the Philippines is on the whole self-supporting. She is in the position that the Church in France, Spain, and Portugal was before the Revolution, which, when it appeared successively in each country was followed by a seizure of ecclesiastical property. The salaries paid to the clergy in those countries are given as a compensation for past robberies. The writer has been at pains to get at the truth in this matter.

From the rector of the Spanish Dominican College in Rome above referred to he has received the following information regarding the landed estates of the friars, and the salaries paid to them by the Spanish Government. As far as he knows all these estates were acquired by them by purchase and were not given by the government; they hold the title deeds of them in their possession. He is not prepared to say whether on their first introduction to the country three centuries ago the government made them grants of land, but we ourselves may infer from the early history of the Dominicans there, which appeared in our Christmas Number, that whatever they got was from the early Spanish colonists and the converted natives as free gifts. He adds that in any case the introduction of agriculture is due to their exertions. The friars who minister to the spiritual wants of the people may be placed in three categories. There is, first of all, the ordinary parish priest, who lives among a settled Catholic population. He subsists on his benefice, which is not government property, and receives no subsidy from the government. Secondly, there is the missionary parish priest, who lives in a parish where the majority are Catholics, but which also contains a proportion of the heathen. He receives some salary from the government, but much less than that given to the missionary pure and simple, who lives in the midst of an entirely heathen population. These latter, whose business it is to civilize as well as convert the people to Christianity, and teach them agriculture and the mechanical arts, were paid according as the mission district was large or

small. In the large districts they received 200 pounds annually, and 50 pounds a year was paid to the native priests who acted as their assistants and curates. In the smaller districts the sum allowed was 100 pounds. The Jesuits, too, on their return to the Philippines, some forty years ago, whence they had been banished in the middle of the last century, got an annual subsidy as compensation for the lands they formerly possessed, which had been confiscated by the Spanish Government of the day. Something also was given towards the education of young Franciscan missionaries, and they were allowed their passage out from Spain. The figures we have quoted are modest enough, seen in the light of modern colonial salaries and expenditure. There is nothing in the American Constitution which would hinder Congress from making appropriations towards the continuance of the very moderate subsidies allowed to the missionary friars by the Spanish Government. It would no more mean a union between Church and State than did the "contract" system which was sanctioned by Congress up to 1894, for dealing with the education of the North American Indians. According to this system, both Catholic and Protestant missionaries were paid by government according to the number of pupils who attended their schools, and these schools, of course, were taught on strictly denominational lines. That system had most beneficial results as long as it lasted, and was acceptable to the Indians. Its abandonment in favor of the public school system has resulted in the crying injustice of compelling Catholic Indian fathers and mothers, under threats of punishment, to send their children to certain schools to which they have a conscientious objection.

The school question is one of the gravest problems that the American Government will be called upon to face when her troops have effectively occupied the Philippines. One of the cries of the rebel leaders is for the secularization of the schools, and this cry, emanating from infidel and Masonic sources, will assuredly be echoed by the Protestant ministers. It was these latter who, seeing their ministrations rejected by the Indians, raised the agitation against the "contract" system. If the government, after due inquiry, find that the vast majority of the people do not join in the cry, but desire to have the Catholic religion taught in the schools which their children attend, it would be nothing short of religious persecution to introduce the public schools system of the States into the Philippines. We must bear in mind, too, that this country is



not like Cuba or Porto Rico, the latter of which has been aptly described by Father Sherman, S. J., who spent a month there after the war, as a "Catholic country without religion;" for the new possession in the Far East is one in which the great bulk of the people are practical Catholics who attend to all their religious duties.

To counteract the baleful influence of the Protestant missionary and Bible societies, it will be necessary for the Catholic Church in America to be alive to the new and grave responsibilities thus thrown upon her by the hand of Providence, and to send out English-speaking priests at once to the Far East, to make up for the great dearth of priests caused by the excesses of the rebels. Before the rebellion they numbered between one and two thousand, a small number in comparison with the Catholic population. Fifty have been killed outright; many others have died of the hardships undergone in captivity; while several hundreds have left the country, apparently with no intention of returning. Every year till last year, bands of enthusiastic young missionaries used to go out from the colleges in Spain to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the friars, caused by sickness and death. That perennial source of life and strength can no longer be relied upon under the new conditions. The energies of the Spanish friars will most likely be expended in Spain itself, where the lack of priests is still severely felt, and in developing their great and flourishing missions in China, Japan, Tonquin, and Formoso.

It is matter of astonishment that the Church in the United States has up to the present no organization for supplying foreign missions. Perhaps the struggle is to keep abreast in numbers with the growing Catholic population has absorbed all her energies. But now, for the first time in her history, she must cast her eyes beyond her boundaries and send speedy help to the millions of children who have been given to her keeping. The recent appointment of the archbishop of New Orleans (Most Rev. Placid L. Chapelle) as apostolic delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, shows how thoroughly the Holy Father has accepted the new position of the Church in those regions. The new delegate will hold the same position in those islands as Archbishop Martinelli holds in the United States. He will have the settlement of all controversies which may arise on religious matters among the clergy and laity; and he will be supposed to exercise a general supervision over the Church in those places. His principal duty will be to enable the bishops of those

places to put the Church on a footing suitable to the new order of things to be introduced after the American occupation.

In connection with this part of our subject we may mention that a leading man in the American Presbyterian body has sent a peculiar kind of challenge to Archbishop Ireland. It is to the effect that if the Catholic Church in America sends out missionaries to the new possessions, they (the Presbyterians) will gladly draw out of the field and go to Africa instead. Without attaching any more importance to this declaration than it deserves, especially as it is founded on the false assumption that one Gospel is preached by Catholic priests in Washington and another in Manila; we may, nevertheless, infer from it that these men believe they would have a much easier task in dealing with the Spanish missionaries than with Catholic missionaries from the States. Without saying anything in disparagement of the learning of a body of men which has produced a Gonzalez, one of the greatest philosophers of the century, we believe that American priests, being more in touch with modern times and more open to modern ideas, could give them valuable lessons in the conflict between the Church and the world, as it is carried on in our own days. It is not by profound theological arguments that we can deal with men who can neither understand nor appreciate them. Priests are wanted for the Philippines who can make their voices heard beyond its boundaries; who can mould public opinion by means of the daily Press; who can keep in touch with the politics and legislation of the United States; and can bring public opinion there to bear on unjust and unfair treatment, if anything of the kind is attempted against the Catholics of that unfortunate archipelago.



THE EASTER EGG.

Translated from the French of FERNAND BEISSIER by H. TWITCHELL.

I.



HEN I was twenty years old, I was an instructor in the college of Chantevigne, a little old city, whose whitewashed houses stood in rows on the bank of the Rhone. Above them rose the steepies of the numerous churches of the town, each one surmounted by a weathervane or by a cross; the whole was encircled by false ramparts, notched like lace-work and gilded like the crust of a pâté.

Concerning the circumstances which led to my occupying such an undesirable and unremunerative position, permit me to be silent. The story would not be a new one; many of us remember the time when though the heart was rich and the brain full, the pocket was light and the purse empty.

The college, like most of those in the South, was an old religious institution, indifferently adapted to its present use. The corridors were dark and winding; the class-rooms had the atmosphere of cells. The court was surrounded by a high circular wall and the sun seemed unwilling to shine down into it.

And yet, strange as it may seem, I found happiness in the grim, sunless old building. I even forgot to dread its principal, a large, bony man with a scanty beard, whose blue spectacles and enormous bunch of keys always seemed to be just behind one's back; I even forgot the pupils, an unkempt, disorderly set of youngsters. And all this because, one morning, I made a discovery from the window of my chamber.

It was on Tuesday and while I was waiting for the hour to go down to the class-room, I stood leaning on my window-sill, looking out on the roofs and chimneys. In the distance I saw the fields, already green, and on my right the Rhone, over whose blue waves little boats skimmed along, their white sails spread. Suddenly, almost opposite me, a window was opened and a hand pushed back a creaking blind; then a head appeared, a pretty blonde head, with large blue eyes and hair tossed about in the most picturesque fashion.

Its owner did not see me. She fastened a small mirror to the window-casing, then, taking her long golden tresses in her hand, proceeded to finish her morning toilet.

I stood rooted to the spot, with mouth wide open; my heart beat so violently that I could hear it. At the same time I listened to the clock. If I had had the power, I would have stopped its hands.

Alas, it struck only too soon. The drum beat in the courtyard and its notes resounded through the corridors of the old building. It was the call to duty. At the sound, my neighbor raised her head. She saw me. I must have blushed, for her glance, at first severe, visibly softened and, as I regretfully turned away, I fancied I heard a mocking laugh.

I reached the class-room behind time; the principal said nothing, but his keys rattled in a significant manner.

By noon, I had found out who the charming unknown was. She was neither a duchess nor a marquise; but love has never had its titles of nobility. Her name was Mariette and she was only the niece of the old confectioner whose shop stood in front of our college and whose chief patronage came from our ranks.

Until now, I had never paid any attention to his marble shelves where were spread out in the most appetizing manner, almond candies, raisin cakes and the most delicious cream-puffs. I had never been inside the shop. Now I ardently desired to go and to win the good opinion of the uncle. It seemed to me that that was the key to the situation; I began my attack that very day.

When I walked out with my pupils at two o'clock, I managed to have them pass close to the shop. This was not a very difficult thing to do, as they were only too willing to obey me.

The uncle was in the doorway, his double-breasted white vest buttoned closely over his portly figure. Timidly, I bowed to him. He looked at me in surprise; then he mechanically returned my salutation. Worthy man! I could have embraced him!

That very evening, about six o'clock, I ventured into his shop. Surely a confectioner's shop was open to all. In a trembling voice, I asked for four cents worth of gum-drops. I coughed to give a serious aspect to my request. It was Mariette herself who waited on me; she was bewitching, prettier even than I had imagined her, in her fresh white apron and all perfumed with the odor of warm cakes. She smiled graciously as she handed me the little paper bag and received my change.

"Thank you," she said, bowing ever so slightly.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," I replied, my voice still trembling. Then I went out, but not without again bowing to the uncle, who was reading the paper in the back of his shop. I ate gum-drops all the month! But I gained little ground. I dared neither write nor speak.

To be sure, the uncle always greeted me now; Mariette bowed too. But I was afraid of everything; — of myself, of the porter, the neighbors, the principal, and, above all, of my two colleagues, sarcastic old bachelors who, at times, looked at me in anything but a reassuring manner.

Things went on in this way until Easter Sunday. I had before me at this time five days of vacation — five days of liberty. "Are you a man?" I said to myself. "Yes. Well, then prove it."

I awoke on Easter morning with a light heart; a song and a smile were on my lips. I opened my window wide. Ah! how gay everything was! What rejoicing on all sides! Birds sang under the roofs. Bells rang in all the steeples, their chimes seeming to reply to one another at first; then all clanged together in swelling harmonies.

A rap at my door made me turn around quickly. I opened it and on the threshold stood the porter who handed me a package done up in white paper and tied with a pink ribbon. "For you, M. Jacques," he said, then turned away.

Astonished and trembling without knowing why, I untied the ribbon; I unfolded the paper and a little box appeared. I opened it and on a bed of snow-white cotton, I saw, — what? an Easter egg, a pretty candy Easter egg, on which was written, in pink letters, the magic word: "Hope".

I was amazed and stood looking at the ribbon, which had fallen on the floor, at the box and at the egg. There was nothing to indicate the sender of the pretty gift. I knew no one at Chantevigne.

Suddenly, I uttered an exclamation. I had guessed who it was. It was she! Taking the egg in both my hands, I covered it with ecstatic kisses. She had divined my secret then, and also my timidity, and she had sent this Easter gift with its message: hope and confidence.

My imagination traveled so fast and so far that, an hour later, I went out dressed in my very best suit of clothes. I did not know just what I was going to do; but surely it was to be something.

To be sure, my coat shone a little in the sun and my silk hat

was bare in spots; but I never thought of those details. I only remembered that it was Easter, that the sky was bright and that the bells rang out as on a wedding day. In my pocket, on its nest of cotton, lay the egg. On passing before the porter's lodge, I noticed my two colleagues. I saluted them with a gesture; they bowed and smiled and I hurried past. I could have told my happiness to every one, — even the principal, if I had met him.

The confectioner was standing in his doorway. He saw me and beckoned to me. I thought I must be mistaken; but, no, he was certainly calling me. I must confess, I began to be anxious. I was entirely too lucky; my good fortune alarmed me. I have always been of a timid nature.

I approached him.

"Where are you going so fast?" he asked offering me his hand; "and all dressed up, too," he added laughing.

I blushed and did not know what to reply; meanwhile I looked eagerly into the shop.

"If I could only let Mariette know that I am here," I thought. Suddenly an idea came to me: I coughed.

"That troublesome cold again, hey?" said the uncle.

"Yes," I replied; "and since I am here, I might as well get some gum-drops.

"Of course; come in."

I went in. Mariette was not there.

The uncle took down the jar and slowly poured the gum-drops out into the scale-pan, shaking them when they stuck together. I kept looking around, expecting to see the curtains at the back of the shop part and Mariette appear with her finger on her lips; I was ready to take the egg from my pocket so that she could see it and know that I had understood.

"By the way," said the confectioner abruptly, as he twisted up the bag; "did the trick succeed?"

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Perhaps you are not in the secret," he went on. "Your colleagues came in here last night to buy an Easter egg; they said they were going to send it to a foolish friend of theirs and make him believe it came from a young lady for whom he has been sighing for the last two months."

Everything whirled around me; I became dizzy.

"They wanted a special motto; Mariette found an old one left over from last year. But they can tell you about it better than I

can; they laughed like a pair of idiots when they had it tied up with the pink ribbon. But, say; I must tell you the capital news. It would not be fair to keep it from an old customer like you. My niece will not weigh out your gum-drops any more. She is going to be married next week. Her future family came for her this morning. To-night there is to be an engagement dinner; it will be a great affair."

He laughed and tapped me on the shoulder.

The shock was too great. I slipped down into a chair, without strength to reply. Under me I felt something crack. It was the egg. I had sat on it.

Fortunately a customer entered; I rose to go.

"You are forgetting your gum-drops," called out the confectioner.

I thanked him and hurried away.

On passing before the porter's lodge I saw my colleagues again. I looked unconscious and went upstairs singing. But when I was shut in my room, I took off my coat, put my hand in my pocket to see what was left of my Easter hope. Alas! it was completely crushed.

Easter came on the first of April that year. I had entirely forgotten it.

AT LOURDES.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.



HAT marvels faith hath wrought here since the day
When on this spot, then unknown to fame,
The little shepherdess who hither came,
From her companions wandering away,
First saw thy vision for a while delay!
Here now, from every land and clime, to claim
Thine intercession and invoke thy name,
Thy children flock like armies in array;
And Lady Beautiful, while stands this shrine,
Which love hath reared above these rocks to thee,
While flows this fount, which burst forth as a sign
Of thy pure presence and prompt potency,
Thy blessed name, oft lisped by lips divine,
Will here forever praised and honored be.



EASTER MORN. (PLOCKHORST.)

EASTER MORNING.

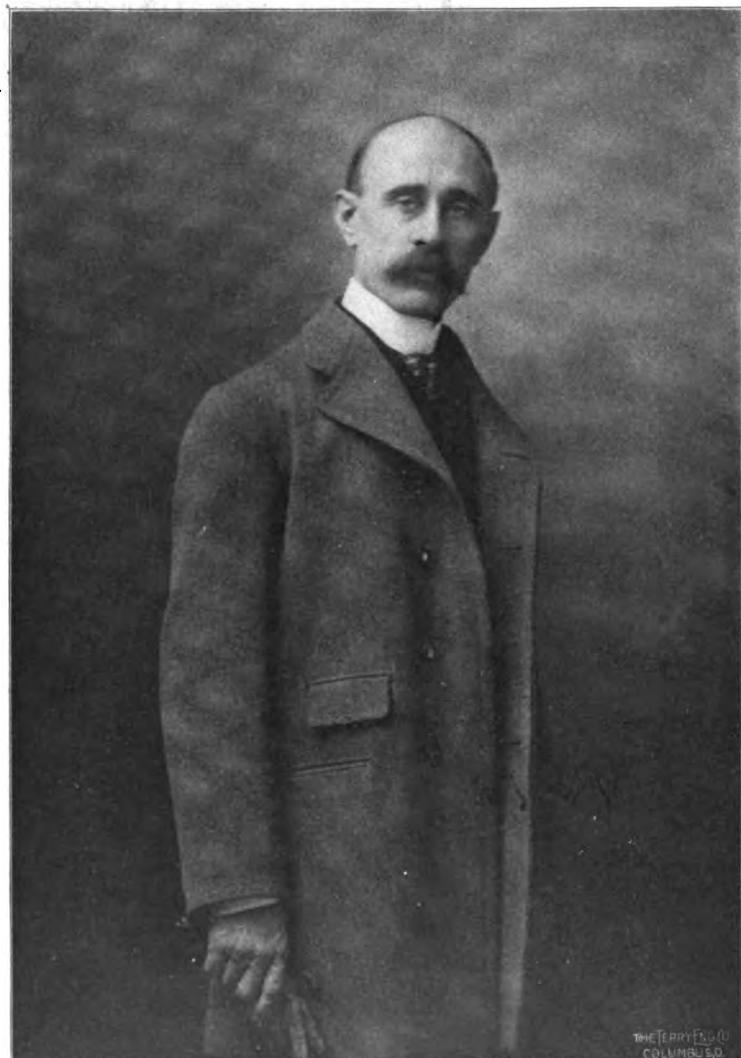
G. H. DIERHOLD.



SEE the sculptured altar shine
With starry crowns of tropic bloom.
Through dusky aisles a breath divine
From hidden censer seems to rise
And float aloft to Paradise,
While silently, on bended knees,
Worship adoring devotees
After the Lenten gloom.

I hear the organ's thunder-peals,
And now the joyous anthem rings;
The heavenly solo gently steals
From that bewildering harmony,
And, like a silver melody,
From vaulted roof and blazoned walls
A sweet, celestial echo falls
While this fair herald sings.

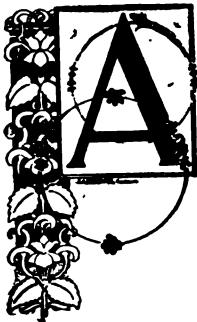
God grant that all who watch to-day
Beside their sepulchres of loss
May find the great stone rolled away—
May see at last, with vision clear,
The shining angel standing near,
And through the dimly-lighted soul
Again may joy's evangel roll
The glory of the cross!



MR. CLEMENT J. BARNHORN.

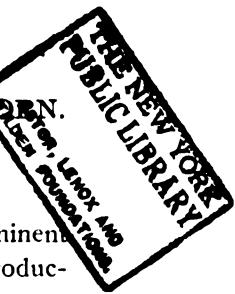
AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR—CLEMENT J. BARNHORN.

ANNA C. MINOGUE.



"All reproduction of the Beautiful is Art," says an eminent German critic, and in the faithfulness of that reproduction we find our measurement for true Art. Art can but copy, it cannot create Beauty, for the highest type is that which Nature shows us, who received her impress from the hands of the Great Designer, when He pronounced His work good and breathed immortality into the soul of man. Since this imitation of Nature is the true impulse of Art, it is best shown us by him who has made himself familiar with his model, not in one mood or phase, but in all entirety, for the dictum is as old as Aristotle, that a part can only be rightfully rendered in Art by a knowledge of the whole.

It would appear that Art saw its Alpha and Omega in the past. To it our eyes are ever turned and he would be considered rash who would venture the opinion that his own, or any future age will produce genius superior to that of Shakespeare, Mozart, Raphael and the sculptors of Ancient Greece. Yet lying around, on every side, is the one, common and ever-faithful source from which the masters drew their inspiration, the giving to which its truthful expression secured for them immortality. He would be accounted vain indeed who would ambition to write a play deserving mention with Shakespeare's, though continually before his eyes are enacted tragedies as great as ever fired the soul of the English poet. To copy a Madonna by a master is the secret hope of every artist's heart, while, perchance, in his own home sits a model, with the majesty of motherhood on her brow, her arms enfolding all the strangeness of new life, and the perfect portrayal of which was beyond even the brush of a Raphael. "Man postpones or remembers," complains the Sage of Concord; "he does not live in the present, but with reverted eyes laments the past, or, heedless





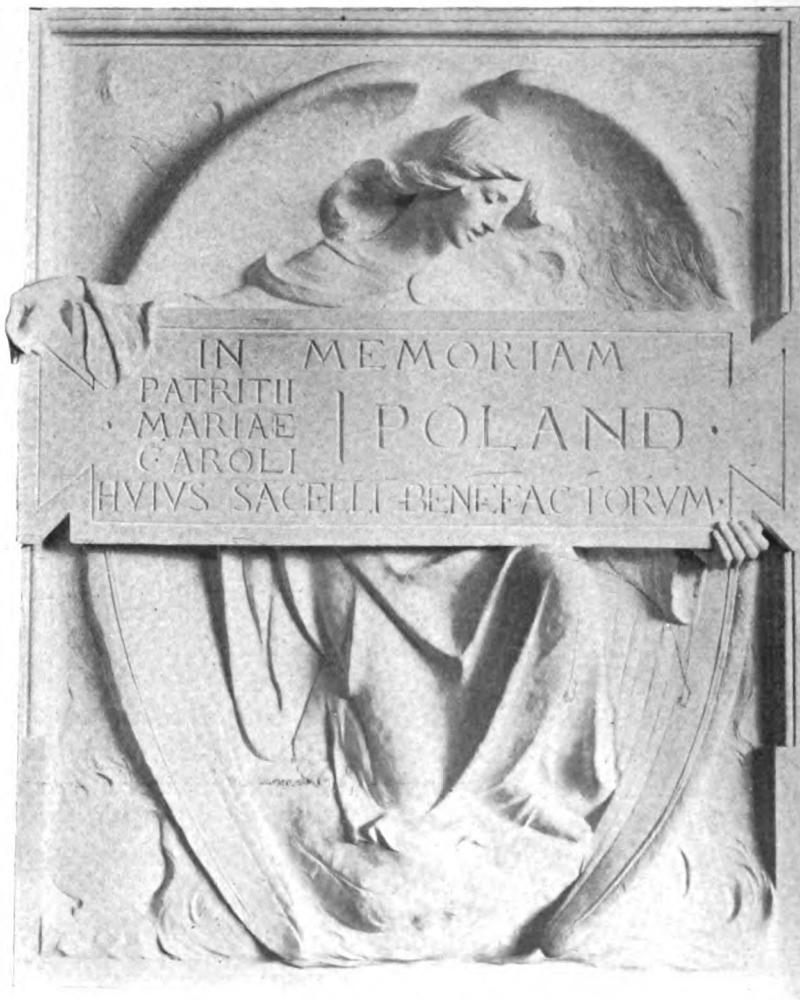
THE MADONNA OF THE LILY, IN BRONZE RELIEF.

of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future."

We Americans, after four hundred years, have, we are told, no past in Art. With sublime confidence we look to the future to give our country its great poets, painters, musicians, sculptors; in the meanwhile, we turn affectionately to the foreworld, happy to bring from its over-picked fields some worthless relic, though at home work of merit lies neglected and unknown. Yet for this treatment given their productions the author and artist may take their share of the blame. If the American poet will write odes to the English skylark and nightingale, he must not feel disappointed because his countrymen prefer the poems of Shelly and Keats on those themes; and who would foolishly spend his money on an American's imitation of some dead European's masterpiece, when he can secure the masterpiece itself? Our artists of promise it would seem are dissatisfied until they have put the Atlantic between themselves and their native land. Germany, France, Italy—in all their art centers the American artist is found, a part of their artistic society, without forming any distinct feature of it, his work lost too often, while in his own country there is a crying need for the extension of Art's influence. "They who made England, Italy or Greece venerable in the imagination," to quote again from Emerson; "did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth."

Some, however, of the divinely gifted souls, accepting the duty of place, come back from their studies abroad, and devote their time and work to creating and extending the influence of Art in their respective communities. Of these Cincinnati claims a few, and prominent among them is Mr. Clement J. Barnhorn, one of America's best sculptors.

Cincinnati is Mr. Barnhorn's birthplace and his first studies were prosecuted at the Cincinnati Art Academy. For ten years he attended the night-class in sculpture, working under Mr. L. F. Rebisso. The genius of the young pupil, and his devotion to his art, resulting in work far superior to the usual first attempts, and giving promise of his future renown, received the attention of the trustees of the Art Museum, and they decided to give Mr. Barnhorn the advantage of an European art education. For the purpose



MEMORIAL TO THE POLAND FAMILY.



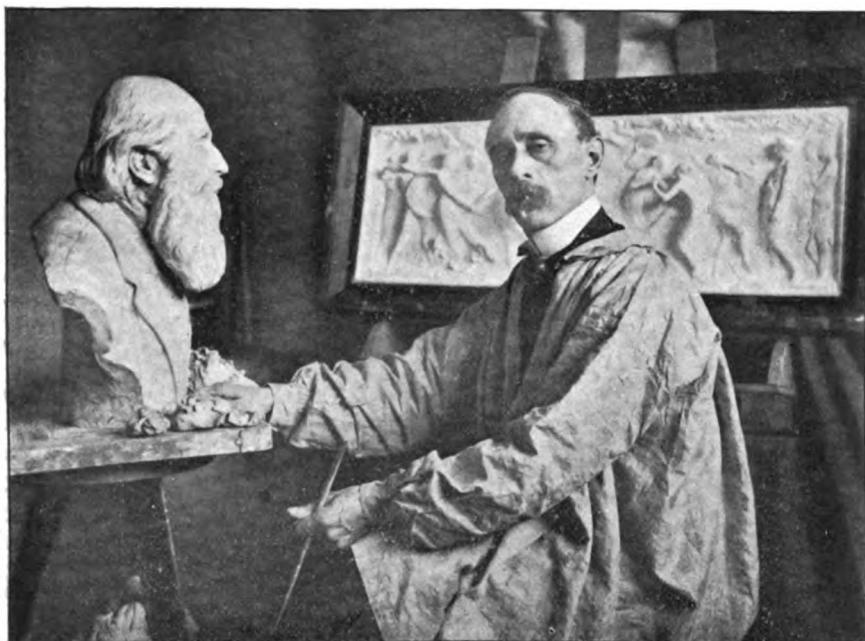
MEMORIAL OF MRS. LAURA MACDONALD-STALLO.

a fund was raised and for five years Mr. Barnhorn benefited by study in the first schools of France, Italy, Holland and Belgium. The greater part of that time, however, was spent in Paris, where he had the advantage of studying sculpture with Professors Dewys, Puech, the sculptor whom the French Government had sent on a five years' tour abroad for study and travel, and Professor A. Mercie; his drawing was prosecuted under the direction of Professors Bouquerou, Doucet and Brawtot. A period of time was spent in Florence and Rome in the study of the antiques, and the drawings and paintings of the old masters.

Mr. Barnhorn's first exhibition abroad was in 1894, when a bust of an old man was accorded place in the Paris Salon. The year following he was again represented in that famous gallery by a nude figure, entitled "A Magdalene." This won immediate recognition and that most coveted of prizes, an "Honorable Mention" was given the work of the American sculptor. In 1895 he exhibited at the Salon a bronze-relief of a Madonna. From the reproduction given here it will be seen the style is somewhat after the Florentine, full of beauty chaste almost to severity.

The honors Mr. Barnhorn had received, the flattering recognition given his genius in the proudest art center of Europe, must have been a temptation to prolong his stay, or, following the example of other American sculptors, take up his residence abroad indefinitely. Mr. Barnhorn, however, returned to his native land and to the city of his birth, and soon became identified with the progress of American Art. He was made a member of the National Sculpture Society of New York and is represented by several pieces in the Cincinnati Art Museum's permanent collection, while at all exhibitions of note in the country his work has been shown.

While not the finest of our artist's work is reproduced on these pages that which is given carries a fair idea of its general excellence. The Memorial of Mrs. Laura MacDonald-Stallo displays the refinement of the artist's taste. The figure of the angel, placing the wreath of laurel over the name "Laura", is a trifle over life-size and full of grace and dignity. Renaissance in style, the treatment of the subject has been kept pure, with a lofty simplicity that must be seen to be fully appreciated, for it eludes description. Looking at this in its deeper meaning, it is a subject full of that beautiful



MR. BARNHORN AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

hope that underlies life and its work, the hope that both shall somewhere receive the crown of remembrance.

The Memorial to the Poland family, to be placed in the Memorial chapel of St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, is also happy in its treatment. It is cast in greenish-blue, tinted bronze, with the inscription in bright gold. In this, the kneeling figure of an angel holds the tablet, upon which are the dedicatory words. In the left corner is an incense burner, with a faint decoration of sacred hearts surrounding the bowl. The incense, curling around the figure and tablet, forms a decorative background for the whole, thus producing an effect of unity and compactness, and leaves no empty spaces.

One of the latest works of Mr. Barnhorn is a tablet, commemorating the bravery of the Sixth United States Infantry, at the battle of San Juan Hill. For many years this regiment was stationed at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and when, on the opening of the war with Spain, it was ordered to the front, the citizens of Covington,

Newport and Cincinnati followed its heroic actions with that pardonable pride we entertain for the good work of those we have called our friends; and when news of the disastrous results of that fight to the gallant Sixth was received in the three cities, sorrow was manifested. It was, then, decided, at the motion of Mr. W. H. Bridwell, who also furnished the design, to commemorate those heroes by a bronze tablet, on which shall be recorded, for future ages, the glorious deeds of the Sixth in the fight they helped to win. The committee secured Mr. Barnhorn to do the work, and when finished the tablet will be unveiled, with public ceremony, and placed in the water-tower at Fort Thomas. So genius gives itself to perpetuate the valor and heroism of the nation, and never is it more nobly employed, except when it works out, through insensate matter, the soul's ideal of Infinite Perfection.

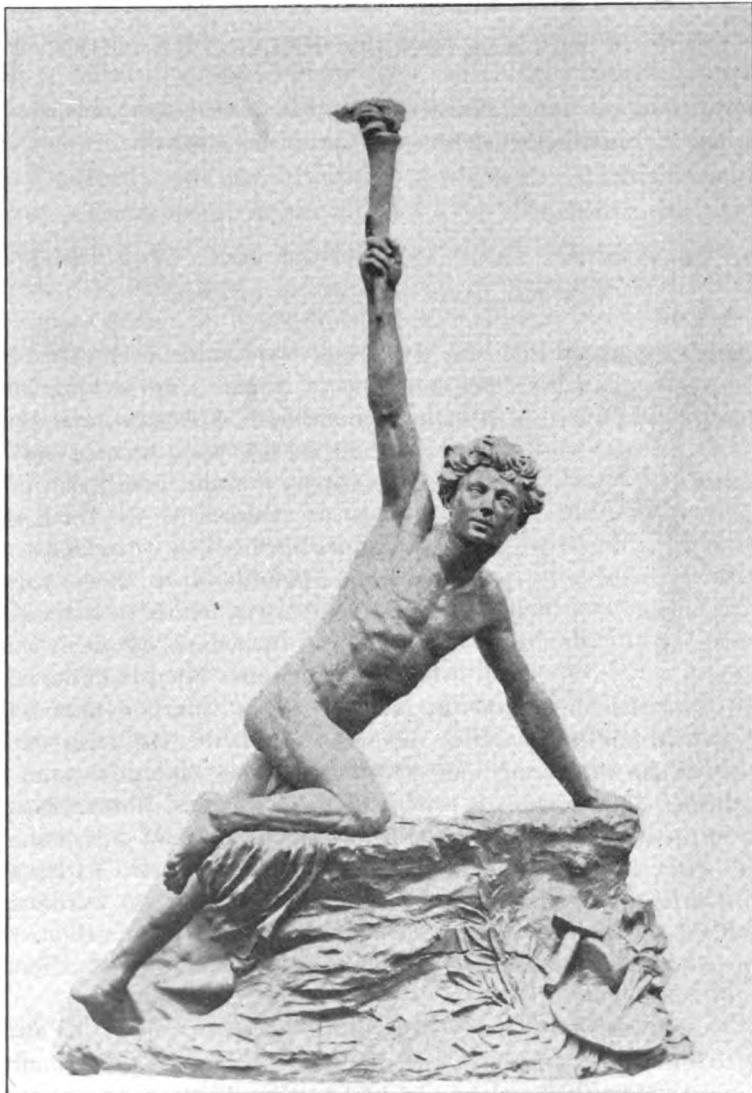
PASSION'S PROGENY.

WILLIAM J. TOBIN



STOOD within the ruins of a tomb;
Numidian pillars, carved in ancient tongue,
Lay massive still in fragment heaps among
Entablatures fast crumbling in the gloom,
And shattered bronzes, deep in niches placed
Through lust to carry down the fragile fame
Of withered fools in urns, whose very name
Oblivion from every scroll effaced.

Across that sepulchre of vanity
A ray's disk through the numbing silence crept,
Arousing vipers by its brilliancy
That hissed into the darkness, coiled, and slept:—
Loath passions, slimy things, that live alway
To spit their venom at their breeder's clay.



THE GENIUS OF ART. (CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM.)

ONE OF MR. BARNHORN'S EARLIEST EFFORTS.

LIFE OF FATHER ROCCO, FRIAR PREACHER.

**Narrated for the Italian People by CARDINAL CAPECELATRO, and done
into English by EDWARD LINTHICUM BUCKEY.**

VI.

KING CHARLES THE THIRD AND FATHER ROCCO—THE HOSPITAL FOR THE POOR—GAMES OF CHANCE.



HE year 1734 was memorable in the history of the kingdom of Naples. For a long time a feudatory connection of Austria, and then of Spain, it had, in this year, become an independent monarchy. Philip V of Spain presented, as was the custom of the time, the crown of Naples to his son Charles, who, springing from a warlike race, must win it for himself from Austria, whose possession it then was. Having soon expelled the Austrians from the kingdom, King Charles the

Third laid the foundations in Naples of that Bourbon monarchy which with varying fortunes retained it until the last changes of 1860. When the young king and heir came to take possession of his throne, amid the great rejoicing of the citizens, Father Rocco was in the full flower of his young manhood, and had only a short time before begun his missionary labors. The rule of Charles the Third in Naples lasted twenty-seven years; then when Ferdinand the Sixth of Spain died in 1759, King Charles was obliged to return to accept the Spanish crown, leaving Naples to his son Ferdinand, then a child.

Now these twenty-seven years were the most fruitful of Father Rocco's ministry, and his career might be said to coincide almost exactly with the reign of a great and beneficent prince.

It is true that the work of Father Rocco was concerned only with the people, but this did not alter the fact, for he was greatly assisted and protected in his work by the peculiar political conditions of the time. In his days the relations between church and

state, notwithstanding some signs of irritation, were subsisting admirably. Far distant yet was that fever for separation of church and state now so dominant, and which more or less disturbs and agitates the whole of Europe. King Charles and his successor never failed to protect religion and the church, though sometimes their protection amounted to very little, and was often only nominal. Whoever will cast a rapid and comprehensive glance over the reign of Charles III will note three things which give it peculiar importance. The monarch began in Naples the change from the old and effete feudal tenure, into that of an absolute monarchy — not despotic, but based upon provident political measures, and sustained by good laws. He inaugurated also the new relations between the church and state and although there was still much to be desired, culminating as it did in very grave excesses in the train of his successor under the regency of Tanucci, nevertheless he gave to Naples a new life and a very promising era of civil prosperity.

With his lofty and charitable disposition, this prince expended upon Naples the treasure brought from Spain, and thus provided in a notable way to the material benefit of all the citizens. The beautiful streets of Mergellina, and of Marina; the noble palaces of Caserta, Capodimonti, Portici and Naples, the magnificent theatre of San Carlo, the famous bridge of Maddaloni, all not only revealed his ambitious and regal mind but gave opportunity for a large outlay of money among the working classes, and added much to the adornment and beauty of our city. The excavations also of Herculaneum and Pompeii, commenced by him, as well as many other public works, won for him much fame and popularity. So Father Rocco not at all intending to enter the arena of politics when he made his aforesaid resolution, not having any taste for such things, was content to follow up and in part promote this movement for the diffusion of a more general prosperity, which we have remarked was one of the most notable features of King Charles's reign. But in supporting this tendency, he always had this one end in view that it would subserve the true welfare of the people and advance the cause of religion and morals which were especially dear to him. Indeed we do not know but that it was he who suggested to the king the construction of his magnificent residences, foreseeing that the increase of work would bring greater comfort to the people, but it is certain that he turned the attention of the king to the works which more directly and immediately benefited his beloved people.

His life was indeed one continual sacrifice to their wants and welfare. Now, being a man of forethought, and anxious to obtain the means to carry out his plans, he sought to gain the favor of the king. On the one hand Charles III was devout and always pleased to hold in esteem the men of the church; particularly if they were in any way distinguished. On the other hand, the friendship of Father Rocco was a material help in the advancement of his own ends. For not only was the king desirous of holding well in hand a people which very often became excited and rebelled against the civil authority, but he was also eager to do them good, and above all to win their love.

The thought of doing what would be acceptable to the people guided him in nearly all his actions, and was by far one of the best notes of his reign. To show himself then as a friend of Father Rocco who already had acquired over the people so remarkable an influence, was of real advantage to the king, while it was at the same time equally agreeable to him. But little different were the reasons which attracted the queen, Maria Amalia Varpurgo, to Father Rocco. She was most regiliously disposed, and as generally happens with good and devout queens, she had taken upon herself the task of almoner of the poor in her kingdom. Our good brother then was not unhappy when he was summoned to the Court, where the king and his consort liked to hear him preach, and often also to enter into conversation with him.

The only wonder is that his conversations were pleasing and acceptable to them, for as has been said, his manner was very simple and straightforward, and his talk full of imagination and always highly colored.

Now Father Rocco made the most of his opportunities, and in his own attractive way, and even with wonderful freedom, always managed to turn his discourses, when preaching at court, to that one subject which he so much loved, and speaking always some word in favor of the poor. Sometimes he strove to make them understand their disposition, so thoroughly known to him; sometimes he would point out the best methods to follow in their discipline, and again he would seek to give them some idea of their virtues or their particular faults. And from these pictures so graphically drawn, they could always discover ways to help and correct.

Moreover, he was never timid in pointing out their greatest needs, and great duty incumbent upon a Christian government to

meet them. "Because," he would say, "the poor are the most beloved portion of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and that government which is truly Christian, not only ought to see that they have equal justice meted out to them, but ought also to do them particular favors. Happy is he who loves the poor, and hastens to their assistance! He who does them a benefit always receives greater ones himself, for the poor present the occasion for benefactors to gain their sanctification and a thousand nameless graces."

Such things Father Rocco would say and repeat with great sincerity, and almost always his words bore fruit. The good-hearted king and queen, anxious to benefit the new people over whom they had come to reign, heard with great satisfaction the Friar's words, and sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, provided for the necessities of the many. And the good example of the royal couple, who were soon much loved by all the citizens, had great effect upon the nobility, who always seem much influenced by the manners of their king. To them also Father Rocco addressed himself, and left no opportunity neglected to preach the cause of charity in the houses of the rich and urge them also to good works. As far as his charitable work was concerned our good brother made no distinction between Catholics and Protestants, and it is said he was wont to ask alms for his poor from the Menricoffre, Swiss Protestants, from whom he often received a hundred ducats at a time.

After a short time King Charles and his consort gave orders that admittance never should be denied to Father Rocco, and that he should be free to present himself before them whenever he might desire, without need of a note of summons. To see him was for them a real pleasure, and they always showed him every kind of respect and veneration. They kissed his hand, they rose in his presence, they commended themselves to his prayers. Sometimes also they would chat and talk with him in the most familiar way. The queen for example once, taking his large crucifix and Rosary in her hands, said to him, "And this is the crucifix with which you terrify your people at the Mercate and Castello, and this, the rosary with which you belabor impenitent fellows! but the success that attends you shows you are doing much good," and so saying she smiled benevolently upon the Friar, and then added that whenever he should win a woman from her evil life, and see that she was properly married, or received into his home, she should like to know it, as she wished to defray all costs in every such case. It

is needless to say that our good Father gave her many opportunities to exercise thus her spirit of benefaction. It must be noted also that the king and queen never failed to ask him, when they saw him, for an account of his various charities, and to give him aid in maintaining them and increasing their efficiency. And this good servant of God thus daily becoming more intimate at the court, became always more courageous. He took the occasion, in one of his visits to make known before all the assembled nobles, certain stringent rules of the Gospel, which when they come from a heart full of God, have always wonderful effect. He spoke with his accustomed simplicity, using his favorite expressions and little pleasantries, thus deporting himself everywhere as the man of God and of the people.

Charles the Third, who was then very charitably inclined, and who undoubtedly bettered the lot of the poor in many ways, nearly always followed in such things the suggestions of Father Rocco, who for this sole purpose frequented the court.

One of the most beneficial works of this king was the establishment of a hospital for the poor, so ample and commodious that even to-day, after well nigh two centuries, it would be difficult to find one that is its peer. — Now this enterprise was undertaken solely by the counsel and urgency of Father Rocco, to whom the Neapolitans owe, at least in part, one of their most notable and permanent institutions. It may be noble to enrich one's country with works of science, of literature, and of art, and also to reform manners, and promote improvements and general prosperity, but far nobler it is to beautify one's native land with works of charity, which ministering to the wants of the wretched, give them a taste of the ineffable sweetness of Christian love. In Naples as in all great cities, there has always been a plethora of the very poor, and one yet meets with great apparent distress, although many charitable institutions have been built since the days of Father Rocco. But in his day one saw so much of the direst and most genuine poverty, which was often most pathetic. Who could tell the years even that these famished creatures had been suffering absolute want?

Now Father Rocco's great heart was moved when he saw all this, and especially because he saw that these beggars were not only the blind, the lame, the paralyzed, the dumb, or those otherwise incapacitated for work, but sound, robust men and young women, able to work. All these, however, wandered about, begging a pit-

tance not only in remote corners, but in the open thoroughfares, and in the churches. The good brother pondered long over this problem, and resolved in his mind plans how best they might be provided for. At first he wrote out some projects, which dealt with this important question, but finally trusting more to action than to paper, acting on his consciousness of the king's favor, he delivered one day in his presence a short and stirring discourse on the poverty abounding in the city of Naples. He painted in lively colors the miserable condition of so many of them, and the consequent grave sins to which they were subjected, and declared that it was a disgrace for the state to allow it. He especially sought to awaken some compassion in the heart of the king which he knew was good and kind. The king having listened most attentively to the sermon of the man of God, was visibly moved, and said, "You are right, my dearest Father Rocco; you have spoken the truth. But what can one do to remedy this gigantic evil and assist so many poor people to gain an honest living? It is lamentable indeed that there should be such poverty, and it really makes one sick at heart. Is there a way do you think to stem this torrent so great and charged with so much misery?" Then Father Rocco who had well prepared himself proposed that there should be built a large hospital, maintained by the state and the earnings of its inmates, all of whom should be truly poor, and without the means to gain a living. The king not only heard his proposition kindly, but from that moment determined to weigh it well, and carry it, if possible, into execution.

He replied therefore to Father Rocco, "Very well, Father Rocco, I will content you," and he proceeded to do what the good Friar had never dared to ask for or to hope. Then Father Rocco, knowing how great an interest the good Queen took in all works of a charitable nature, undertaken by the king, went to her with the request to keep the matter before his majesty and aid in every way possible this worthy enterprise. Providence, however, had already disposed the heart of the queen to the plans of Father Rocco in a way both pleasing and singular, showing what simple things contribute to the fulfilment of His great designs. King Charles the Third, following the fashion of the day both in Naples and partly also in Spain, had ordered for the palace a very handsome manger for the Holy Child. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why these symbols of piety became so popular, and such objects of art as they

are to-day. The wooden figures were sometimes carved by the hand of a master, and especially admired were the creations of Mosca, Sammartino, and other eminent artists. They were dressed also with much taste and even magnificence. Piety and art, as has been so often seen, make excellent companions, and assist each other in many ways.

The Neapolitan ladies often spent much time in decorating these toy figures, and the queen herself conceived a great fancy for the work. Very many times she made necklaces to put around the necks of her little wooden shepherdesses, but the task required much patient labor and not a little skill. They were made by stringing together tiny bits of perforated crystal which they called neck pearls and which to-day are used in feminine adornment. One day while thus engaged, a noble Genoese lady who happened to be present, made the remark that this same work was very skilfully done in Genoa, and that she had seen it done in their hospice for the poor, called the Albergo, with the aid of a needle, and that even the blind were adepts at it. They put a quantity of the beads in their laps and with much dexterity string the beads, at the same time chatting, and apparently paying but little attention to their work. The queen was charmed with the idea and expressed the desire to see one of the needles, but she was especially struck with the idea of a Hospice for the poor. She began to think to herself that it might be possible after all to realize in this way the high ideas of Father Rocco in regard to the poor, and particularly of those for whom he appealed so constantly.

Why should not that be done in Naples which already had been done successfully in Genoa, and especially since they had a king so devoted to the people's interest, as was her husband? Besides was it not a pity and a shame too to think that any city should take the lead of Naples in its beneficiary work among the poor? Naples, a city so rich and so religious! Surely since Naples welcomed so heartily the new monarchy, for its honor's sake, it must be able to vie with these old republics of Italy. These and similar thoughts occupied the attention of the queen, and as we shall see, were not mere fleeting speculations, but were serious and worthy of a Christian woman. As soon therefore as she had heard from her husband his promise to Father Rocco of a hospital for the poor, she not only encouraged him but did much more. So full of joy was she because of his praiseworthy intention, that she offered him forthwith

all her diamonds, brooches, jewels, etc., to aid him in his effort, so glorious did it seem to her, and worthy of a Christian queen. The king was deeply touched by her enthusiasm. He embraced her most tenderly and promised her that henceforth this should be the thought he would have most at heart — and he kept his word.

Shortly after this conversation, King Charles began the erection of the noble structure which is standing in our day. He wrote to Pope Benedict XVI to make known to him a famous architect, and the Pope recommended Fuga Tiorentino, a man of high repute in Rome. Fuga soon completed a fine set of drawings at his majesty's command, but the King would not accept them until he had consulted the queen and Father Rocco. When they had expressed their approbation, there arose a difficulty as to the choice of a site, which must be not too distant from the city, and yet sufficiently spacious to allow for the erection of so vast a pile of buildings. Some attempts were first made near the Porta Nolana, but on account of the miry condition of the soil, they were abandoned. They at length decided upon the site di Forio, near San Antonia Abbate, and soon that notable edifice was reared which still bears the inscription, "Royal Hospital for the Nation's Poor."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MIRACLE.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



ONCE more, when faith is on the wane,
And tears of doubt are shed like rain,
The miracle so old, yet new,
Is wrought for me and wrought for you,
And He whom you and I thought dead
Hath risen even as He said.

Once more, when dawns the Easter day,
He breaks from my hard heart away
The stones of grief and dole and pain,
And bids me see the light again.
Once more from us the rock He rolls,
And frees ten thousand prisoned souls!

ANGEL TENDED—A MEMORIAL DAY STORY.

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.



HERE were Spartan mothers in those days, heroic women who gave up their sons at their country's call, and bade them goodbye and Godspeed, never expecting to fold them in their arms again. Heroes were plentiful in those sad times when the Blue and the Gray met in battle array; cities and towns and villages and hamlets and country homes were full of them, and all over the land, from every nook and corner — North and South, — they came trooping forth, ready to do, or dare, or die, as might be, for the causes dear to their hearts.

And yet I doubt whether it did not require as much, or more, real heroism to remain behind, to endure the agony and suspense of anticipated woe; and I am not sure but that some of the hardest battles of the war were fought out in the home, right around the family fireside.

To no one, perhaps, within my circle of acquaintances, did the parting from a dear one come with more anguish than to Widow Harsha, when she gave up her all — her only treasure, her darling son Arthur. Yet she made no objections when he enlisted, and that he might carry a happy heart when he went away upon what proved to be an endless journey, she smiled at parting, smiled when her heart was breaking.

"God will watch between us until we meet again, mother dear," he said as he kissed her a long farewell; then with a wave of the hand he ran down the steps and joined the long procession of blue-coats marching to the station. He did not forget to give her a goodbye signal at the parting of the ways. She answered back and then he passed out of her sight beyond her vision — forever.

She waited at the gate until the glimmer of the bright new uniforms were lost in the autumn sunshine, and then going back into her poor little home, now so still and empty, allowed herself the

relief of tears. She heard the whistle of the train, the ringing of the car-bell, and then with a puff and a snort the big iron horse was off with its precious freight of human lives, and the mother was alone in her great sorrow.

But she was brave, and knowing she was only one among thousands of mothers who had been called upon to give up an only, idolized son, she bore her heartache in silence, turning a cheery, smiling face to the kindly neighbors who came to comfort her in her loneliness.

Arthur bore the hardships of a soldier's life cheerfully, sending back to the old home lively, sunshiny letters that put new life and hope into his mother's starving heart. The months and years passed on until his three years of service had almost expired and the loving mother was looking forward to the day when she could welcome him home.

But alas for human hopes and human expectations! Just when her heart was lightest, and dreams of danger almost past, there was a battle, and when the smoke of the conflict had cleared away, Arthur, her fair-haired darling, lay among the slain, his white face upturned to the quiet stars, shining in southern skies. Before graves could be hollowed out in the place where the brave boys fell, his comrades were surprised by the return of the enemy; so that the message which bore to the widowed mother the news that she was childless, told also the sad tale of his burial by the hands of the foe in an unknown, nameless grave.

No pen could depict the mother's anguish. But such bereavements were common all over the land in those sad days, and like other broken-hearted mothers, she bore the pain as best she could, the thought that she was not alone in her sufferings, giving her courage to endure her sorrows uncomplainingly. As the years passed on, the desire to have her boy's grave in her keeping increased, until it became an all-consuming passion. It was in a strange country, unknown, unmarked, and undecorated, leaving no hope of the precious one's last resting-place ever being found. This fact almost maddened her. She grew morose, and by brooding constantly over her sad lot, became a misanthrope. Embittered without cause against her neighbors, she shut herself out from their sympathies, refusing all their offers of friendship, and closing her door in the face of all kindly proffered ministries.

Memorial Day, sacred to the friends of other fallen heroes, was to her nothing but a bitter remembrance. Instead of laying aside

her selfish grief, and carrying offerings to lay upon the tombs of her boy's dead comrades, the coming of that day was always the signal for closing her blinds and fastening her doors against the intrusion of any would-be flower donor.

With her tiny cottage shut in by a wealth of roses, she would not give a single one to lay upon the village graves, — "not one while her boy slept in an unknown tomb under the blazing heat of a southern sky."

"Oh, if I only knew where he was buried," she would sometimes cry pitifully. "If I could only lay a cross of roses on his grave, I would be content, I would not refuse roses for a hundred graves, if a single one could first bloom above his cold, still heart. I would sell my home to raise money for the journey. My God! What evil have I done to deserve this fate; to be refused even this small boon?"

And thus the years went by until the sleeper in the unknown grave had been at rest for three decades, and still the gray-haired mother in the little cottage was striving against the providence — "fate", she called it, — that had hidden the lonely grave from the blossoms that she had been saving for it all these years.

Once more Decoration Day was at hand, and once more she had refused either to take part in the services or to donate roses for the soldier-graves. Roses were scarce that year and the little girls who came to see her, begged just twelve, one for each of the soldier-graves in the village cemetery. But she refused, and became very angry when they insisted, and at last frightened them dreadfully by opening the door and ordering them to leave at once. It was growing dusk outside then, but fearing a raid on her roses later, she followed them to the gate, and after locking it securely, went round the high picket fence, to make sure that there was no opening through which any one could enter. After returning to the house she fastened the windows and barred the doors, determined to make no response if any one should seek entrance in the morning.

It was long before she could compose herself so as to sleep, but at last, despite her excited condition she fell into a quiet slumber. While her eyes were holden, an angel touched her in dreams, and leading her forth over the hills and across valleys, up mountain steepnesses and down by green pastures and still waters, until — pausing over a long stretch of unknown graves, graves of soldiers buried on a battlefield, just where they had fallen, he bade her lift her eyes and look upon the scene stretching out before her.

Her eyes being opened, she beheld an array of beautiful beings, angels laden with sweet-scented flowers, still wet with the dews of heaven; and down in the dark circle of graves she saw the blossoms being scattered by angels' hands. Drawing nearer she read upon one of the most beautifully decorated, the name of her boy, her own dear Arthur, and underneath his farewell words, "God will watch between us till we meet again."

"Ah!" she whispered, "God has watched between us, my Arthur; watched over your unknown grave, and sent more than mortal hands to tend it."

Content to leave the grave in angel-hands, — to be decked by flowers from paradise, she awoke, and behold it was a dream! But it was not all a dream, for the lesson it taught was heaven-sent, and from it she learned that even in the darkness it was always safe to trust the Father above, the God of love.

The villagers awoke in the morning to see her windows up and doors open, but not until she came forth from her gate laden with roses to lay upon the graves of the dead sons of other mothers, did they know of the transformation which the angel's touch had wrought in the darkness of the night, while they slept.

"I can trust my dead in God's keeping," was her explanation. "If Arthur sleeps in an angel-tended grave, God forgive me if my mortal fingers refuse to lay a love-token on the graves left in human keeping."

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

HE sky-lark spurned the dusky green,
And pierced with song the gloom,
When came, in tears, the Magdalene,
And found the riven tomb.

Why weepest thou, dear heart, so long?
Behold the empty grave!
The Master liveth; Hope is strong;
And Love hath power to save.

Nor youth nor beauty dies; still sweet
Ring's out the lark's young lay;
The dew that flashed from Mary's feet
Adorns the world to-day.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.



DON'T need any introduction," I said to the gentleman in Indianapolis who kindly volunteered to present me to Mr. Riley; "I will go to him and tell him I'm a rook from Ohio, who has often wondered whether he was a father, mother, lover, child, tramp, 'hired girl' or 'Raggedy man.'"

And I did. He laughingly assured me that he was nothing but a plain, simple Hoosier who had never risen to the distinction of being a married man, simply because his whole life having been a wild scramble to catch trains, he had never found a moment to think of anything else. "But," he added, "hardly a day passes that I do not receive letters asking for portraits of my children."

"But you certainly love children?" I asked rather unnecessarily, for even as I spoke and looked into his kindly eyes the infinite pathos of an exquisite little poem of his came to me with deeper meaning —

"The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss—such arms, such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

"Fain would I be of service—say something,
Between the tears that would be comforting,—
But ah! so sadder than yourself am I,
Who have no child to die."

And we both were silent for a moment. — It is this essentially human element that runs through Mr. Riley's verse and makes us all love the singer in his songs. We feel that his heart is big enough to beat in sympathy with a whole world. Who could doubt it after reading his "Armazindy", "When She Comes Home", "The Dead

Wife", and the beautiful "Afterwhiles"? Who but one of God's own song-birds could have echoed the heart's throbbing of humanity, thus, —

"After while and one intends
To be gentler to his friends,—
To walk with them in the bush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields—and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand:
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for some one's sake,
And wear then the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—Afterwhile."

"But there's nothing new," you will say. "Chaucer and Shakespeare, Browning and Tennyson, Moore and Longfellow, Shelley and Keats, James Clarence Mangan and John Boyle O'Reilly have all sung the same songs, — in different tunes, perhaps, — but still the same." Does the nightingale sing the linnet's song, or the bluebird the robin's? Does not the thrush and the bobolink each pour forth the melody of its own little heart, even though we can scarcely tell the tones apart? Some clarion throated singer of the Kipling type may once in a while drown the music of all, but like all magnificence, it is soon wearied of and sooner forgotten.

"You write very easily, do you not, Mr. Riley?" I said in the course of our conversation.

"Well," he said, "thoughts come fast enough, the difficulty lies in finding the right words with which to clothe them."

"But to read them," I replied, "one would think you wrote the verses just as the thoughts came."

"Ah, that's just where the work comes in," he said, "to make art seem like nature is work indeed."

"And art indeed," I answered, as I thought of the simple naturalness of "Jim" and "Marthy Ellen."

I did not ask him where he was born nor anything personal — because I had heard all about him through intimate friends of his, and knew the story of his having left school, and how, like Belphagor the Mountebank, he gave whole circuses alone; had heard also of his patent medicine days, when it was hard to tell which wrought the cure of the invalids, the medicine or the rhymes that went with it. I had laughed heartily over his sign-painting experi-

ences, when posing as blind, he had been followed by the curious in open-mouthed wonder from town to town, and I had been shown a sign which he painted for a bootmaker, on which the artistic design of the scroll entirely hid the letters by which the poor man's trade was to be made known to the public.

I wanted to ask him about his visit abroad, because a lady in London had remarked to me that if all the Indiana people used the same dialect as Mr. Riley's creations they must be horribly uncouth. I asked her if she had ever heard the Yorkshire or Staffordshire dialect of her own country. As she looked at me questioningly, I asked her to interpret the question — "Is ta ban to Wakefield at morn?" She looked so puzzled that I interpreted it for her. "That", said I, "in the Queen's English is, 'Are you going to Wakefield in the morning?'" And that's Yorkshire dialect." And she said no more about Indiana's "horrible uncouthness" in the matter of speech. Many of Mr. Riley's neighbors, however, say that he exaggerates the dialect, that no one in Indiana ever spoke like his Hoosier types, and that it must be peculiar to his own family. But these are the natural criticisms of a prophet in his own country, and a new-comer, hearing the Hoosier dialect for the first time, knows at once that Riley "caught it on the wing."

Do you notice, too, how he catches beauty in rare, golden glints and in all the most out-of-the-way places? Is anything in any character-sketching ever written finer than "Jim"? It is long, but you will pardon me for giving it all, for it is very beautiful.

"He was jes' a plain, ever'day, all round kind of a jour,
Consumpted-lookin'—but la!
The jokiest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-singin', laughin'est, jolliest
Feller you ever saw.
Worked at jes' coarse work, but you can bet he was fine enough in his talk,
And his feelin's too!
Lordy! ef he was on'y back on his bench agin today, a-carryin' on
Like he ust to do!
Any shop-mate'll tell you there niver was, on top o' dirt,
A better feller'n Jim!
You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywhere else—
You could git it o' him!
Most free-hearted man thataway in the world, I guess!
Give up ever' nickle he's worth;
And if you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him, and it was his,
He'd a-give you the earth!
Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and a-he'pin' some
Pore feller onto his feet—

He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f,
 So's *the feller* got somepin' to eat!
 Didn't make no difference at all to him how *he* was dressed,
 He ust to say to me—
 "You togg out a tramp purty comfortable in winter time, a-huntin' a job,
 And he'll git along!" says he.
 Jim didn't have, nor never could git ahead so overly much
 O' this worlds goods at a time.— [likely,
 'Fore now I've saw him, more'n onc't, lend a dollar, and haf' too, more'n
 Turn round and borry a dime!
 Maybe laugh and joke about it hesse'f fer a while, then jerk his coat,
 And kind o' square his chin,
 Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe-bench,
 And go to peggin' agin!
 Patientest feller, too, I reckon, 'at ever jes' naturely
 Coughed hisse'f to death!
 Long enough after his voice was lost, he'd laugh in a whisper and say
 He could git ever' thing but his breath—
 "You fellers," he'd sorto' twinkle his eyes and say,
 "Is a-pilin' onto me
 A mighty big debt for that-air weak-chested ghost o'mine to pack
 Through all Eternity!"
 Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like to me,
 'At ortn't a-never a-died!
 But death hain't showin' no favors, the old boss said,
 "On'y to Jim'," and cried:
 And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed-work in the shop,
 Er the whole blame neighborhood, [day
 He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't do anything else that
 But jes' set around and feel good!"

Haven't we all known just such characters as Jim? Not more than once or twice in a lifetime, and then only to enjoy their jokes and laughter and never to think of their greatness and unselfishness until it is too late. How many a whole life's story, to quote again, is told in his —

"There! little girl, don't cry!
 They have broken your doll, I know,
 And your tea-set blue
 And your play-house, too,
 Are things of the long ago;
 But childish troubles will soon pass by,—
 There, little girl, don't cry!

"There, little girl, don't cry!
 They have broken your slate. I know,
 And the glad, wild ways
 Of your school-girl days
 Are things of the long ago;
 But life and love will soon come by,—
 There, little girl, don't cry!

"There, little girl, don't cry!
 They have broken your heart, I know,
 And the rain-bow's gleams
 Of your youthful dreams
 Are things of the long ago;
 But Heaven holds all for which you sigh,—
 There, little girl, don't cry."

Though it is as the poet of the Hoosiers that Mr. Riley has taken his place among us, some of his very best poems, to my mind, are those not written in dialect. But like all poets who have built their reputation on some special form of poetry, we are apt to give him little credit in any other field. He himself says that he is sometimes sorry that he ever began the dialect, because the world has come to think that he can do nothing else, and he has taught them not to take him seriously. He is so true a poet at heart that he feels that dialect is not the highest and noblest form of poetry, and he is ambitious to do greater work.

While it is probably true that as the exponent of the Hoosier type he has won a greater name than he could otherwise have done, I would quote a few lines here and there from his other verses to show how rich they are in true poetic imagery, and how full of the music and the feeling of true poetry. Here is an exquisite little word-etching from his poem, "Lockerbie Street"—

"And the nights that come down the dark pathways of dusk,
 With the stars in their tresses, and odors of musk
 In their moon-woven raiment, bespangled with dews,
 And looped up with lilies for lovers to use."

And listen to the ripple and the playing of the breeze laughing through these stanzas from "The South Wind and the Sun"—

"And the sun had on a crown
 Wrought of golden thistle down
 And a scarf of velvet vapor,
 And a raveled rainbow gown;
 And his tinsel-tangled hair,
 Tossed and lost upon the air,
 Was glossier and flossier
 Than any anywhere.

"And the south wind's eyes were two
 Little dancing drops of dew,
 And he puffed his cheeks and pursed his lips
 And blew, and blew, and blew!

And the sun's-like diamond-stone
 Brighter yet than ever known
 As he knit his brows and held his breath
 And shone, and shone, and shone!"

As I look through his verses, in truth I am non-plussed, to find, from the very profusion of melody, a strain more beautiful than the rest. A man that has looked at the world with heart so fully attuned to its varied music cannot help finding songs everywhere —

"On this great round earth
 That swings in the smile of God."

As he so beautifully puts it. I cannot pass over the sonnets, which are so much less known and read than they should be, without giving the one called "Silence."

"Thousands and thousands of hushed years ago.
 Out on the edge of Chaos, all alone
 I stood on peaks of vapor, high upthrown
 Above a sea that knew nor ebb nor flow,
 Nor any motion won of winds that blow,
 Nor any sound of watery wail or moan,
 Nor lisp of wave nor wandering undertone
 Of any tide lost in the night below.
 So still it was, I mind me, as I laid
 My thirsty ear against mine own faint sigh
 To drink of that, I sipped it, half afraid
 'Twas but the ghost of a dead voice spilled by
 The one starved star that tottered through the shade,
 And came tiptoeing toward me down the sky."

The laurels have been given him and he wears them like his own "Right kind of a man." Now that the golden apple has fallen in his way, he may pluck, if he wish, of the choicest that grow in the high-walled garden of Fame. Magazine editors, publishers — all the genus of so fearful and relentless mien to the unknown and unfavored of fortune — now clamor for verses. "It is far harder," as he wearily confessed to me the other day, "to *keep* my reputation than it was to make it." He is even now a thorough student of poetry and is wonderfully well-versed in the productions of the great English poets. Withal he has a remarkable memory, and having once made a wager in a group of literary people that from every line quoted from any poet he could give the preceding and following lines, he won the wager without the slightest difficulty, to the wonder of all present.

Somehow, in his love for humanity, his hatred of all pretense, his faculty of finding "good in everything," as manifested in his poems, his sympathy for the unfortunate, his stout upholding of the homely standards of good and ill, I can not help comparing him or believing that under the same circumstances our "Hoosier Poet" would make an answer like that of Cyrano de Bergerac to Le Bret in one of the finest speeches of Rostand's much-talked-of drama, — "And what should a man do? Seek some grande, take him for patron, and like the obscure creeper clasping a tree-trunk and licking the bark of that which props it up, attain to height by craft instead of strength? No, I thank you. Dedicate, as they all do, poems to financiers? Wear motley in the humble hope of seeing the lips of a Minister distend for once in a smile not ominous of ill? No, I thank you. Push himself from lap to lap, become a little great man in a great little circle, propel his ships with madrigals for oars and in his sails the sighs of elderly ladies? No, I thank you. Work to construct a name upon the basis of a sonnet instead of constructing other sonnets? No, I thank you. Calculate, cringe, peak, prefer making a call to a poem, petition, solicit, apply? No, I thank you! — No, I thank you! — No, I thank you! But, — Sing, dream, laugh, loaf, be single, be free, have eyes that look squarely, a voice with a ring, wear, if he chooses, his hat hind-side-afore; for a yes, for a no, fight a duel or turn a ditty! — Work without concern of fortune or of glory, to accomplish the heart's desired journey to the moon! Put forth nothing that has not its spring in the very heart. Yet, modest, say to himself, "Old man, be satisfied with blossoms, fruits, yea, leaves alone, so they be gathered in your garden and not another man's. Then if it happen that to some small extent he triumph, be obliged to render of the glory, to Caesar, not one jot, but honestly appropriate it all. In short, scorning to be the parasite, the creeper, if even failing to be the oak, rise, not perchance, to a great height, — but rise alone."

Perhaps in writing a sketch of a human being, one should seek to lay bare his faults, or rake through the gardens of poetry and sweetness until one finds some grave defect to tickle the palate of the envious and sin-curious. I shall neither rake nor delve. I have laughed and cried over the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, I have met the man, have warmly shaken his hand, looked him squarely in the face and saw there as in his own "Doc Sifers" —

"The perfect faith in God and man
A-shinin' in his eyes."

THE ROSARY CONFRATERNITY.



REV. M. P. O'SULLIVAN, O. P.

CONFRATERNITY is an association or partnership of members united together for the accomplishment of any purpose good or bad.

It is based on the axiom

"Union is strength." The Rosary Confraternity is an association of members united for the purpose of giving honor to God and His Blessed Mother, and by the recitation of that most efficacious of prayers, the Rosary, to procure through the goodness and mercy of God the salvation of immortal souls.

It is of historical truth that St. Dominic received this form of prayer from Our Blessed Lady herself, appearing to him with the Divine Infant in her arms, and commanding him and the Order of which he was the founder "to preach her Rosary."

St. Dominic, as a loyal son of the Church, and one learned in theology; for he had received his Doctor's degree with great distinction at the University of Palencia in his twenty-fifth year, laid the matter before him who had received the command to "confirm thy brethren," Honorius III; and having obtained the necessary credentials, preached the Rosary with marvellous results, so that one hundred thousand of the most debased heretics that ever cursed the Church of God returned to the sheepfold within a year, having renounced their heresy and voluntarily entered into the narrow, thorny paths of penance.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in their midst" (Matt. xviii, 20), says our Blessed Lord Himself. If this is true of two or three, *a fortiori* it is true of as many millions. And if every good thing is promised with divine emphasis to all prayer said with "confidence in God," how much more certainly with the aid of united public prayer in which the vocal and mental elements of prayer are so felicitously blended. For during the recitation of the Rosary which is composed of fifteen "Our Fathers," as many "Glory be to the Fathers", and one hundred and

fifty Angelic Salutations and petitions for the intercession of Mary with her Divine Son, there is a continuous mental operation on the chief mysteries of the joyful, sorrowful and glorious life of our Blessed Lord — all of which was undertaken for man's Redemption. During the recital of the Rosary the lips work uninterruptedly like Martha, the mind as incessantly contemplates like Mary.

St. Dominic conceived the idea of a Confraternity of Rosarians, and with the approval and blessings of the Sovereign Pontiff he put the idea into practical outward operation by the actual formation of the Rosary Confraternity.

When we are asked to join any society our first inquiry, after knowing its object, is, what is its constitution? We here subjoin the general constitution of the Confraternity with the remark that each Sodality may have its own special features and rules, provided they be sanctioned by the Ordinary of the diocese, as the present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII, in the *Ubi Primum* recently proclaimed, has graciously so ordained.

ARTICLE I.

The end of the Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Rosary whose members are accustomed to exercise the greatest possible works of charity, piety and mercy in accordance with the testimony of the Supreme Pontiffs, is the salvation of souls for the glory of God and His Blessed Mother, or it is a continuous advance in the way of Christian perfection by a faithful devotion to the Rosary according to the rules approved by the Church.

ARTICLE II.

The Rector of the Confraternity about to be solemnly created in (Here insert the name of the church) will be the parish priest for the time being (or the curate, etc.), as is laid down in the accompanying diploma of establishment.

ARTICLE III.

This Confraternity will have its own altar in the chapel of the Most Blessed Virgin in the parochial church. Above or near this altar will be placed the picture or image of the Most Blessed Virgin giving the Rosary to St. Dominic, and also the diploma of the establishment of the Confraternity.

ARTICLE IV.

All of the faithful of both sexes are eligible to membership in this Confraternity, even children, who in any way are able to recite the Rosary, those only being excluded who are clearly unworthy of admittance.

ARTICLE V.

It is necessary to inscribe in a book to be specially kept for that purpose both the Christian and surnames of the members. This inscription, when once made, is good for all time, and must be done wholly gratuitously in all cases, even though offerings for the good of the Confraternity in general are by no means prohibited.

ARTICLE VI.

All members, male and female, should firmly purpose to recite the entire Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary each week. The Rosary embraces fifteen decades of the Angelic Salutation, each decade being preceded by the "Our Father," and with each of these decades one of the mysteries prescribed and specially determined should be recollected with pious meditation thereon. A Rosary blessed with the form of blessing prescribed in the Roman Ritual should be used. The fifteen decades may be recited at different times, as they are able to be separated.

ARTICLE VII.

All members who piously pray in this manner every week become participators both in life and after death of all the good works of all the Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary existing everywhere throughout the world, and of all the spiritual benefits of the three Orders of St. Dominic, of all the merits of the innumerable Saints of the Sodality, and of all the Indulgences most liberally conceded to this Confraternity. Those who omit the recitation of the prayers are not thereby guilty of sin, but they are deprived of some of the graces granted to the Confraternity.

ARTICLE VIII.

On every Sunday in the year after Vespers five decades of the Rosary will be publicly recited, the mysteries suitable to the time or to the festival being announced. The other parts of the Rosary will be said on Wednesdays and Saturdays after the Mass at which

Rosarians are accustomed to be present. The members should be frequently admonished to attend the processions and other usual exercises of the Confraternity.

ARTICLE IX.

The first Sunday of each month will be the general communion day of the Confraternity. On the same day something about the Rosary should be said in the sermon. After the recitation of the Rosary in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin Mother of God, the procession with the image or picture of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary will be formed, and during its progress the Litany of Lorretto will be sung.

ARTICLE X.

The principal feast of the Confraternity, the first Sunday of the month of October, will be yearly celebrated with every pomp and solemnity, and to give an opportunity for gaining that most precious indulgence, which they call *toties-quoties*, a sufficient number of confessors, as far as it can be done, will be obtained for the faithful.

ARTICLE XI.

The feast of our Holy Father, St. Dominic, the first founder of this devotion and of the Confraternity, will be celebrated with a solemn Mass and public Lauds and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the evening.

ARTICLE XII.

Five anniversaries will be celebrated every year at the altar of the Rosary on the first free days after the feasts of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Annunciation, the Assumption, and the feast of her Nativity, for those departed souls whose names on these occasions are recalled to memory from their purgatorial sufferings, and on the fifth anniversary, on the day following the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, the Mass will be offered up for the living members. Stipends for these masses will be taken from the funds of the Confraternity.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Rector will strengthen his own endeavors by renewing his Council on each year before the feast of the Most Holy Rosary according to the rules of the Confraternity.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Council will consist of a President, Treasurer, Sacristan, and three Councilmen.

ARTICLE XV.

The Council should be called together four times in each year or oftener, for the promotion of the good of the Confraternity.

It may be here remarked that the plenary indulgence *totiesquoties*, (as often as) can be gained by any of the faithful as often as they visit the Rosary Chapel or Altar of the Rosary from the first Vespers of the feast of the Holy Rosary until the setting of the sun on the feast day itself: provided the visitors have worthily approached the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, and say at each visit, at least, five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys for the Pope's intentions. Each visit, no matter how large the number of visits may become, is entitled to a plenary indulgence and is applicable to souls in purgatory. This indulgence is equivalent to the Portiuncula Indulgence, and all who have an opportunity should copiously avail themselves of it for the succor of deceased friends and acquaintances.

The dates at which the anniversary masses are said can be obtained from the Ordo of the Dominicans which is annually published, and also from the ROSARY MAGAZINE.

In regard to the masses on Wednesdays and Saturdays, Our Holy Father has graciously extended the privileges, formerly enjoyed by Dominicans, to the secular priests, who are rectors of the Confraternity. The mass to be said by the secular priests at the Altar of the Confraternity, on these days, when the rubrics permit, is that marked in the Roman Missal "*pro diversitate temporum.*"

The privilege of having the procession on the first Sunday of the month within the church has also been conceded by our Holy Father to all branches of the Confraternity.

How can this Confraternity be canonically erected and where? In the fourth declaration of the *Ubi Primum*, our Holy Father says: — For the erection of the Confraternity in any particular church, the Master-General is to depute by the usual document a priest of his own Order; where there are no convents of Dominican Fathers, he is to appoint a priest approved by the Bishop; but he cannot in general, and without limitation, transfer the faculties which he possesses to the Provincials, or other priests of his own, or any other

Order or Institute. We revoke the faculty granted by Benedict XIII, of happy memory, to the Masters of the Order, of delegating Provincials (*transmarinos*) beyond the sea without restriction. We grant, however, considering it expedient, that they may give power to the Priors, Vicars and Superiors of Missions, in such provinces, to erect a certain number of Sodalities of which the latter must render to them (the Masters-General) an accurate account."

To more fully develop the first paragraph of this declaration it may not be uninteresting to describe the process of the establishment of this Confraternity. The priest in charge of the particular church in which the Confraternity is to be erected ought to explain fully to his people beforehand the devotion of the Rosary and the privileges, benefits, and indulgences of the Confraternity. He should in the next place obtain the approval of his bishop for the erection of it in his church. He then applies to the Master-General of the Dominican Order or to the Provincial of the Order in this country to obtain the diploma of institution of the Confraternity, in which are to be named the patron saints of the church and of the diocese, as also the name and office (pastor, curate, etc.) of the future director of the Confraternity. He should also ask the Master-General or the Provincial to send a Dominican Father to erect the Confraternity; or if this cannot be conveniently done, he should name some priest acceptable to the Bishop, who may be empowered to erect the Confraternity. The patent of erection obtained from the Master-General or Provincial is sent to the Bishop of the diocese together with the general constitution of the Confraternity and an authentic list of the Indulgences which the Master-General has now in process of construction under the XVIth declaration of the *Ubi Primum*, that all may receive the recognition and formal approval of the Ordinary.

Having obtained these necessary documents, a book for the registration of the members, and a representation of our Blessed Lady giving the Rosary to St. Dominic for the Rosary Altar, a day is appointed for the establishment of the Confraternity, and in the meantime the people are prepared by sermons and instructions on the Rosary for the worthy reception of the Confraternity in their midst. On the day of the institution of the Confraternity the fifteen decades of the Rosary are publicly recited at convenient hours in the church. Before the Mass on this day, the hymn *Veni Creator* is sung together with its versicle and prayer, and the Father who is to erect the Confraternity preaches to the people on the aims, object and end of the Confraternity, its excellence, efficacy, dignity, rights, prerogatives and indulgences. Then the *Ave Maria Stella*

is sung, during which the Father puts on the cope and proceeds with the acolytes and attendant clergy to the altar which is to be dedicated to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, where, standing at the gospel corner, and turning towards the people he erects the Confraternity with the proper form. I (Name) by authority committed to me by the Very Rev. Father (Name), Prior Provincial of the Province of (Name), of the Order of Preachers, in the name of the Most Rev. Father (Name), Master-General of the whole Holy Order of Preachers, institute and erect the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary of Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, in this church of St. (Name), and declare it instituted and erected, with all the graces, privileges and indulgences, which such societies are accustomed to possess and enjoy; to the praise and glory of Almighty God, of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and of Blessed Dominic, our Father, the author and inventor of the same, and of all the saints of God; for the salvation of souls; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

At the conclusion of the formula of erection the Father will make public declaration of the Altar of the Confraternity, of the future rector, of the rights of the Order of Preachers, subject to the equitable decision of the Master-General over everything belonging to the Sodality in the case of the establishment of a convent of the Order in the immediate vicinity; and lastly the right of the Master-General to suppress the particular branch of the Confraternity in case of its departure from its original purpose. The Mass then proceeds as usual. In the afternoon or evening a second sermon is given on the Rosary, at the termination of which those who wish to join the Confraternity arrange themselves in a suitable and convenient manner around the altar, with their names neatly and legibly written on cards which they hold in their hands, and afterwards give to the Father for registration in the book of the Confraternity. They also hold up their beads to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water. Then the first procession of the Confraternity is formed and the Rosary recited in common. The Blessed Sacrament is next exposed for Benediction, at which the *Tu Deum* is sung. The pastor says three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail Marys"; (1) for the Pope; (2) for the Master-General of the Dominican Order; (3) for the Father who erected the Confraternity. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concludes this most impressive ceremony.

As to the place of erection our Holy Father says in the *Ubi Primum*, Vth declaration: — "The Confraternity of the Rosary may be established in any church or public oratory to which the faithful

have free access, except the churches of nuns and other pious women living in the community. Seeing that it has been already decided by the Apostolic See that more than one Sodality of the Most Holy Rosary must not exist in one and the same place, we again enforce this law, and command that it be everywhere observed. If, however, at present, it happens that there are several Sodalities properly constituted in any one place, the Master-General of the Order has authority to decide the matter in whatever way he thinks just. In large cities, as has been already granted, there may be several Sodalities of the Rosary; these for their lawful institution must be proposed by the Ordinary to the Master-General."

This is clear and emphatic, the only thing to be remembered in connection with it is that the churches in which Confraternities are to be canonically established should be three miles apart, and that the Holy Congregation of Indulgences has decided that large cities in this sense are those which contain more than one hundred thousand inhabitants.

As to the government of the Confraternity, the direct and immediate government pertains to the director appointed by the Master-General, sanctioned by the Ordinary, and fortified with the necessary faculties by both Master-General and Bishop.

The canonical visitation of the Confraternity by the Bishop or his delegate should consist in this, as to *spiritual things* that it be ascertained: —

1st. Whether perchance on account of any defect the Confraternity may lack canonical existence.

2nd. Whether the members are so instructed in at least the principal obligations of membership in accordance with the decrees of the Holy See, so that they may be able to gain the Indulgences and other spiritual graces, conceded by the Supreme Pontiffs.

3rd. Whether the Director with due diligence has kept a special register, distinct from every other parochial register, in which the names of the members are inscribed.

4th. Whether the Director blesses the Rosaries, roses and candles of the Most Holy Rosary in accordance with the prescribed forms.

5th. Whether the processions take place on the first Sunday of the month and other feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, but more especially on the first Sunday of October, the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

6th. Whether the constitutions of the Confraternity are preserved.

As to the *temporal things* of the Confraternity the Bishop or his delegate should ascertain in the canonical visitation: —

1st. Whether the Confraternity has its chapel and altar and decent sacred furnishings for the same.

2nd. Whether any temporal goods, rents, and other temporal properties and resources of the Confraternity are properly administered, and especially whether the alms bestowed for the purpose of preserving and ornamenting the chapel of the Rosary were faithfully expended for that end; and finally whether the masses enjoined by the constitutions were regularly said.

The Master General of the Order of Preachers always preserves his direct and immediate supervision over all the Confraternities scattered all over the world.

How can one become a member of the Rosary Confraternity? By having one's name entered on the Register of a Confraternity canonically erected. In order to gain all the Indulgences it is necessary that one have the Rosary or beads blessed by a Dominican Father, or one empowered by Dominican faculties to grant the Rosary Indulgences.

The advantages attached to membership are chiefly threefold, participation in united prayer and good works during life, assistance in purgatory from the suffrages of fellow-members, and obtainment of the richest Indulgences ever granted to any Confraternity. Passing over the first and second advantages, let us consider the third advantage for a short time.

An Indulgence is the remission in whole or in part of the temporal punishment due to sin: hence the division of Indulgences into plenary and partial. To gain an indulgence we must be already freed from the eternal guilt of sin; and as this is ordinarily done by confession on our part and absolution on the part of the minister of Christ, confession is generally a pre-required or concomittant condition for the gaining of the Indulgences of the Rosary. Also the worthy reception of the Bread of Life in the Holy Communion, as the greatest possible stimulus to religious zeal, fervor and the love of God, has been generally affixed to the gaining of plenary indulgences. Many partial indulgences can be gained by Rosarians without the conditions of approaching the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist. In many cases contrition for sin with the firm

determination of approaching the Sacraments in the future suffices. Wherever the Indulgences are affixed to the recitation of the Rosary, they can be gained only by pious meditation on the mysteries the prescribed prayers of which are being said, except in the case of persons incapable of explicit meditation, such as the very rude or partially idiotic, and for them a devout recital of the prayers which embrace an implicit meditation is all that is needed so that they may gain all the Indulgences. The following is a summary of the Indulgences of the Most Holy Rosary. Cn. stands for Contrition and C. C. for Confession and Communion.

- I. (a) Day of admission — plenary — Cn. C. C.
(b) Day of admission — Recitation of a third part of the Rosary in the chapel of the Confraternity and prayers for the peace of the Church — plenary — Cn. C. C.
- II. (a) The first Sunday of each month — plenary — Cn. C. C.
(b) The first Sunday of each month — Visit to Rosary chapel — plenary — Cn. C. C.
(c) The first Sunday of each month — Procession — plenary — Cn. C. C.
- III. (a) The Principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary — plenary — Cn. Visit.
(b) The Principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary — plenary — Cn. C. C. and Rosary.
(c) The Principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary — plenary — Cn. C. C. — procession.
- IV. The First Sunday of October.
(a) The *toties-quoties* Indulgence — plenary — Visits.
(b) The usual plenary Indulgence of first Sunday — Cn. C. C.
(c) The usual plenary Indulgence of first Sunday — Procession — Cn. C. C.
(d) The usual plenary Indulgence — On any day within the Octave — Cn. C. C.
- V. The feasts of the Rosary mysteries — plenary — Cn. C. C.
- VI. (a) On other days of the year.
Easter, Ascension and Pentecost days, and on any two Fridays of Lent — plenary — Cn. C. C. — Visit to Rosary chapel and prayers.

(b) On Corpus Christi, the third Sunday of April, the Sunday after the Nativity of the B. V. Mary, the feast of the Patron Saint of the church — plenary — Cn. C. C. — Visit to Rosary altar and prayers.

VII. (a) For saying the Rosary

Plenary once a month; daily recitation of five mysteries — C. C. — Visit to a church and prayers.

(b) Every time one says the whole Rosary — plenary.

(c) Five years and five quarantines at every pronunciation of the sacred name of Jesus in the Hail Mary of the Rosary.

(d) One hundred days for every "Our Father" and Hail Mary of the Rosary.

(e) Fifty years once a day: Five mysteries in the Church of the Confraternity.

VIII. (a) For assistance at Votive Mass on Wednesdays and Saturdays — plenary — prayers.

(b) Plenary once a month for habitual attendants at votive mass Cn. C. C.

IX. For various Pious Works.

(a) One hundred years and one hundred quarantines once a day to those who carry the beads about them in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

(b) Many Plenary Indulgences for the performance of different works of piety, and an almost countless number of Partial Indulgences for the recitation of the Rosary, for visits to Rosary altars and churches of the Confraternity: and others for assisting at the Votive Masses of the Rosary, for assisting at Mass, making meditation, and, in general, for every "work of charity" that a member may perform.

X. To sick members and others legitimately impeded from the Rosary procession.

(a) Plenary — for entire Rosary.

(b) From the required visit on Feasts of the Mysteries of the Rosary — plenary: Five Mysteries.

XI. To The Dying.

(a) Plenary — C. C.

(b) Plenary — Members receiving Rosary absolution.

(c) Plenary — To those holding the blessed candle of the Rosary in their hand when dying.

- (d) Plenary — Reception of the last Sacraments and recitation of the "Hail, Holy Queen."
- (e) Plenary — To those invoking the Holy Name of Jesus, at least in their heart, or who give any sign of sorrow — Cn. C. C.

XII. For the Dead.

- (a) All altars in Dominican churches are "privileged" for Dominican Priests.
- (b) The Rosary Altar is "privileged" for all members of the Rosary Confraternity.

XIII. Plenary for all feasts of Dominican Saints — Cn. C. C.

Now a few words as to the conditions for gaining the Indulgences.

1st. The Contrition is a necessary disposition in a penitent for obtaining grace.

2nd. Weekly Confession, when habitual, suffices.

3rd. One Communion is sufficient for gaining many Plenary Indulgences.

4th. Communion on the preceding day suffices, provided the other conditions be placed on the feast day.

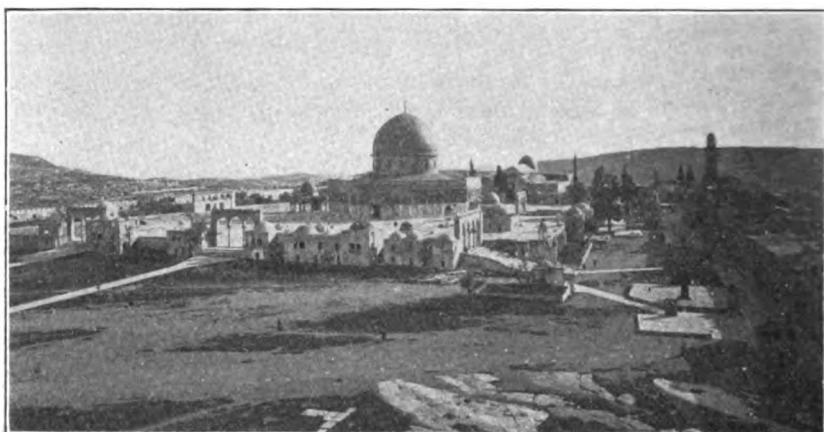
5th. The Visit may be made before or after Communion.

6th. The prayers during Mass suffice for the visit.

7th. The Chapels of Convents, Hospitals, Seminaries, etc., may be considered public oratories in favor of the occupants of these buildings.

8th. The prayers need not necessarily be said kneeling.

The obligations or duties of members are simple and light. They are, first, the recitation of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary every week; and second, pious meditation on the subject-matter of the mystery during, before, or immediately after the vocal prayers. Now it must be clearly evident to all that in this Confraternity the most extraordinary results are obtained from very easy efforts on the part of the members. The loosing power granted to the Supreme Pontiffs in the person of Peter, to whom they succeed — "Whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall be also loosed in heaven" has been most liberally and generously put into operation by Supreme Pontiff after Supreme Pontiff in favor of this Confraternity, and assuredly unwise is the one who fails to avail himself of this liberality and generosity flowing from the divine bounty of our Blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THE ROSARY AND THE HOLY LAND.

THE VERY REV. A. AZZOPARDI, O. P., S. T. M.

FOURTH MYSTERY--THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

(Continued).



HERE the famous Mosque of Omar now stands, in the centre of the sacred enclosure called by the Arabs the Haram esh-Sherif, once stood the temple of Solomon, the greatest monument of Jerusalem. About a thousand years before Christ Solomon levelled and extended the summit of Mount Moriah, that famous mount chosen by God for the place of Abraham's sacrifice and bought by David at an angel's suggestion; and there he laid the foundation of a temple which after the long labors of one hundred and fifty thousand workmen he dedicated, with great solemnity, to Jehovah who was to dwell in an especial manner in its Holy of Holies, where the Ark of the Covenant was treasured. For four centuries its wealth was added to until its glory became matchless and entitled it to a place among the wonders of the world. At fixed and solemn times the people assembled there to sing the inspired psalms of David, to offer sacrifice to God, and to receive His teaching from the lips of His prophets.

Then came the day of its destruction. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, having vanquished the Israelites gave orders to desecrate the Holy of Holies, to pillage and burn the temple, the royal

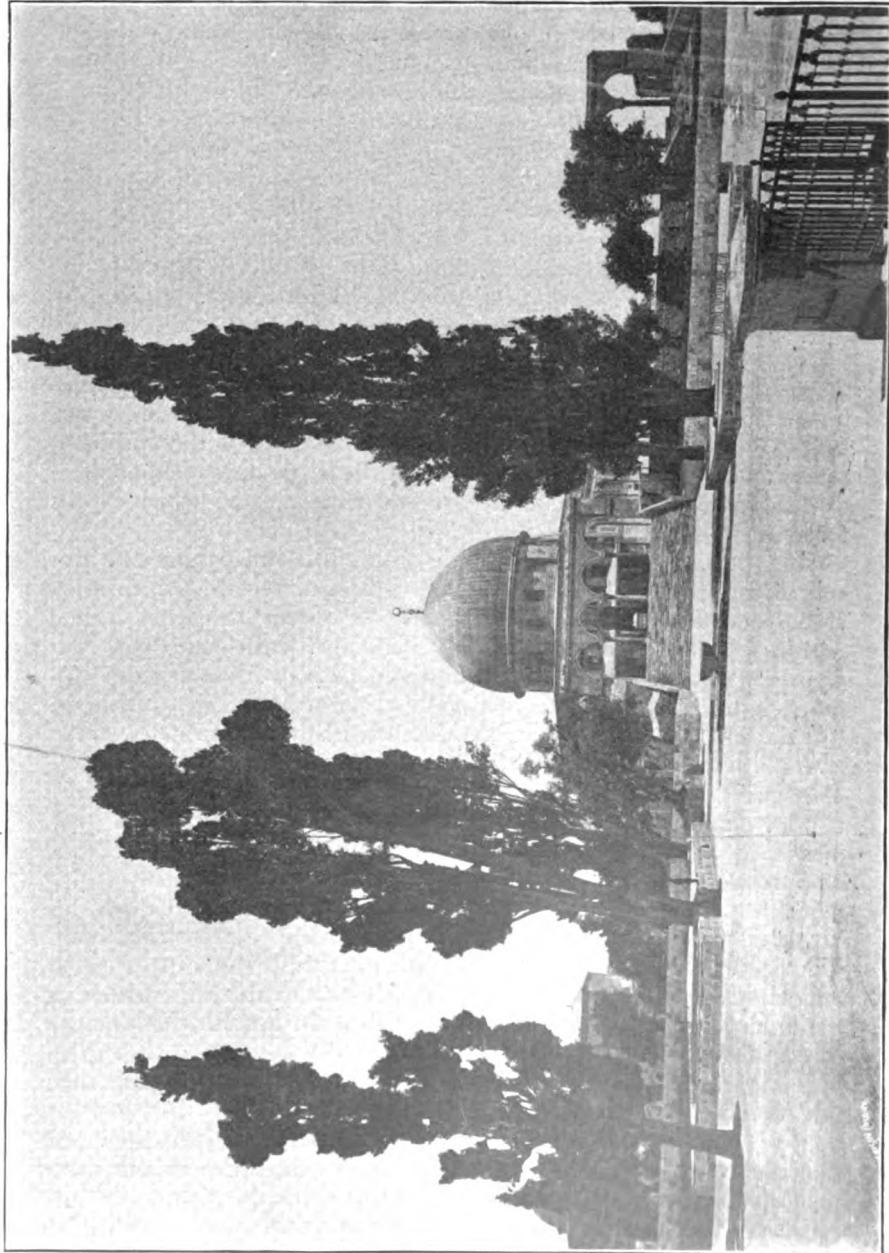
palaces and the principal buildings. Only the ark of the covenant escaped the general destruction. In the confusion that reigned the prophet Jeremiah seized it and carried it to Mount Nebo, where he concealed it in a grotto. But with him died the secret of its hiding-place.

For seventy years the Israelites sat by the waters of the river of Babylon and lamented the ruin of Sion. At last the time foretold by Jeremiah arrived. Cyrus, king of the Persians, who had obtained a victory over the Chaldeans, liberated the Israelites, sent them peacefully to their own country, and gave orders for the reconstruction of the House of Jehovah in Jerusalem. Under Zorobabel they returned and put themselves to work. But they were hindered by the Samaritans, who plotted against them at the Persian court and delayed their labors for fifteen years, which were not resumed until the prophets Aggeus and Zachariah had pronounced severe predictions. Of the temple built by Zorobabel particular details are wanting. Certain it is that it did not possess the ark of the covenant, the principal object of the Holy of Holies. And it is undoubted that it occupied the site of the original temple, from which it differed in no great degree.

In the new temple the people worshiped throughout the five succeeding centuries, and there the prophets received inspiration from Jehovah as before. Alexander the Great respected it and within its walls offered sacrifice to God. At last Antiochus Epiphanes, a minister of God's wrath, despoiled it of its riches and profaned it by erecting within its walls a statue to Jupiter Olympus. But the end was not yet. Judas Maccabaeus purified it and restored it to the worship of the true and only God. Then Pompey, the Roman general, came and entered it with his cortege; but he dared not lay hands upon its sacred vessels and treasures, and he permitted the offering of sacrifice to be continued. When the temple of Zorobabel did disappear, it was but to make way for a more gorgeous one. Herod the Great, who had terrorized the Jews by his cruelties, well knowing that the temple was the centre of the religious life of the Jews, sought to win their favor by building a larger and more splendid place of worship. It was of the huge stones of the enlarged enclosure and its temple that the apostles had spoken to our Lord when He said to them: "Do you see all these great buildings? There shall not be left a stone upon a stone, that shall not be thrown down."

We are apt to think that the Jewish temple of Jerusalem was like a classic temple or a great cathedral, as some of the early painters were wont to picture it. But we should picture to ourselves a system of structures that formed quadrangles, one within another, in the midst of which stood the temple itself. Or we should imagine an extensive oblong open space, called by the

MOSQUE OF OMAR.



prophets the "Court of Jehovah's House", which rose towards the centre by a series of court-like terraces, the highest of which was crowned by the temple. The outer court, the first to be entered, was called the court of the Gentiles, not because it was set apart for them alone, but because they were not allowed to go beyond it. It was quadrangular in form and surrounded by a strong and high wall, in which there was one gate on the northern side, four on the western, two on the southern, and one on the eastern. The place of the last of these, which was the principal gate, is probably indicated by what is now pointed out as the "golden gate", the foundations of which have been found to be very ancient. Along the inner side of the great wall extended porticos or cloisters with Corinthian columns of white marble and ceilings of cedar. On three sides there were two rows of columns, but on the southern side the cloisters, called the royal porch, deepened into a majestic colonnade having four rows of columns which led to the edge of the Tyropaeon valley where it was spanned by the colossal bridge the massive stone abutments of which were discovered a few years ago by Robinson, and are now known as Robinson's arch. The porticos surrounding the court offered convenient places for religious or merely friendly intercourse, while the paved court itself attracted the busy buyers and sellers.

The more sacred ground, in the centre of which was the temple, was separated from the court of the Gentiles by low balustrades of stones, along which, at regular distances, were pillars bearing inscriptions in Greek and Latin, warning the Gentiles to proceed no farther under pain of death. Besides these barriers a separation was affected by a flight of fourteen steps which led up to a platform or narrow terrace, beyond which arose the walls of the inner court with its four gates to the north and south, and one to the east. The eastern part of this second court was called the women's court, not because others were excluded, but because the women could go no farther. The gate by which it was entered and which was the main way to the temple, was called the "beautiful gate" — Porta Speciosa, where Saints Peter and John, as they went up to the temple, at the ninth hour of prayer, met the man who had been lame from his mother's womb. Around this porch ran a simple colonnade, and in it was the treasury that is mentioned in the Gospel.

The western part of the inner court, which was reserved for men who had performed certain acts of purification, was called the court of Israel. From the women's court it was approached, through the gate of Nicanor, by fifteen semi-circular steps, upon which the Levites chanted the fifteen gradual psalms. On three sides of it was a colonnade with a series of chambers, one of which was the meeting place of the Sanhedrin. A low balustrade divided this into two parts one of which, two steps higher than the other, was the priests'



GATE OF OUR LADY MARY—SOMETIMES CALLED ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.

court, which was immediately before the temple and in which **was** the great altar of burnt offerings and whatever was required **for its** service.

Beyond all these courts was the temple proper, which **consisted** of a vestibule, the holy place, and the Holy of Holies. The **vestibule**, which was wider than the rest of the temple, was reached **by** a flight of twelve steps. At its entrance hung a magnificent veil **covered** inside and out with pure gold. Within it were **treasured** a number of precious gifts that had been dedicated to the **temple**. From the vestibule, entrance to the holy place was obtained **through** folding doors plated with gold and covered with a rich veil **over** which hung a large vine of fine gold, a beautiful symbol of **Israel**. In the holy place were the golden candle-stick with seven **branches**, the table of the loaves of proposition and, near the entrance to the Holy of Holies, the altar of incense. A wooden partition **separated** the Holy of Holies from the holy place. Over the door that **gave**

communication hung the second veil mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews. Solomon had placed within the Holy of Holies the ark of the covenant containing the golden vessel filled with manna, Aaron's rod, and the tables of the law. But neither the temple of Zorobabel nor the temple of Herod ever possessed these precious objects. Where the ark of the covenant should have been in the Herodian temple, there was but a large stone on which the high-priest sprinkled blood on the day of atonement.

Notwithstanding that Greek architecture had a great influence upon the style of the temple built by Herod, and that, according to good authorities, the style of Zorobabel's temple drew its inspiration from the Assyrian temples and that of Solomon from the Egyptian and Phoenician monuments, the general features were the same in the three successive buildings. It was the proud boast of Herod that his temple equalled Solomon's in richness and beauty. The historian Josephus, who took great pride in it, gives us an idea of its splendor at the time of our Lord. The exterior, he says, appealed at once to the eye and to the mind. It was covered with thick plates of fine gold, so that at sunrise it seemed as if on fire and it dazzled the eyes as if the sun's rays were concentrated in it. And from a distance it looked like a mountain of snow, for where there was no gold there was polished white marble. The roofs were studded with sharp spikes of gold to prevent the birds from lighting there.

Such was the new temple built by Herod into which came St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin with the Child Jesus, who fulfilled the prophecy of Aggeus: "Thus speaks the Lord of Hosts: I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former." When the blessed couple reached the temple they went straight to the gate of Nicanor. There were performed the ceremonies of purification and presentation. According to the law given by Moses the ceremonies should be performed at the door of the tabernacle, but after the building of the temple the door of this sacred place was destined for other purposes.

Now there remains nothing of all the old magnificence of the temple; the ancient glory of Mount Moriah has paled before that of Calvary. Titus and his conquering legions fulfilled the Savior's prophecy that of the temple not a stone should remain upon a stone. Titus destroyed: Hadrian sought to profane by erecting at the northern gate of the sacred edifice a temple in honor of Jupiter Capitolinus, who was made the patron of the new city. This profanation ceased, however, when Constantine the Great was crowned. But there came an unworthy successor of Constantine, Julian the Apostate, who attempted to destroy Christ's prophecy. He assembled the dispersed Jews and encouraged them to rebuild the temple.



DAMASCUS GATE.

The rich and cultured labored side by side with the poor and ignorant, digging the foundations with silver spades and carrying the rubbish in golden baskets. But all their labors were in vain. Globes of fire burst from the foundations where they toiled, injured the laborers and destroyed the work they had accomplished. Pagan as well as Christian authors attest this fact, in consequence of which the purpose of rebuilding the temple was given up. And so the Jews who had come to rebuild really did nothing more than remove the stones that they had found in position.

In time a Christian church arose near the site of the temple. Procopius relates that the Emperor Justinian erected a great church in honor of the Blessed Virgin south of where the temple had stood, and that to support it he built strong substructions and repaired the great pillars and corridors known to-day as Solomon's stables. In the year 640 the Chalif Omar conquered the Holy Land. He faithfully observed the articles of capitulation of Jerusalem which stipulated that he should respect the religion and the churches of the Christians. But he desired to have in Jerusalem a place of worship for the followers of Mohammed. The site of the temple, which had been utterly abandoned, offered the most suitable place, one that appealed through its traditions to all Musselmans. There he prayed publicly, thus signifying his wish that a sanctuary should be erected on the spot. The ruins, rubbish and filth that hid the sacred rock

formerly covered by the temple were removed, and soon there arose a mosque which was considerably enlarged and embellished by Abd-el-Melek at the end of the seventh century. It is pointed out to-day as the Mosque of Omar, a Mussulman sanctuary which is second only to that of Mecca, and which gives to Jerusalem the Arabic name El-Kods — the Holy.

When the Crusaders came to Jerusalem they found great riches in this mosque which they converted into a church for the main altar of which they used the sacred rock, first having covered it with marble. But when the city again fell into the hands of the Moslems Saladin tore down the cross that surmounted the dome, removed the marble from the sacred rock, washed the interior of the mosque with rose water brought from Damascus, and embellished it with rich decoration. Since then the gorgeous building has been jealously guarded by the followers of Mohammed, who in their fanaticism would not allow Christians to enter the sacred enclosure, under pain of death, until after the Crimean war (1854). Even now it is necessary for "unbelievers" to obtain permission to enter, through the consuls of their respective countries by whose officers they should be accompanied.

When we enter the great enclosure in the centre of which the wonderful temple once stood, we can easily understand the sadness that weighed upon the prophet Jeremiah, and the lamentations that broke from his lips after the first destruction. In the sacred courts and cloisters grow patches of grass and weeds; in the old walls and on the pavements are relics that give evidence of past greatness: on all sides there are signs of the complete destruction that was wrought so long ago. Here and there are bits of a later order of things, remains of arches of triumph, monuments that owe their origin to some ridiculous superstition, little mosques, poorly preserved, with frail minarets that rise above the surrounding buildings. There are places of assemblage for fanatical dervishes; in the shadow of the cloisters and the mosques loll indolent, expressionless, cigarette-smoking guardians of the mosques, and bright-robed venerable looking doctors who now and then explain the Koran to very limited audiences. And when, at stated hours, the shrill-voiced muezzins stationed on the minaret tops call the faithful to prayer, a few groups of men cross the wide courts and approach the mosques where, in the deep gloom, they are soon absorbed in their devotions, rising and falling before the mihbars — which mark the direction of Mecca.

Two buildings are especially conspicuous, the Mosque of Omar, and the Mosque el-Aksar. The former, which is a beautiful type of that class of Arabian architecture in which the Byzantine style has a great part, was built by Greek workmen under the supervision of Arabic architects. From its exterior walls, which are covered



COLONNADE AND PULPIT OF OMAR.

with marble slabs and enamelled bricks, rises an immense lead-covered dome bearing a golden crescent on its summit. Near the top of the walls there runs around the building a blue band of stone on which are engraved in letters of gold several sentences of the Koran.

As soon as the Christian crosses the threshold even he is overcome by a feeling of religious awe produced by awakened recollections of the holy place and by the soft mysterious light that falls from the stained-glass windows and pervades the solemn interior where no footfall is ever heard. Here the proportions and decorations are remarkable. The central space which is circular in form and over which rises the majestic dome, is surrounded by two concentric rows of pillars which follow the octagonal form of the walls. The pillars, which are of very fine marble, were taken from early Christian monuments, as is indicated by the variation in their thickness and height and by the capitals of different styles that surmount them. Plates of marble conceal the walls of rougher stone; enamelled bricks and precious woods with gilt ornaments hide the ceilings of coarser materials. The columns and dome are beautified by floral and Arabesque designs in bright colored mosaics set with a surprising delicacy of art. And running along the walls and around the dome are long sentences of the Koran written in decorated characters of gold.

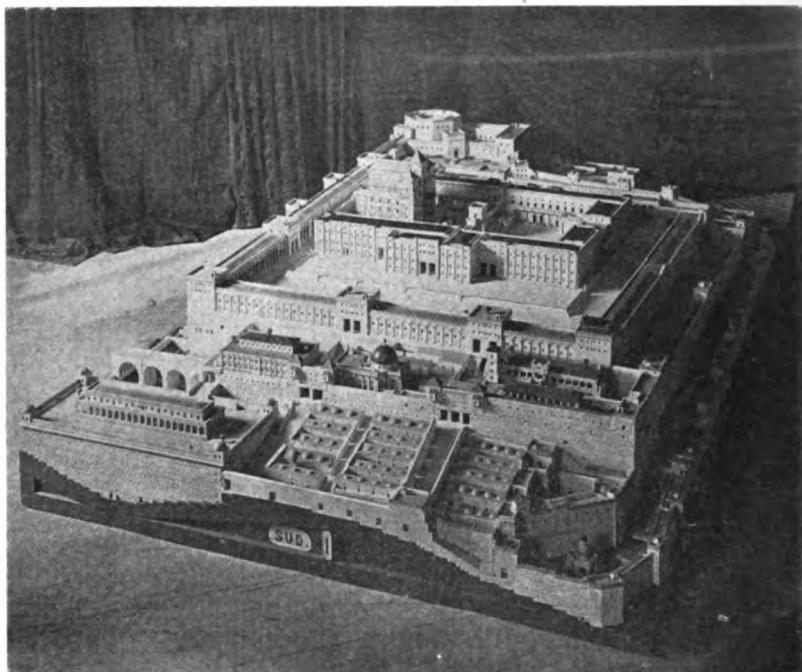
When the eyes have feasted on all this wealth they will turn

again to the dark mass, directly under the dome, upon which they fell at the moment of entering. From this mass of rock which is the summit of Mount Moriah, the mosque is sometimes called Kubbet es-Sakhra — Dome of the Rock. A wooden balustrade protects this rock from all profane hands, and to make profanation doubly difficult it is further surrounded by an artistic iron grating placed there by the Crusaders.

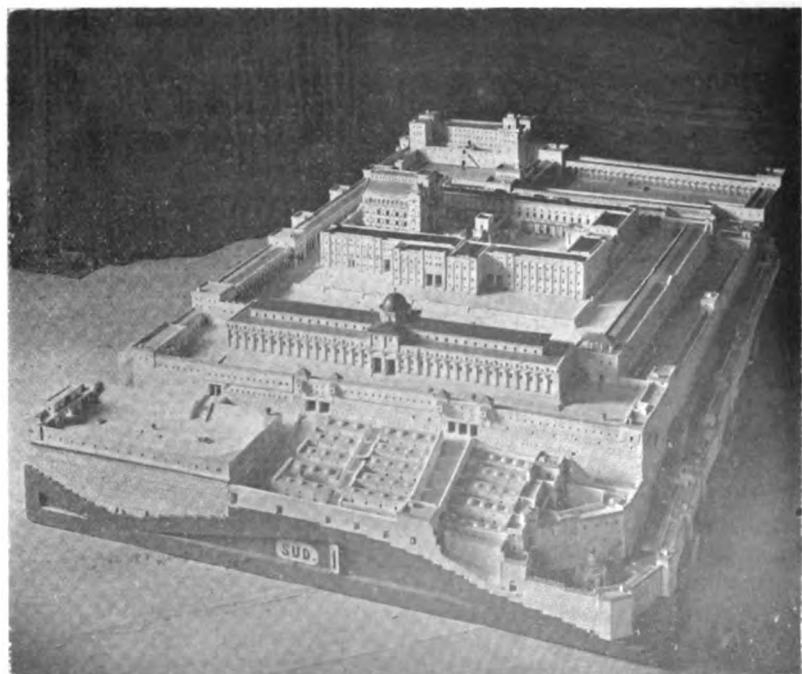
The rock very probably indicates the place where Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Isaac; where Araunah the Jebusite later had the threshing floor that David bought; and where was situated the Holy of Holies, in which for four hundred years the ark of the covenant stood beneath the wings of the golden Cherubim, and in which was the propitiatory where, once a year, the high priest burnt incense before the Most High.

Before leaving the mosque we shall hear the Moslems recount its purely Mohammedan tradition. They will show us a hair from the beard of Mohammed; the impressions left in the rock by the fingers of the Archangel Gabriel, who held it down when it would follow Mohammed to heaven; the chamber beneath the rock where the patriarchs prayed and beneath which is the well where departed souls assemble; the entrance to hell; and the mysterious nails the gradual disappearance of which indicates the approach of the end of the world.

At the southern end of the esplanade stands the Mosque el-Aksar — the far — which notwithstanding the transformation made in it by the Moslems still preserves its original form of the Christian basilica (the new St. Mary's) of which Procopius has told us. With regret we behold this magnificent building in the hands of the prophet's followers. Its front is ornamented by a beautiful porch with seven arches corresponding to the nave and aisle of the interior. On each side of the great nave are three aisles separated by long rows of superb columns surmounted by capitals of different styles, which indicate that they were taken from other monuments. Long ago the ancient apsis was destroyed, and the nave is now terminated by a plain wall against which leans the minbar, or pulpit, which is a masterpiece of carving in precious ivory and mother of pearl. Near by, surrounded by an iron grating of the Crusaders' time, is a stone bearing an impression which is said to be of our Lord's foot and of which mention may be found in the writings of Antoninus of Placentia, a pilgrim of the seventh century. About the mihrab which is embellished with fine mosaics are little marble columns of exquisite workmanship. Near it are two small columns called the columns of trial. It is a Mussulman belief that he who passes between these columns is worthy of heaven. A few years ago a stout Mussulman suffocated in his attempt to pass between them. Since then an iron bar closes this way to eternal salvation.



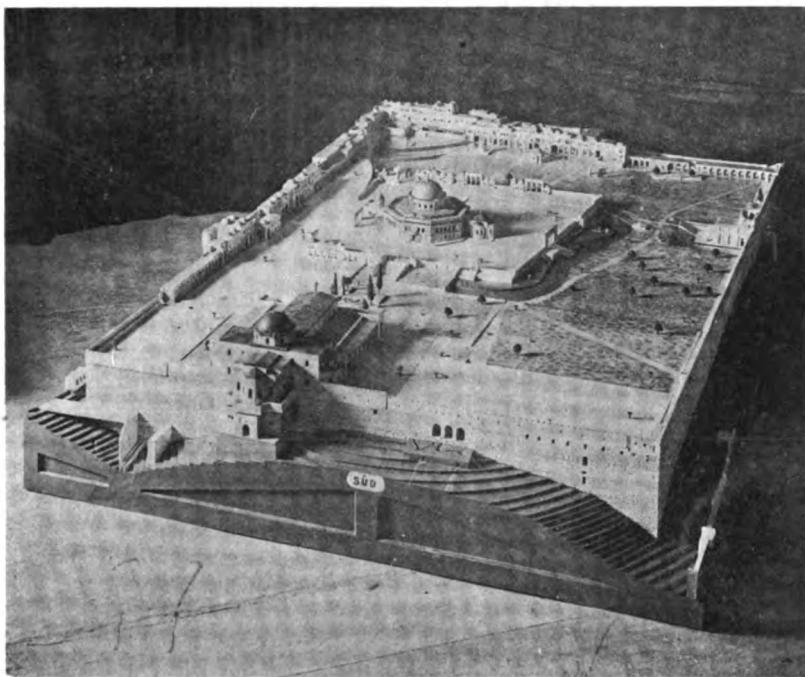
TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.



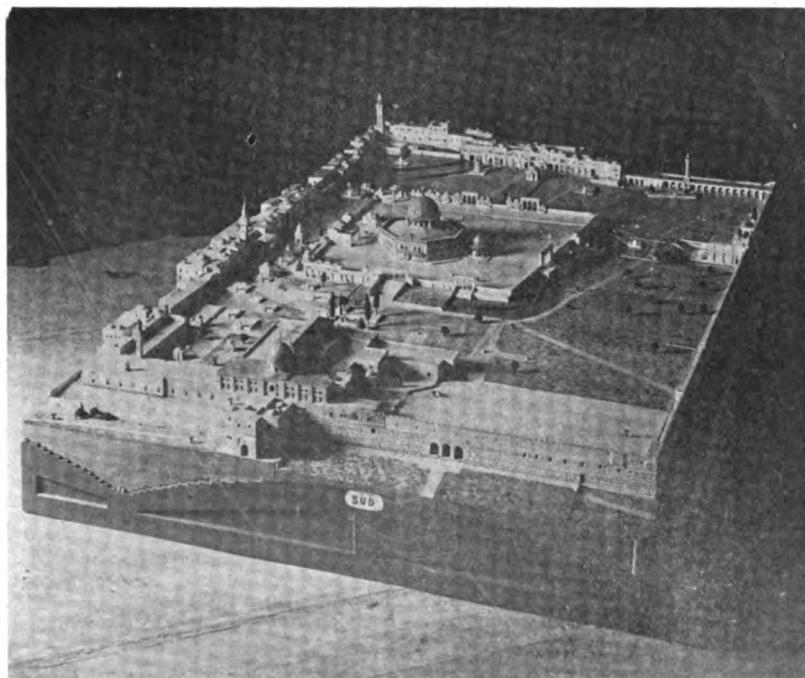
TEMPLE OF HEROD.

(From models by C. SCHICK, Jerusalem.)

(See notes, page 404.)



THE TEMPLE PLACE AS IT APPEARED IN THE BEGINNING OF THE
SEVENTH CENTURY.



THE TEMPLE PLACE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

(From models by C. SCHICK, Jerusalem.)

(See notes, page 404.)

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Such in brief is the actual state of the ancient temple place where God was pleased to have his habitation among men and which our divine Lord sanctified by His presence and teaching. Now, alas! nothing can be heard there but the voices of unbelievers.

The example set forth in the fourth mystery of the Rosary, which was accomplished in the temple of Jerusalem, is one of submission and obedience to the law. Although the Blessed Virgin and her divine Son were exempted from the law, yet, out of perfect obedience, they submitted themselves to it. By disobedience man was lost, by obedience he shall be saved. The same spirit of obedience that impelled the Blessed Virgin and Jesus Christ to go up to the temple, led them to Calvary where He was obedient to death even to the death of the cross. So it is obedience that will lead the Christian soul to the supreme degree of perfection. And the obedience of the Blessed Virgin, as shown in the fourth mystery, will be an encouragement to him to perform his actions in a spirit of perfect obedience and generous submission to divine law. Actuated by this spirit he shall have a victory over the powers of darkness, the world and himself: he shall feel that the yoke of obedience is sweet and its burden light; and when the end comes his triumph will be one of happiness and of joy everlasting.

The following notes will aid the reader in his appreciation of the photographs taken from Mr. Conrad Schick's models.

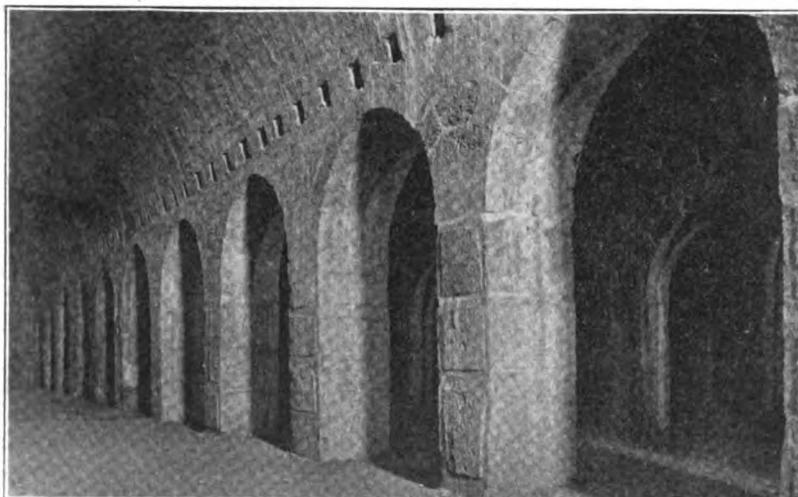
All the views are taken from the South. In the first are shown the temple of Solomon, the royal palace and the adjoining buildings. In the foreground, to the right of the flight of stone steps, is the Cedron valley: to the left of the same steps is the Tyropœon valley, which is closed by the fortress of Millo. Farther on and on the east, or the right, is seen a part of the city of Jerusalem with two streets leading to the gates of the royal palace and of the temple (the double gate and the triple); more to the east is Ophel, beyond which is the eastern wall of the city. Above all this, forming a second stage, is the royal palace. To the west of it a bridge crosses the Tyropœon valley, where the garden of Oza lay (Kings II, 21, 18), and leads first to the "house of the forest of Libanus" (I Kings 7, 2), then to the portico of the double gate, to the hall with the throne (I Kings 10, 18-19), beyond which rise the dome and, east of the street of the triple gate, the private dwelling of the king. Back of all these buildings and higher is the outer temple court, the four sides of which are surrounded by a double colonnade, and outside of which, on the east, is the market street. Within this court, which is also called the "court of the Gentiles," is seen the "middle wall of partition" (Ephes. II, 14), or the "bulwark" (Lamen. II, 8). Between the pillars on which was placed the prohibition forbidding the Gentiles to approach nearer the temple twelve steps lead to a higher terrace on which the inner temple stands. Next to be seen is a three story building with many rooms forming a quadrangle in which are the "middle" and the "inner" courts with the temple proper. Before the temple is the altar of holocaust and the brazen laver. The interior of these courts are also surrounded by colonnades. At some distance in the background, on higher ground, is the temple fortress with its two towers. On the seventh terrace stands the temple, the most conspicuous edifice of all.

The second photograph shows the temple of Herod. In the foreground we see in the place of Millo a hyprodone and beyond this, where the bridge

formerly stood, the wall which has been extended to the west, the elevated temple-area, and the great hall of Herod, a stadium in length. The remainder is the same as in the first photograph, excepting that the middle spire is wanting on the temple, and in the northern part stands a new fortress, "Antonia," with a wider court and porticoes where, in Solomon's time, there was a valley which lay beyond his temple-place.

The third photograph gives an idea of the temple-place as it appeared in the beginning of the seventh century. First of all, there are seen in the foreground the brow of Mt. Maria enlarged by masses of debris and rubbish, and the southern temple wall as it was restored by Hadrian, with the old gateways which have undergone some changes—the triple-gate now has arches instead of lentels, and before the double gate is a small building. Over this gate is the Church of the Blessed Virgin, erected by Justinian, from which, extending into the temple-place is a platform built by Hadrian for his temple to Jupiter; but which Justinian restored, raised and enclosed by walls and arcades, and upon which he constructed, from the ruins of Jupiter, the octagonal Church, the dome of which covers the sacred rock. East of this stood, in the fourth century, an equestrian statue of Hadrian, the baldachin of which served Justinian in constructing a chapel called by the crusaders "Jacob's Chapel." Yet farther to the right is the eastern gate, now known as the "golden gate," beyond which are the rubbish-covered remains of the old city wall. On the northern and western sides of the temple-place are seen arcades, houses, etc. In the northwestern part a large building rises from the high rock.

The fourth photograph is of the temple place as it appears to-day. In the foreground, rising above the great mass of debris, is the oft-restored wall of the outer temple. Above this is the Mosque el-Aksa, beyond which is another mosque transformed from the old armory of the Knights of the Temple. On the right, over the substructions now called "Solomon's Stables," is a lately plastered court. Nearer the middle of the temple-place, on a platform, is the octagonal Mosque of Omar, sometimes called the es-Sakhra, or "the Dome of the Rock." East of this is the "Tribunal of the Prophet David." In the eastern wall is seen the "golden gate"; along the northern and western walls are cloisters, houses, gates, schools, etc.; and in the northwestern corner are the Turkish barracks.



SUBSTRUCTIONS AT SOUTHERN END OF THE TEMPLE PLACE,
COMMONLY CALLED "SOLOMON'S STABLES."

ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES—THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN—REPENTING LOVE.



T was my sins which saddened Thee to death, O My Jesus! I am ashamed to have committed them, and their odious remembrance so weighs on my conscience that I no longer dare say: I love Thee; fearing lest they should accuse me of untruth. For did I love Thee, as much as Thou art lovable, how would I dare to commit sin, the slightest sin?

And yet I wish to love Thee. I feel that I do love Thee in spite of my betrayals and ingratitude.

Agonizing Savior, allow me to take refuge with Thee in the solitude of Gethsemane. Have pity on the miserable being who prostrates himself near Thy annihilated Body. Show him all his faults as Thou Thyself didst see them during the terrible hour of Thy Agony, that he may know their number, gravity and contagion.

Alas! My iniquities, ceaselessly renewed, have outnumbered the hairs of my head: *Iniquitas meæ multiplicatæ sunt super capillos capitis mei.* I see them by crowds in my thoughts, desires, actions. And how many escape me, for which, like the Psalmist, I must abandon myself to the mercy of God!

All my faults are not mortal, but they are all grave for me, since they offend a God to Whom I owe so many benefits. The slightest offenses are charged to me as crimes by the graces I have received.

If all were but buried in the shadows of my own conscience! But I may have committed my spiritual leprosy to innocent souls, to-day sick by the contagion of my sins.

By enlightening me, O my Jesus, Thou dost confound me; do not cast me into despair. Sinner, that I am, I still love Thee; I desire to prove it to Thee by my sorrow. After having enlightened me, cause all the anguish of Thy agony to pass through me. May my soul, like Thy Holy Soul, fear the judgments of God, that it may never dare brave them again; may my soul, like Thy Holy Soul, be disgusted with the horrors of sin, that it may never more commit them; like Thy Holy Soul, may mine be sad unto death, in order to expiate its faults.

I weep, I groan, I am heart-broken, I can no longer live unless Thou dost give to my sorrow a pledge of Thy Love. Approach Thy innocent Heart to my guilty heart, and speak to it those consoling words: "My son, have confidence, thy sins are forgiven thee: *"Confide fili, remittuntur tibi peccata tua."*"



APRIL JOYS.

MARGUERITE LOIS.

APRI^L is come, with a smile and a tear,
 Blue bird and robin will both soon be here;
 Snow's left the hill-side, and grows the dale,
 Streams long ice-fettered flow flush through the vale.
 Early some morning we'll look out and see,
 Rose-tinted blossoms on every peach tree;
 Cherry and apple tree, too, will soon bloom,
 Lilacs will waft us their dainty perfume.
 Violets blue from their green hoods will peep,
 Nature is waking from Winter's long sleep;
 Waking to offer, the incense of praise,
 To God, the Creator, these balmy Spring days.

Wake too, ye Christains, and cast off your pride,
 Joy with the Church at the glad Easter-tide;
 Rise with Him, worship Him, Christ the great King,
 Who, through His dying, doth life to us bring.
 Praise Him, who triumphed o'er death and the grave,
 Pledge Him, your passions no more shall enslave;
 Ask for firm faith, that with love shall increase,
 Till hope findeth rest in God's Kingdom of Peace.



Jesus said to her: "Woman, why do you weep? Whom are you seeking?" She supposing Him to be the gardner, said to Him: "Sir, if you have carried Him away from here, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away." Jesus said to her: "Mary!" She turned and said to Him in Hebrew: "**Rabboni;**" which means "Master." (St John, c. 20, v. 15-17.)

MRS. MUNRO'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF A SLAVE GIRL WHO BECAME EMPRESS OF CHINA.



Y Dear Children: — At the end of our last "Chat", we saw by the strange answer the Empress of China made to her lady-in-waiting, that she was not too fond of her step-son, and would be utterly unscrupulous in her conduct with regard to him.

Now he was far from being the uneducated man she fancied he was, and had contrived in spite of his imperious, ambitious step-mother, to get his mind pretty well filled with a great deal of useful information.

The Empress wanted no improvements in the empire of China, no railroads, no telegraphs, no telephones, no trolleys, nothing of Western civilization in any form. All she wanted was, that the ancient laws of the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, should be strictly adhered to.

And she had a selfish reason for this, for it is not to be supposed that such a marvellously clever woman as the Empress Tuen, had not seen for herself, by reading, and observation, what a benefit Western ideas, and Western inventions and civilization would be to her country.

But that condition of things would be the end of her rule; and ambition was her ruling motive; she would sacrifice everything to that; she had already killed many people who stood in her way.

Was it likely she was going to allow the country's good to hinder her love of supreme power?

The Emperor, on the contrary, was differently constituted; he had a much nobler mind than his fearful step-mother.

He was fond of study, as his father had been before him. He read new books, he delighted in the wonderful inventions of the "Western World", and held interviews with disciples of the foreign missionaries both of our own religion, and the various sects that from time to time have gone to "evangelize" China.

His eyes were open also, to the superiority, moral and physical, of the Japanese Nation, which he noticed in the way they conducted the war of 1894-5.

And Kang-Yu-Wi, a man of advanced thought and ideas, succeeded in getting an interview with him, and persuaded him to issue most important laws, reforming schools, government, and public conduct of affairs generally.

Kang had also presented to the Emperor two books containing the story of the reform of Russia by Peter the Great, the reform of Japan in our day, and the recovery of France, after its defeat by

Germany. These books the young Emperor read with great interest, and many useful lessons they conveyed to him, for he was so anxious to learn, and thus to benefit his people!

But alas! just as he was beginning to carry out his ideas for his poor, benighted nation, his step-mother stopped all the good work.

And this is how she did it, children. She raised the whole united ring of one powerful clan, called the Manchu, and getting all the Mandarins of that set together, she harangued them thus:

"My lords, what are we to do? See what bad advisers have done for the 'Sun of The World'!" (It is thus in their absurd phraseology, that they generally designate their emperors), and I feel sure that cruel, astute woman was laughing in her sleeve, when she gave her stepson, whom she so thoroughly despised, that high-sounding title.

The Mandarins nodded their silly old heads when she told them how it would ruin the Mighty Empire of China, to allow such laws, as he had lately issued, and such inventions as "The White Pigs" and "White Devils" wanted him to bring into their own beautiful land.

I must tell you, children, that that is the beautiful name she gives to the denizens of any land but her own, especially to those of Europe.

"What shall we do?" said she, clasping her wicked old hands, and casting her wicked old eyes up, as if she was invoking help from her absurd and hideous old gods and images; "shall we allow this thing to go on? Shall glorious Confucius and his great laws be laughed at in our land after so many long years?"

"No," said the old Mandarins, shaking their stupid old heads, for they were blind as bats, and could not see the awakening of their land from its long heathen sleep of centuries! "We must stop this at once, and oh, great Empress, how is it to be done?"

"His Majesty must leave politics alone, and his ministers must be changed, we will take care of those that he has now about him they wil not be able to harm us long!"

"How?" asked one of the Mandarins, but he trembled as he spoke.

"Oh, I just brought you all together so that if you hear any rumors, you can assure the people, and keep them quiet, that is all I ask you to do, my lords!"

Thereupon the council broke up, and the three buttoned, and two buttoned, and one buttoned grandees shook their pig-tails proudly, and felt they had done their duty by their beloved country; and bowing low, at the Empress' feet, they told her to keep herself quite easy, they were ready to swear black was white, if she bade them.

"Either the 'Sun of the World' must obey your wishes, or he must abdicate the throne, great lady," said one of them.

"Oh, I will take care of him," said Empress Tuen calmly, as she bowed her visitors out of the palace.

And she did take care of him, and for a long time, many weeks, no news could be had of what was going on in the Palace at Pekin.

Rumor said, the young Emperor was very ill, that he was dying, that he was dead, but none could tell the truth.

England's Ambassador, Germany's, France's, Italy's, all tried to see him; but none could, and the Empress would see none of them herself, though time and again they requested an interview with her.

And the servants of the Palace were dumb; they dare not utter one word to the anxious foreigners, as they would get their heads cut off themselves, well they knew!

From that time poor Emperor Kueng-Han has been hidden from the eyes of the people; and Dowager Empress Tuen reigns in his stead.

Six of the followers of the reformer Kang-Yu-Wi were executed, by the order of the Empress, and Kang himself only escaped her soldiers by a miracle. She rules with a hand of iron, and she is doing her level best to stop the regeneration of China.

But she cannot. God says, No!

The time is at hand, China is awake! Already through this mighty empire, people are hungering, and thirsting, for knowledge, they are eager for news of anything that comes from the Western world.

And if the Empress has not had her stepson murdered, as many people think she has done, if he still lives, and can get out of the hands of this awful woman, and the slaves that do her cruel work, he will, when once more in power, exercise his beneficent sway over his subjects, he will issue more good laws, taught by the priests and missionaries, spread through his land; but whether this poor young man, this martyr to the right, as we can most truly call him, lives or dies, the awakening of China has begun, and will go on.

It will not stop either, for the whole nation is stirred to its inmost depths. The people are learning our language and reading our books! They are drinking in Western ideas! They make friends of our priests and missionaries, and have begged for bright young men, to be sent to teach in the schools, which they are erecting everywhere. They are asking, that all European inventions be brought out to their land! They are offering big pay and all sorts of inducements, to men and women, to go and teach their children.

Of course, if Empress Tuen could get her hands on the good people who go to help them at their earnest call, she would most surely kill every one, for she knows no mercy, and has a heart of stone, and has killed many people who were in her way before, or who did not do as she wished since she was Empress, but it is to be hoped that none of these good men and women will get into her clutches!

But she is old now and must die sometime, and although she is the virtual ruler at present, and every one has to fall at her feet, yet there will be a change, in God's own good time.

But, children, did I ever tell you a more wonderful story than this, of the little girl, who was so nearly murdered by her father at her birth!

And now all Europe is looking at her, for she holds the key of China, and she has a fine contempt for all the great countries, except her own.

And no one can do anything with her. What can the Ambassadors say to a vicious old woman, who is peeping at them behind a curtain? For that is how she receives foreign gentlemen.

I daresay her wicked old eyes glint at them often, and the wicked old soul says, "Ah ha! ah ha! would you not like to know what is going on within this palace, that you might make a row and get hold of me; but you never shall, and China will not reform, as you call it, while there is breath left in my body!"

And this is the situation to-day. Empress Tuen defying the whole of the powers of Europe, and no one knowing well what she is going to do next.

She is called by many "The Sphynx of the Nineteenth Century." A woman who is setting the most powerful countries of the world at defiance, a murderer whom no laws can reach, a woman with a heart of stone, a statesman who has ruled with an iron will for more than thirty-five years, making every one do her will, and an autocrat who is the curse of the beautiful land over which she exercises supreme sway.

Does she ever think of the time when her father doomed her to death, of the time when she and her family begged at the Temple of Buddha, asking the priests for a morsel of bread for herself and her starving family?

Ah, does she ever think of those times? And I wonder if she ever thinks of the time when she will have to give up her wicked soul to the demon she has so long served!

Far better it would have been for the Empress Tuen had her little innocent form been flung into the river that night so long, long ago.

(The end.)

DANDELIONS.

F. D. NEW, A. M.

OME, perhaps, when they see the title of this paper, will open their eyes, and say to themselves, "Dandelions! what care we for these ugly, common weeds?" I hope, though, that the number will be small, and that those who despise these really beautiful flowers,—these brilliant little "stars that in earth's firmament do shine"—will finally come to regard them at their true value.

Not so long ago our pretty ox-eye daisy, now so widely esteemed, was despised also. Our grandfathers may recall the time when it was called the "white weed." Even yet, I dare say, farmers consider it only a troublesome pest. So with the wild carrot, whose beautiful lace-like flowers have come to be admired within our own memory; though to the husbandman even yet it is not the "queen's lace," as some call it, but a common weed.

If Emerson's definition be correct, that a weed is a plant whose usefulness has not yet been discovered, then the dandelion is surely no weed; for it has long been used in a variety of ways. In some countries the dry roots are ground up, and serve in place of coffee. They are also combined with coffee, and given to the sick. Some make use of the leaves as a pot-herb, whilst the young and tender leaves are gathered for salad. The Apache Indians are said to be exceedingly fond of the dandelion as a food, the quantity that one Indian can eat being enormous. The root acts as a tonic: the milky juice, likewise, contains medical properties. Indeed the very name of the dandelion, that is its scientific name, testifies to its usefulness; *taraxacum*, its generic name being composed of the Greek words *tasagis*, "disorder," and *akos*, "remedy," or "cure." Besides being edible by man, the leaves serve as food for silkworms, when their ordinary food, mulberry leaves, cannot be obtained.

The English name "dandelion" comes from the French *dent-de-lion*, which, as we know, means "lion's tooth." It is a curious fact that almost everywhere the plant bears a similar common name, all having reference to the tooth-like leaves. In Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Danish and Swedish the common name is expressive of the likeness between the notched leaves of the plant, and the teeth of a lion. It may be that this uniformity of common

names came from another specific name of the plant, it being called also *taraxacum dens-Iconis* (lion's tooth), though possibly the common name antedates the scientific, and may have given rise to it.

The habit which the dandelion is said to have of opening its flowers between four and five o'clock in the morning, and closing them between eight and nine in the evening, gave it a place in the floral clock of the great botanist, Linnaeus. This habit ought to make it popular among the makers of modern floral clocks, the cultivation of which is not unknown in our country. Though now so abundant throughout the land, this

"Dear, common flower, that grows beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

is not native to our soil, but came hither with our white ancestors. Whatever was their original home, they are now found, in one form or another, over the whole of Europe, Central and Northern Asia, as well as North America. Even in the Arctic regions these little earth-stars give their light.

But let us now examine at close range some dandelions with the aid of microscope. First, though, we must learn that what is usually called a dandelion flower, is not in reality a *single* flower at all, but a number of flowers gathered together in what is termed a "head." Let me illustrate:

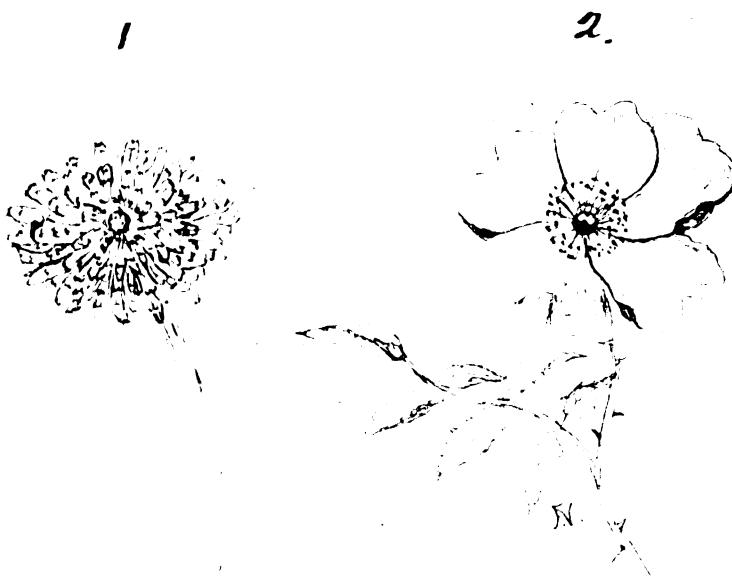
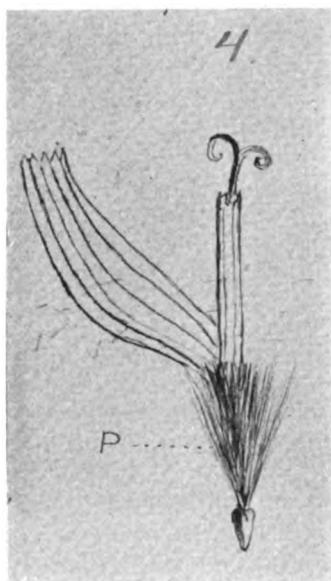
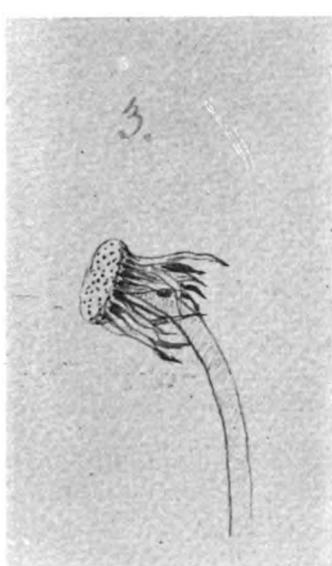
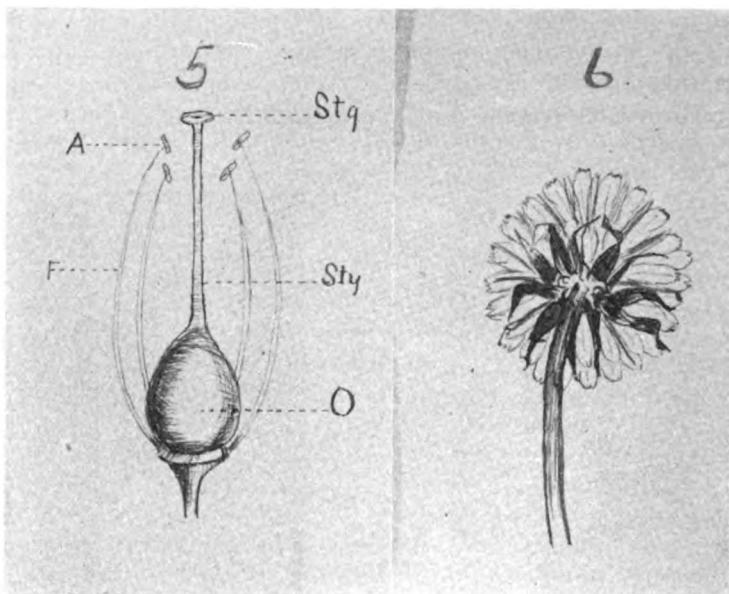


Figure 1 is not a single flower, as is the wild rose, figure 2, but is composed of many small flowers growing very closely together on a torus (cushion), or receptacle. Figure 3 shows this as it appears without seeds. In figure 4 we have one of these small ligulate (strap-shaped) flowers, as it looks when greatly enlarged.



Here the evolutionists would beg leave to tell you how the dandelion, in the struggle for existence, came to arrange its flowers thus, instead of producing like the lily and the rose, for example, large single flowers. But we shall not attempt anything of the sort, especially as one is no longer thought behind the age who does not profess Darwinism, seeing that that theory is losing ground, where once it was thought a mark of ignorance not to believe in it. I shall not attempt, therefore, to explain why or how the dandelion came to assume this mode of efflorescence, but shall content myself with the fact that it *does* flower in this way, and try to make the manner of blooming clear to my readers.

To do this, those who are not acquainted with botanical terms, must first become familiar with at least a few which will be needed for our description.



The CALYX is the outermost envelope of a flower. Its divisions are called Sepals. It is usually green.

The COROLLA is the envelope within the calyx. Its divisions are called Petals. Its color varies very much.

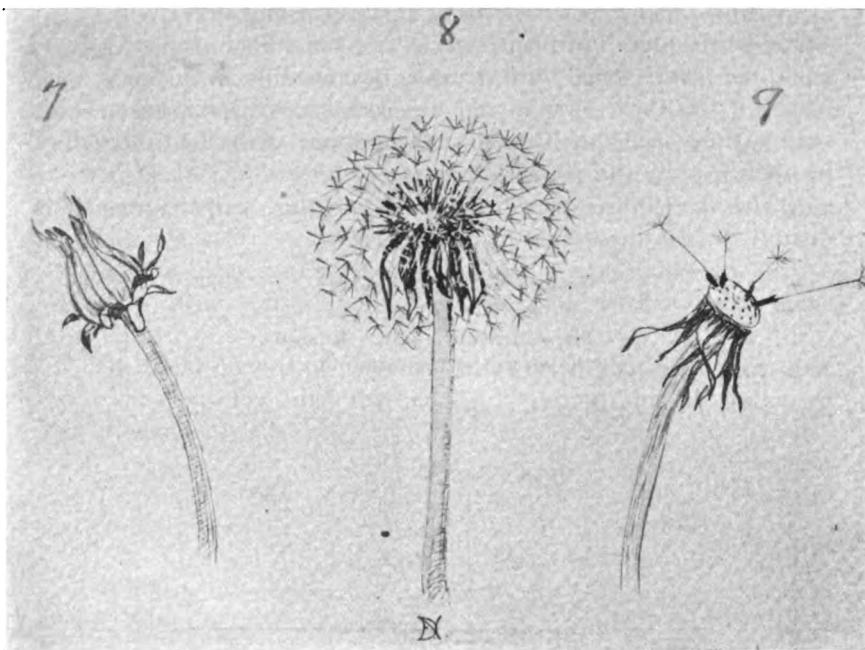
The STAMENS come next, and are represented in figure 5. A perfect stamen consists of two parts, the Filament (F), and the Anther (A). An anther is a receptacle containing a powder, called Pollen (usually yellow), which is necessary to fertilize the seeds in the Ovary (O).

The PISTIL is the central organ of a flower (figure 5), and is composed of a Style (sty.), and a Stigma (stig.).

Grains of pollen coming into contact with the stigma, send out thread-like shoots, which reaching to the Ovules (seeds) in the ovary fertilize them. Without this fertilization the ovules would never be capable of producing young plants. The stigma and stamens for this reason are called "essential organs."

If we take one of the little florets of the dandelion, and examine it under a microscope, we shall find that it looks something like figure 4. We shall see that it has not only the essential organs,—stamens and pistil—but also a corolla, though here it is not separated into parts, but tube-like in shape for part of its length.

and strap-like for the remaining, and greater part. At the extremity of the strap are little teeth. Believers in the evolution theory would tell us that these are remnants of the petals which the flowers once had, but which were thus changed in the struggle for existence. The plant *found out*, they would say, that by producing this kind of flowers, instead of blooms similar to those its ancestors had borne, the difficulties of the struggle would be lessened. But to return to our little floret under the microscope: the calyx is replaced by a number of fine, silky hairs, which collectively are called *pappus* (figure 4, P), from a Greek word meaning "old man," or "grandfather." The use of the pappus we shall see presently.



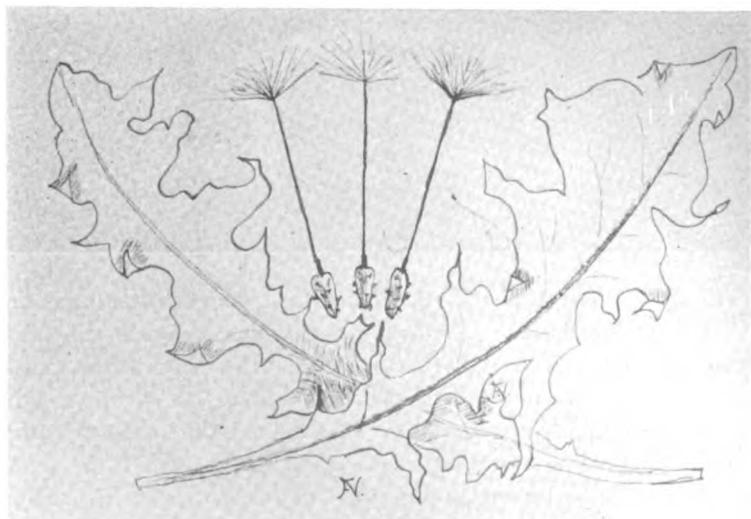
The green envelope of the dandelion, which resembles the calyx of a single flower, is named an *Involucre* (figure 6). The leaflets composing it, called *Bracts*, are in two whorls, an outer and an inner, the former shorter than the latter. If we cut a dandelion through the center vertically we shall see the seedlets standing on the receptacle, the florets above the seeds. After the seeds have been fertilized by the pollen, they begin to ripen; the yellow corollas wither and fall off, leaving the pappus behind. The con-

necting link between the ovary and the pappus now begins to grow until it is about one-half an inch in length. This is called a beak. All this time the bracts of the inner circle of the involucre have remained closed, giving the head the appearance of figure 7. When the seeds have fully ripened, the bracts open, giving us the wonderful clock-balls of children (figure 8). The pappus is now spread out like an inverted umbrella, and when the wind blows the little seeds are lifted up from the torus, or receptacle, and borne away (figure 9). The seeds are provided with rough points which serve to anchor them, when they have found a suitable place.

How wonderfully and beautifully the Creator has ordered these things! Not only the dandelion's, but many other seeds are provided with means of transporting themselves to newer soil. Just as the farmer does not plant corn in the same field year after year, so do the plants, aided by the means bestowed by Providence, seek new soil. If they were to remain in the same spot season after season, they would soon exhaust the ground of the food necessary for their healthy and vigorous life.

The dandelion's span of life, as illustrating man's "fortune," is quaintly told in these lines by Father Tabb:

"With locks of gold to-day;
To-morrow, silver gray;
Then blossom—bald. Behold,
O man, thy fortune told!"

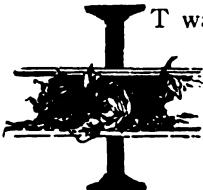


TWIN SISTERS.

MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.



T was with something of a jealous pain, that Mrs. Heminway watched Hattie nestle close to her grandfather's shoulder, as she sat on his knee, within the shelter of his protecting arm, in the old library, to which they had gone, after the first few moments of wonderment and mutual recognition were over. But she was not an ungenerous woman, and the feeling was no sooner made evident to her consciousness than she threw it away from her indignantly. But she was longing to hear the man's story, and after she had asked him several questions about the operation which was to be performed on his eyes, hoping thus to draw his attention from the child, she said:

"Hattie, dear, your grandfather and I would like to have a little talk. Run away to your music now, and later you may come to us again."

The child obeyed her at once, though her passage to the door was somewhat slow, and marked by lingering, smiling backward glances which caused both of the older people to smile also.

"And now, Mr. Stewart," said Mrs. Heminway, as the door closed behind the little girl, "tell me the whole story; for I assure you I am extremely anxious to hear it."

"No doubt you are, madame," was the courteous reply. "Perhaps I am equally desirous of telling it; for it has been a burthen on my mind for many years."

"I see no resemblance to my son in Hattie," said Mrs. Heminway with a sigh, "not the slightest, and I am sorry for it. Although it would not endear her to me any more, it would still be a pleasure to be able to trace a likeness."

The old man smiled, coughed once or twice, and leaning on his stick, looked her steadily in the face as he answered in a slow, deliberate tone:

"No, she does not resemble her father in the least. She is the exact image of my daughter. It seems to me now, since I have seen her, that we should have had this child, and you the other one."

"What other one?" exclaimed Mrs. Heminway in surprise, "I do not understand."

"There were two children," said the old man calmly. "Two little girls, and the one we have at home is as much like her father as this one resembles her mother."

"What are you saying?" cried the old lady. "Do you mean to tell me that my son left two daughters instead of one, while that until a few weeks ago I was unaware that he had been married?"

"That is the whole truth of it," said Mr. Stewart.

"And did he — did Eustace know it?"

"Yes," said the other, in a low voice, "and he would have made it all right if he had had time."

"Ah, the poor boy!" cried the mother, clasping her hands. "The poor, foolish boy, not to have confided in his mother."

"He feared your displeasure," said the old man. "His idea was to win you gradually over. He did not want to anger you," he said, "for he loved you with all his heart."

"I know he did, I know he did," she replied, "therefore he should have trusted me."

"We all have our weaknesses, madame," said the old man. "That of your son was more pardonable than some."

"But tell me, tell me!" cried Mrs. Heminway: "I can not bear this suspense any longer."

The old man continued: "The brigade to which Dr. Heminway was attached was encamped for some months near the town of F—, about three miles from the place where I live. I am a miller. I also have a little farm. My own early advantages were good, but there were reasons why, on coming to this country from Scotland, I should choose an obscure place of residence. At least I thought so, for I had lost a great deal of money, and had no longer the courage to begin life anew in the bustle of a large city. We had one daughter; her mother and myself educated her as well as we could, at home. We had no near neighbors — but there was a cousin at F—, an old maiden lady, whom the child sometimes visited. It was there that she met your son, — not in the cousin's house, but at church, where she played the organ during her stay. He went to Mass regularly, and he and his friend, Dr. Greenwald, offered to help the little choir. Thus they became acquainted and intimate. Before I knew it, my daughter's affections were engaged. The regiment went to the front — the two young men were taken prisoners and escaped. They came directly to us. We could not

refuse the request of the young people — they were married. They remained with us several months, when Dr. Greenwald was taken with pneumonia and died. Dr. Heminway returned home after the little girls were born. It was his intention to tell you the whole story, but he found his father dying, and so put it off from time to time."

"And did you encourage him in this procrastination?" inquired Mrs. Heminway with some asperity.

"On the contrary," was the reply. "From the first — that is, as soon as I learned how he felt about the matter — before he left us I urged him to tell the whole truth. It was not until after his marriage that I became aware of his real position."

"You should have taken pains to assure yourself of it before entrusting your daughter to him," said Mrs. Heminway.

"I knew that he was a gentleman, and a Catholic," said the old man, adding with a sudden uplifting of his grey head, "and I believed my daughter to be good enough for any man that ever breathed."

"Hattie is like her, you say? No one could be sweeter than the child."

"Hattie — my Hattie — died when the children were three weeks old. Then Dr. Heminway came home."

"What was his purpose when he left you?"

"To send for the children later. When he had told the story to his parents. Afterwards we persuaded him to allow us to keep one. It would have broken my wife's heart to have given up both."

"That was but fair," said Mrs. Heminway. "And how did you decide?"

"Finally, by lot," said the old man. "At that time they looked exactly alike. Now they do not resemble each other much."

"And did you never intend to let me know that there was another child — after you had heard of my son's death, I mean?"

"That I can not say. Probably we would not have revealed the secret, if it had not been that our priest, Father Corcoran, talked to us about it, and we decided, in the interests of our little girl, to let you know."

Mrs. Heminway did not speak for some time. With folded hands clasped lightly in her lap she sat looking into the past, that sorrowful, mysterious past of her son's later years, which she could not now undo, and which but for a false timidity on his part might have been so much more happy than it had proven.

"Poor Eustace!" she said at last. "His mother would not have been harsh with him. And I have another granddaughter whom I have never seen. What is she like? What is her name?"

"Her name is Addie, and she is the image of her fa'her."

"Oh, how I should like to see her! Will you send her to me; when will you send her? Her name is Addie, you say? It is she then of whom Hattie used to speak when she first came."

The old man's face grew radiant. "Thank God that she will be welcome to you when she does come," he said. "My wife and I did not know, we were afraid. But now when we go she will have a home and loving hearts to receive her. We are both old and feeble — my sight cannot be restored, so the doctor told me yesterday — and my wife is very delicate. Oh, there is a great load taken from my heart; of late I have thought it wrong that those two little sisters should not be together."

"Does she know about Hattie?" inquired Mrs. Heminway.

"Yes, she knows."

"While Hattie is quite unprepared for the good news awaiting her. But could you not send for her at once, Mr. Stewart?"

"It would kill her grandmother to lose the child," was the reply. "At the same time she is longing to see the other one, in whom she would recognize her own Hattie. It would be such a consolation if she could have her for a time. Would you allow her to come home with me?"

"I might, on condition that you would send me her sister," said Mrs. Heminway. "But no — that would again separate the children, who have been apart too long. Is there no other way?"

"There is another way, if you will consent to it," said Mr. Stewart. "Our mountain region has lately become a favorite resort for city people who want a rest in some primitive place, far removed from fashion. Nothing can be more beautiful than our country. It is true we live very simply, but in that simplicity some find a charm. No doubt you are in the habit of going away for the summer. Could you not come to us for a change?"

"I seldom leave home now-a-days, even in the warmest season," said Mrs. Heminway, "but nothing could be more agreeable to me at this time than your invitation. I have the simplest tastes, I assure you, Mr. Stewart. If you will do us the favor of taking us in I promise you that next summer you will see us at your mountain home."

"It does me good to hear you say that," said the old man. "I had a heavy heart when I came out this morning. But now everything seems different. You have been so kind, the child is so sweet and so happy with you. Ah! my poor wife will be delighted. And I assure you when you see our Addie, you will have no reason to be ashamed of her, reared though she has been among the Virginia mountains."

Mrs. Heminway looked at the handsome, dignified old man before her. "I do not need that assurance," she said as she gave him her hand. He arose to go.

"No, no," she said, "while you remain in the city you must stay with us. And perhaps I may still be able to find a doctor who can do something for the eyes."

When Hattie heard that she had a little sister, her joy was unbounded. She was not a curious child, and while it seemed somewhat strange that for so many years her grandmother should have been ignorant that she was in reality her own flesh and blood, she concluded there must have been some very good reason of which only her grandfather Stewart was aware. He remained with them nearly a month, after having had a partially successful operation performed on his eyes, his great age precluding the chance of perfect recovery. When he returned to Virginia the old man bore with him many dainty and useful gifts to those he had left at home, with a letter from Hattie to the sister whom she now longed with all the impatience of her childish heart to see. Nothing could be sweeter or more clever in a child of her age than the answer which came from Addie, accompanied by a letter to Mrs. Heminway, over which she shed many joyful tears. Although Hattie predicted that she knew the days would drag more slowly than they had before until the day when they should be ready to set out for the mountains, they went swiftly enough in reality, her time was so much occupied with school and music and healthful recreation. At length it was almost vacation; now there were but five more days, now three, now two, and now it was to-morrow that they were to start for the mountains. And then "to-morrow" came. They were seated in the carriage, with Bridget and Honora and Martin waving them "Goodbye and Godspeed" from the doorway, and clinging close to her grandmother the joyful little girl whispered ecstatically:

"At last, at last, grandmother, I am going to see my dear little sister!"

(To be continued.)

LITTLE GABE'S EASTER.

From the French of ANDRE THEURIET by H. TWITCHELL.



ROM my windows I could look across the court into the rooms on the ground-floor which were little Gabriel's home. Every one called him "Little Gabe." His father was a cutter in a tailor shop; his mother, pale and gray at forty, used up the remnant of her strength in her household duties. Of the five children, three had employment outside. Only two were at home, a girl of eighteen, who was a seamstress, and Little Gabe, who was a hunchback.

The poor boy could not walk unless he was laced up in a sort of straight-jacket. His head, however, was finely shaped; his face was exquisitely delicate, and his expression was keen and intelligent. Though he was eight years old, looking at his poor little bent form, one would not have thought him more than five. But if one were to judge by his serious expression, by his broad brow shading his large brown eyes, so sad and precociously thoughtful, one would have called him twenty.

His father, mother, and sister adored him because of his gentle disposition and his wonderful intelligence. The family physician had forbidden him to do any work, but to amuse him he was taken every day to a school near by where he listened, and remembered all he heard. One day after school I saw him sitting outside on the porch, looking wistfully up the street. When I questioned him, his black eyes shone with something like fright. His sister had not yet come home from work and his mother had gone out to make some purchases, locking the door.

As he was talking to me his sister came up quite out of breath.

"Ah, poor Gabe! Did I make you wait? You were not impatient, were you?"

"No," replied Gabe in a calm voice, whose silvery ring I can yet hear. "I thought perhaps you might never come back, as you might be tired of me. I am so troublesome."

"Do not talk so, you naughty boy," exclaimed the sister, smothering him with kisses. Turning to me with eyes filled with tears, she said:

"He is so dear and intelligent; he reasons like a man. What a pity he is so weakly! The doctor said if he could go to Berck

this summer, the sea air and the sea baths might cure him; but Berck is a good ways off, and the expense would be great. Still I am going to try to take him."

The brave girl worked early and late to save the money needed for the trip. Often in the middle of the night I could hear the clicking of the machine, which sounded like the sound of locusts in the country fields. Behind the curtain I could see her profile as she bent over her work, and I thought involuntarily of those lines of Hood:

"Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim.
Seam, and gusset and band
• And band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

"Work, work, work,
In the dull December light.
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright.
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring."

Every one in the neighborhood knew Little Gabe's story, and the women brought sewing to the sister. They stopped the child whenever they saw him and petted him or gave him sweetmeats. He was always grave and did not respond to the caresses; he was disturbed rather than pleased by them. He said to his sister once after a long meditation:

"The lady on the third floor gave me playthings; why should she do that when she does not know me? It was because I am a hunchback, I suppose."

Work was plentiful, and the pile of money grew larger and larger in the corner of the bureau-drawer. July was near and preparations were already begun for the departure. A little leather trunk was purchased, and clothing for the boy, and Little Gabe talked to his schoolmates of nothing else but his lovely trip to the sea. At almost the last moment a most unfortunate accident upset all their plans.

A young married woman had brought her wedding dress to the seamstress to have some alterations made in it. It was a costly dress and was to serve for festive occasions for some time to come. One evening, Gabe was handling an ink-bottle, when it slipped from his thin fingers, and the black liquid ran over the satin skirt. No one scolded him for his face showed such horror that it was pitiful

to look at it. The sister stifled her exclamation of regret and distress. In silence she sponged the dress and found the extent of the disaster.

Eight metres of the satin were ruined. To tell the lady of the accident and to plead in Gabe's favor, were things not to be thought of. In the first place she was not rich, and this dress was the only one she had for occasions; then the seamstress was too proud to expose her poverty to others. The most dignified thing to do was to go to Bon Marché and try to match the fabric. Eight meters at fifteen francs a meter made a total of one hundred and twenty francs; a rude break in the traveling funds! The dream was over; the outing had to be postponed for a year. The sister kissed Little Gabe to console him and went to work with a fresh courage.

The winter which followed was a hard one for my neighbors on the ground-floor. The autumn had been rainy and had seriously affected Gabe's health. He had pains in his bones and his head, and had a slow fever. The doctor shook his head and insisted again that the child be sent to the sea-shore early in the summer. This time it was decided that cost what it might, he should go by the end of May. The machine flew faster than ever, and the days were prolonged further into the night. Gabe had been given a book in which were nothing but pictures of the sea; views of ports, with their forests of masts along the sides of the quays; rocky shores washed by the dashing waves; fisher's barks which looked like white-winged birds.

The child talked of nothing but the sea; he saw it in his dreams, and often even in the daytime, across the grey fog of the court, he had visions of shores beaten by waves, and of a stretch of water covered with ships with white sails spread.

The winter was exceptionally damp and cold, and I no longer met Little Gabe on the porch of the house. The doctor had expressly forbidden him to go out of doors. Sometimes I saw him at the window gazing sadly into space, no doubt seeing in his imagination stately ships passing by.

After the middle of March he was no longer visible. His bones ached more and more, his feeble limbs would no longer support him, and his head pained him greatly. He lay on his bed all day, turning over for the hundredth time the leaves of his book with pictures of the sea.

He had not given up the thought of the trip.

"When are we going?" he often asked his sister, and when she told him they must wait for warm weather, he said:

"I am in such a hurry to go, because I want to get well, so you will not cry any more."



He often said over the names of the cities they were to pass through. Chantilly, then Clermont, Amiens, Abbeville, and at last the sea. "When I am once there," he said, "I am sure the pains in my bones will be all gone."

He kept the large pink shell from the mantel near him, so that he could put it to his ear and hear the distant murmur of that sea which was to deliver him from all his miseries.

Towards Easter I no longer heard the whirring of the machine. No work was done on the ground-floor, and the gleam of a lamp during the whole night showed that some one watched by the side of the sick child.

"He is worse," said the concierge, instinctively pressing her rosy boy to her side. "He is not long for this world. Poor child, it will be a deliverance."

On Easter morning I saw a little coffin borne out of the house followed by the weeping family. It was Little Gabe who was starting at last on his trip to the unfathomable Sea of the Unknown.

PUZZLES.

ANSWER TO MARCH PUZZLES.

First Puzzle. I am a word of eight letters—Filipino.

My 5th, 6th and 7th, has a head but no brains—Pin.

My 3rd, 4th and 5th, part of the body—Hip.

My 5th and 8th, river in Italy—Po. [Chang].

My 2nd and 3rd, part of name of Chinese statesman—Li, (Li Hung

My 5th and 6th is good—Pi, (pie).

My 3rd, 4th and 5th, is bad—Pil, (pill). [blow].

My 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, is not pleasant to receive—Filip, (filip a

My 1st and 2nd, mamma says to naughty children—Fi, (fie).

My 7th and 8th, is a negative—No.

My 2nd and 3rd, no one likes to be—Il, (ill).

My 1st, 5th and 8th, many young men are—Fop.

Whole. Philipino. These men are not much admired by us.

Second puzzle. I am a word of three letters—Fly.

Name of a river—Y, (Wye).

Name of a street in Washington—F, (F street).

A measure—L, (Ell).

It causes a good deal of excitement in warm weather.

PUZZLES FOR APRIL.

FIRST PUZZLE.

I saw a beetle with a fiery tail.

I saw a comet pour down hail.

I saw a cloud all wrapped with ivy round.

I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground.

I saw a small worm swallow up a whale.

I saw the foaming sea brimful of ale.

I saw a mug ten feet deep.

And at the dead of night

I saw a man who saw these wondrous sights.

SECOND PUZZLE.

I am a word of five letters.

My 1st, 2nd and 3rd, it is very pleasant to be.

My 4th and 5th, it is very wrong to do.

My 3rd and 4th, it is very pleasant to taste.

My 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th, is well known in England.

My 1st, 2nd and 5th, is well known in furniture.

My whole was a name famous in the Church and on the throne.



Surrexit non est hic.

That the splendor of this season may flood the souls of all is the earnest wish of the ROSARY MAGAZINE.

The cover which encloses this number is the work of Mr. Barnhorn, the American Sculptor, an appreciation of whose achievements in his special line of art will be found in these pages.

It is safe to say that no document of recent times has been read so widely or attracted such general attention as the letter of the Holy Father on "Americanism," addressed to Cardinal Gibbons. The time is ripe for its appearance and that it will be productive of much good goes without saying. Guided by the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, the informing principle of the Church, the Holy Father, the head and front of that Church, has delivered himself of an opinion which is remarkable for comprehensiveness of view, nice discrimination, inerrancy of judgment, and a firmness as unshakable as is the rock against which the gates of hell can not prevail.

The general character of the letter is precisely such as we had reason to hope for. The series of documents issued by the line of pontiffs from Peter to Leo XIII. has ever borne the stamp of more than human wisdom. Inasmuch as this is so, and that every evidence of it serves but to quicken our faith and

to renew our confidence, we rejoice that the occasion was given for the delivery of the letter under consideration. But nevertheless it is surprising that the several points emphasized in the letter should have needed authoritative declaration. The Church is the embodiment of truth, and truth is necessarily intolerant of error, how then can she do or sanction anything that wears even the semblance of such tolerance. To say that the conditions of this country and time are such as to justify if not to demand a relaxation is simply absurd. Can we forget the circumstances under which the Church took its rise? The world was steeped in Paganism, than which there never was anything more hostile to the Church. In spite of Pagan antiquities, of Pagan philosophers, of Pagan arms, of all the Pagan teaching which pandered so to the passions of men, the Church which demanded a complete reversal of all this made such rapid strides, that twenty-seven years after the tragic death of Christ St. Paul was able to give thanks that faith in this same Christ was spoken of in the whole world. "We are but of yesterday," said the Martyr Justin in the very teeth of his persecutors, "and yet there is not a race of men, whether of Greeks or Barbarians or of whatsoever kind, among whom thanksgiving and prayers are not sent up in the name of Jesus the crucified." There was no compromise then, why should there be now. Besides, the

Church is growing as rapidly as we have reason to expect. Nothing can be more encouraging than to compare the statistics of the year 1898 with those of even a decade ago, and to note the marvellous growth of the Church in this favored land.

With the growth of the Church the religious orders have kept pace. Their numbers have increased, their influence has widened. The history of this country bears the record of their self-sacrifice, their zeal, and above all is a witness that the spirit which animated their founders many centuries ago lives in their sons to-day and fits in quite as well with the requirements of the nineteenth century as it did with those of the tenth, or the thirteenth, or the sixteenth. They may be ancient, but they are not antiquated—ancient but ever new. And the renewal of their strength lies precisely in the emission of the vows; it is the element of perpetuity, without which the religious state is simply inconceivable. The needs of the Church are manifold and various. They always were. They are so now, and so they will ever be. To minister perfectly to them, God has raised up a secular priesthood and a number of religious orders, all alike in fundamentals but differing in accidental variations. What God has done is well done. Let us not discriminate but assist and encourage all in the work along their special lines. A perfect harmony will thus be preserved—a harmony as beautiful as the song of many voices of varying pitch but of perfect accord.

The stand that M. Balfour, the Tory Leader, has taken in the matter of the Irish Catholic University is one that all fair-minded men, whatever be their nationality, must applaud. Mr. Balfour is a just man and in all matters, whether they be political, religious, scientific or literary, he is true to his lights and fearless in the declaration of his opinions. The fact that the "Protestant

Thousand" took exception to his views on the University matter, produced no change in his attitude nor did it put a stop to his utterances. On the contrary it brought forth a very remarkable speech, in which the Irish claim is justified beyond dispute and the unreasonableness of the opposition is made painfully clear. In this connection it may be interesting to note the words of Matthew Arnold, the distinguished scholar, on the same subject:

"At Trinity College, Dublin, the Irish Protestants have a University instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. Trinity College is endowed with confiscated Catholic lands and occupies the site of a suppressed monastery. The Catholic majority of Ireland is neither allowed the use of the old endowments to give it a University instruction such as it desires, and such as in England and Scotland we make the old endowments give us, nor is it allowed the aid of State grants. There is really nothing like it, I repeat, in Europe. To treat the Irish Catholics in this way is really to have one weight and measure for ourselves and another for the Irish. It is, however we may dress the thing up to our own minds, to treat Ireland still as a conquered country. It is a survival from the state of things when no Irish Catholic might own a horse worth more than £5. The Irish cannot but feel it to be so."

There is no doubt but what Mr. Kipling has created a new school of poetry. Just like his poems, in conception, style, technique, there have never been any others in the whole range of English literature. What Wagner and Berlioz are to music, Millet and Monet to painting, Kipling is to poetry. "The Recessional," and "The White Man's Burden," have gone the rounds of the English-speaking world. Already disciples are arising to follow in the steps of the master. One there is, of our

own soil, Prof. Edwin Markham, who hails from the far West, and whose name is not unfamiliar to the readers of the Century and Scribner's. Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe," representing a peasant of dull, heavy, unintellectual aspect leaning on a hoe, in a field of broken clods, has inspired Prof. Markham's muse, and the result is a poem of surpassing strength and great boldness in thought and execution. From the Literary Digest we reprint it:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burdens of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this
brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this
brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for
power;
To feel the passion for Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the
suns
And pillars'd the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of this world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the
soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages
look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop:
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape:
Give back the upward looking and light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

The clients of St. Catharine of Siena will be pleased to learn that the cause of the beatification of the venerable servant of God, Raymond of Capua, the confessor of St. Catharine, was referred to Cardinal Mazella, who hopes that the present year will see the conclusion of the proceeding. The fifth of October of this year will mark the fifth centenary of the death of Raymond of Capua, which took place in a Dominican Priory at Nurenberg, where he was making a visitation. He was the twenty-third Master General of the Order of Preachers.

The Dominicans are in a very flourishing condition in Spain. In the Province of Andalusia, the Priory at Zafra was formally opened on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, 1898. On this occasion thirty-six novices were received, while the reception of six others was deferred only to await the arrival of the necessary letters from their respective bishops. This Province is of recent foundation.

From the English Rosary we reprint the following:

We heard the other day a pretty Rosary story which will doubtless please our readers as much as it did ourselves. A poor old soldier who had sought a refuge in a hospital for incurables was visited by a zealous priest, who soon became his fast friend, and was happily enabled to make a very earnest Christian of one who hitherto had bestowed little or no care on the affairs of his soul. Amongst other things the good priest taught the old man how to say the Rosary. The poor fellow was delighted with this new devotion; he said his chaplet daily, and only regretted not having learned of the Rosary of Mary before, seeing that sixty years of life had passed away beyond recall, and during that long time he had never once offered to Our Lady those daily five mysteries which it had now become his greatest joy to present to her. But a happy inspiration seized him. He asked his friend the priest how many days were contained in sixty years of life. The priest made a brief calculation, and gave him his answer.

"Then," said the old soldier, "I will, if God gives me life, say precisely as many chaplets as there have been days in my sixty years of life, and so make up for lost time, and not cheat Our Lady out of that daily offering she surely has a right to expect from me. How long, then, will it take me, father, if I say twenty chaplets a day to get through my task?" The priest thought again, and replied, "Just three years." "Then I will begin at once, and may our Heavenly Father be pleased to prolong my life till my Rosaries are said!"

Three years passed away, daily was the self-imposed task fulfilled, and Our Lady seemed but to wait for its completion in order to reward her faithful servant, for, as the last *Ave Maria* was uttered, the soul of the old man was

freed from its prison-house, and went forth to the company of angels and of saints.

We ask our readers to turn to the calendar printed in the forepart of this magazine, and to note how rich in feasts of special devotion is the month of April. Among others, there are the feasts of St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Agnes of Montepulciano, and St. Peter, Martyr. We trust these opportunities for gaining plenary indulgences and the fullest measure of grace will not be lost. A moment's reflection will remind us how sorely we need these supernatural aids.

MAGAZINES.

The *Century* for March contains its usual quota of interesting matter for all classes of readers. Its fiction is very pleasurable, its war articles of a nature calculated to satisfy all those desirous of ascertaining "how we did it," and its poetry decidedly more than nominal. Marion Crawford's serial, "Via Crucis," continues to grow in excitement and promises to culminate in a climax worthy of the celebrated author. John Bryce's article, "British Experiences in the Government of Colonies," contains some very good advice, but it is hardly needful in the present exigencies, as the United States has passed the stage of elementary statesmanship which it seems to presuppose. History gives a pretty fair idea of the British method of government and we have little use for it. We are aware of why this country became an undutiful child of England, and we know too the reason of her success elsewhere, but we would not attribute her success to her consideration of climate, customs, or religion. The United States is sufficiently wise, not to say humane, to avoid the experiences of Great Britain. There is a just tribute paid the bravery of railroad men in a nicely written article entitled "Heroes of the Railway Service" by Charles De Lano Hine and Gustav Kobbe. It gives pathetic instances of how these brave men have risked and even sacrificed their lives to save those of others. Too little appreciation is given such heroism. Even the travelling public perceive little more than the ordi-

nary laborer in the men in whose care they have placed themselves for the nonce and on whose absolute obedience depends their safety, perhaps their lives. Yet it is a fact, that every day these men face danger and perform heroic acts, even though duty does not always demand it, simply to avert what would otherwise be an inevitable disaster, and expect no other reward than their consciousness of having done good.

Harper's for March contains the second installment of Henry Cabot Lodge's paper on the "Spanish-American War." In the interest of truth it is to be regretted that the editor of this excellent magazine did not secure a more trustworthy writer for such an important subject. On more than one occasion Mr. Lodge has proved himself unable to rise above the plane of his bias and prejudice to the purer atmosphere of unvarnished truth.

If, as Mr. Lodge affirms, the statement of the Spanish government concerning the loss of the Maine was insincere and premeditately false, why then, when all else was lost, did the Spanish envoys at the Paris Treaty offer to submit and abide by the decision of any impartial board of arbitration concerning the cause of the Maine's destruction; and to make all reparation that duty, justice and honor might demand, should the decision be against them. And if the evidence against the author of our national catastrophe were even half as strong as Mr. Lodge would

have us believe, why did not our government accept the offer and thus fix forever by an impartial tribunal the guilt of one of the most dastardly crimes ever perpetrated. What evidence has Mr. Lodge in support of his grave accusation other than the findings of one of the two interested parties? Is it right, we ask of the calm judgment of the justice-loving American people, to make a nation half-crazed by an overwhelming sorrow the judge in its own case? But once this mendacious writer is well embarked upon his mission for the perversion of truth, nothing seems to daunt him. Consequently we are not surprised that he should assert what no one can assert with any semblance of truth, to wit, that the mine which destroyed the Maine was exploded "by men who wore the uniforms of Spain." Were it possible for such a distorted moral sensibility to be lifted to higher things, we might advise the writer to go to the American soldier and sailor and learn from them a pean of praise to Spanish fortitude and valor. Mr. Lodge has chosen to view the question on which he writes through the small end of his tiny mental telescope, consequently we cannot expect from him any large views upon the crisis through which we have just passed.

"On the Steps of the City Hall," by Brander Matthews, is a dull, spiritless story devoid of either life or character and possibly would not have been printed had it borne other than the name of Brander Matthews. "Major-General Forrest at Brice's Cross-Roads" is the second installment of John D. Wyeth's sketch of this gallant leader and intrepid soldier. If we are not mistaken it was Major-General Forrest who expressed his opinion of the valor and military efficiency of Col. Robert Ingersoll by offering to exchange him for an army mule. Julian Ralph contributes a charming sketch on "English Characteristics." Simon Pokagon, an Indian of the Pottawatomie tribe, contributes a simple and interesting story of the "Massacre of Fort Dearborn."

The *Review of Reviews*, in its March issue, agrees with the administration on the Philippine question and severely, though justly, we believe, criticizes Aguinaldo, whose unworthy ambition has cast him beneath the admirers of patriotism. The editor very logically deduces the conclusion that if this country had yielded to the wishes of the insurgents the islands would have been

taken care of by the European nations and our work of mercy have been thankless and unrequited job-making the laughing stock of the world. General Otis is given a mead of praise by the editor and also in a sketch of the General by W. C. Church. Dr. William Hayes Ward, in his article, "The Condition of Porto Rico," eulogizes the eagerness of the Americans under Gen. Guy V. Henry to benefit the people of Porto Rico. He depicts the task as herculean, owing to the deplorable moral state of most of the inhabitants of the island. Dr. Ward offers some very wise suggestions on the subject of reform there and considers that much will be accomplished for religion by Archbishop Chapelle.

The *Outlook* of March 4 contains a bright and interesting paper on Great Britain's Law-Makers, introducing such well-known personages as Harcourt, Morley, Balfour, Peel, etc. Though it has been said, "Let me frame the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws," it is nevertheless true that the laws of a nation, particularly their genesis, are a source of unceasing interest. The article is handsomely illustrated with portraits of eminent commoners, with the interior of the House, St. Stephen's and the Victoria Gallery. Katherine P. Woods' story of the "Rosary of San Antonio" will hold the reader's attention and instil some good thoughts, as well. A poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson entitled "The Woods in Winter" abounds in the original and strong thoughts which Nature always awakened in the mind of the sage of Concord. Among the other articles we find the "Regeneration of Cuba" and "Byways in Porto Rico," "America's Working People."

In the March *North American Review* is found Mr. Andrew Carnegie's second article on "Americanism versus Imperialism." He has advanced some very powerful arguments against expansion. Considering the question in every light he accumulates abundant reasons and proofs for his views, until he has constructed a quite conclusive argument. He leaves no assailable points in his position. But to every failing in the enemy's defence he is keenly alive. Commercial expansionists, religious-expansionists, responsibility and sacred-duty expansionists he corners and slays them all to the unbounded delight

paper is proof that Mr. Carnegie's armor-plate monopoly extends even to the products of his brain. As an offset to the former the managers give ex-Senator Peffer's "A Republic in the Philippines." Of all the showers of gush and twaddle rained upon the American public in these months past, this one is the worst. How a rational being could put to paper the thoughts herein contained is almost inconceivable. Mr. Peffer says that in our settlement, mark that word, of the Indian problem, we have paid attention to God's own law, "survival of the fittest." The Spaniards colonized and explored for conquest, the Anglo-Saxon for trade. What if the Spanish-American settlements present to the gaze of the world a civilized and purely indigenous population, it is but another sign of God's displeasure. Trade and the Bible, King James' caused our Indians to retire. Our worthy Populist, now that our Indian question has been solved, is for sending this pair to the Philippines, to fulfill further the ordinances of destiny. Another expansionist, D. C. Boulger, has already allotted and staked off for the United States their share in "The Dissolution of the Chinese Empire." Thus the good work advances. Every nation has its genius and destiny. Ours must be to expand. Any one speculating on the advisability of granting suffrage to our new brothers would do well to read "Three Phases of Colored Suffrage." As if one terrible period of reconstruction and carpet-baggers were not enough, the United States, North and South, must enter on another!

In the March *Scribner's* Theodore Roosevelt continues his graphic story of life with the Rough Riders during the late war. "Some Political Reminiscences," by George F. Hoar, is such an excellent paper as one might expect from Massachusetts' ablest statesman and scholar. The strong personalities of Webster and Choate, which are fast slipping from memory to history, are invested with a new interest by one who saw and knew them and lives to tell us in his own charming manner many hitherto unknown facts illustrative of their characters. "The Business of a Theatre," by W. J. Henderson, is an interesting paper on the financial aspect of theatrical life. "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by Sidney Colvin, make pleasant reading and shed a flood of light

upon the charming character of the great novelist.

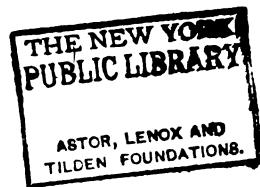
Frank Leslie's Monthly for March contains a collection of interesting and timely articles. E. A. Fletcher discusses the "Nicaragua Canal Route," its past, present and future in an able manner. A series of fine illustrations lends an additional charm to the paper. The late Brigham Young and Mormon Polygamy form the subject of a paper contributed by Mrs. Frank Leslie herself. We append her description of the noted polygamist: "A fine, tall, well-developed figure, a trifle too stout, perhaps: a fresh, ruddy complexion, almost befitting a young girl; keen blue eyes, not telling too much of what went on behind them; a full mouth; a singularly magnetic manner; a voice hard and cold in its formal speech, but low and impressive when used confidentially; altogether a man of mark anywhere, and one whose wonderful influence over the minds and purses of men, and the hearts and principles of women, could be much more fully credited after an hour's conversation than before." There are women even in Wall Street, and with the men they engage in the most daring speculations, or rather investments, as Mrs. Finley Anderson writes, that they object to the word "speculate." She says: "Women who speculate insist that they do not gamble, but only invest. They argue from false premises. An investment implies something paid for and held, like real estate, or bonds or stocks locked up in a safe. The only money-makers in Wall Street of either sex represent this class of investors. People who make money in stocks by purchases on margins are gamblers, because they usually lose it."

The March issue of Appleton's *Popular Scientific Monthly* opens with a study upon "Social Evolution," being the seventh paper on the "Evolution of the Colonies," by Jas. Collier. The author sketches with power, the gradual development of social relations of the colonists with aborigines from the first few spare settlements to its full, compact evolution into an organic whole. Apart from its intrinsic value, it has the adventitious merit of coming to our readers at a time when the Republic is about to launch itself upon a colonial policy. "Politics as a Form

social and political evils consequent upon our present mode of conducting our political campaigns. The author, Franklin Smith, laments the fact that "persons of fine character, scholarly tastes, and noble aims" stand aloof from politics, and seeks the causes that have brought about "a social, political and industrial degeneration that fills with alarm the thoughtful mind." The author points out the analogy that exists between civil war and party politics as now conducted, and after an historical review of the shameful, unscrupulous means brought upon the issue of our political campaigns, he concludes with these words, well worthy of reproduction: "Yet the conclusion is not that people should abstain from politics. That would involve greater evils than those that now prevail. It would be submission to aggression — freedom to predatory politicians to continue their pillage. The thing to be done is to take up arms against them, and to wage relentless war on them. But the object of the struggle must not be the substitution of one set of politicians for another, but to reduce to the smallest possible limits the sphere of all political activity. Until this is done there can be no release from so important a duty to self and to the community." Patriotic Americans, and more especially those of the rising generation who have the well-being of their country at heart, would do well to read this paper carefully and ponder on the data brought forward. A notable feature, in this month's issue, is an article, by Sir Archibald Geikie, F. R. S., on "Science in Education." This address of the venerable scientist to the students of Mason University, College, Birmingham, is well calculated to arouse widespread attention, trenching, as it does,

of Civil War" discusses the economic on a moot-question of the day; and doubtless, considering his authority will do much to allay, in some degree at least, the word-war that has long been waged in the periodicals of all civilized countries on the relative merits of exclusively classic or scientific education. Sir A. Geikie, himself a notable example of a broad, symmetrical and well rounded training, a master of contemporary prose, eschews all lopsidedness and cuts the Gordian knot, by which so many warped pedagogues had been driven to despair of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, by answering that both should go hand in hand. He outlines the difficulties science had to overcome in order to make itself heard authoritatively. Next the necessity of scientific education, in these, our modern times is pointed out, and finally an appeal is made for the cultivation of the litteræ humores." We shall refrain from giving a further synopsis of this paper and refer the reader to the article itself. The further attractions of this issue are the following, in the order named, to which we must refer briefly. "My Pet Scorpion" is a very interesting article and sketched in a clever manner. Prof. William Z. Ripley continues his interesting as well as instructive studies on the "Races of Europe." This month he treats of the "Peoples of the Balkan Peninsula, — the Greek — Slav, and the Turk." "The Marvelous Increase of Production of Gold" will prove of value to those interested in the currency and financial problems of the hour. The sketch of the month is Clémence Royer, an eminent French Woman Scientist, who enjoys an international reputation through her numerous and deservedly celebrated scientific works.

Owing to lack of Space the Book Notices have been
withheld this month.





FRA ANGELICO'S CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1899.

No. 5

THE MESSAGE.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

*G*OR those who heed May's early message, lo!
One magic word to them is ever given,
And they who listen cannot fail to know
It is from heaven.

She speaks when winter hours are sped away,
To waken in the heart some new desire;
She lifts her hand and strikes for us today
Her Spring-time lyre.

Her lyric note thro' all the world is heard
When first she glides o'er silent fen and moor,
And her sweet gospel, sung by every bird,
Is rich and pure.

And yet it is but one brief word she sings;
But she hath brought it from the God above.
Ah! who shall weep when she so gladly brings
Her message—"Love"?

THE BEAUTY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



HE continuity of the traditions of beauty in the representation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, may be regarded as one of the miracles of art; traditions which make one of the sacred deposits of the very first age of our Christian era, to come down, through all the diversities of races and nations, through all the vicissitudes of eighteen centuries on this earth troubled with wars and commotion, not only to our own century but to our own generation; a fact so significant and yet so seldom commented upon, unless to be lightly set aside, and yet again so easily proved.

One of the most exquisite triumphs in the life of the late Chevalier de Rossi, and it was a life of triumphs, awaited him in the catacomb of Santa Priscilla on the Salarian Way, when, in the year 1869, the excavators having cleared away the heavy debris of fallen slabs from the loculi, the enthusiastic archæologist, as true a discoverer as any who have ploughed the seas, pressing past the ordinary arcosoliums and even chambers, found himself face to face with the Greek chapel which he knew to be the oldest part of this venerable cemetery, so called because the inscriptions are all in Greek, the first language of the Church. One swift glance over the walls assured him that there was no flaw in the tradition, the written story of the Itiniraries or the scholarly records of a Pomponio Lato; then, as the eager glance grew keener, there came forth from the wall a Madonna — a Madonna of apostolic time like everything else on this wall; painted perhaps in the actual lifetime of Sts. Peter and Paul, certainly before the aged head of Saint John, the Beloved Disciple, rose, rejuvenated, above the rim of the cauldron of boiling oil, into which he had been thrown by the order of Domitian when ninety years of age. Yes, an apostolic Madonna; and then as the eye dwelt upon the forms coming slowly out from the dim wall, he saw, recognized with a delightful sense, not so much of surprise as of satisfaction, a Madonna Raphaelesque! The grace to which he had been accustomed to pay the homage of ad-



ILL. 1.

miration from his earliest boyhood to any one of Raphael's Madonnas, had been caught by the unknown master of Santa Priscilla's catacomb, and had come to him from the description of the Blessed Virgin as given by apostles and disciples to the Christians of the first century; apostles and disciples personally familiar with the countenance of the Blessed Virgin. Here then was a type, an authorized type of Mary the Mother of Jesus, and who can ever exaggerate its preciousness not only to de Rossi, but to every lover of what is authentic in sacred art and therefore worthy of the deepest veneration?

The photograph from which our illustration has been taken is a very early one, and gives the picture in nearly the same condition as it was first seen by de Rossi. The Virgin, mantled, is nourishing her Infant at her breast but He half turns from her to listen, as it were, to the prophet Isaiah standing at the side of the Madonna,

and referring to the Star which had already risen over Jacob, according to the prophecy of Balaam as recorded in the twenty-fourth chapter, seventeenth verse of the Book of Numbers. The action of the Child is one of those bewitching attitudes of infancy so loved by Leonardo, by Raphael, all lovers of the beautiful in every age; the expression on the face of the Madonna is one of the sweetest, most candid gravity; while the contour and features suggest no definite nationality. It is not Greek, like the inscriptions on the walls, neither is it Jewish or Roman; in fact, no nation or age can claim it, any more than they could claim Eve, the first woman; and is not Mary the second Eve, the universal mother of the human race? This Madonna, then, the oldest Madonna as yet discovered, must be regarded as a typical Madonna, and it gives an ideal which has never lost its charm for the heart, the eye, the mind of Christendom, while it is one authorized by those personally acquainted with the lineaments of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Jesus. (Ill. 1).

We have spoken of this Madonna as the most ancient as yet discovered; using the word discovered in its usually accepted sense; but there are pictures of the Madonna painted by Saint Luke, Evangelist, which, so far from having been ever discredited, were held in the greatest veneration in the time of the apostles, so that one is said to have been placed in Saint Paul's apartment in his own hired house, on the present Via in Lata, Rome; and we know that at the time Gregory the Great took part in the procession for the surcease of the pestilence raging in 595, when he saw the vision of the angel on Hadrian's Mole, this picture of Our Lady and the Divine Child as painted by Saint Luke was carried in the procession; and the same Madonna is still preserved with the greatest veneration over the altar in the Borghese chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome. (Ill. 2).*

When Sixtus III erected the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, in the year 440, he is understood as having carried out the plan of execution as well as the primal idea of this Arch, as conceived by Pope Celestius I who convened the third general council at Ephesus in 431. At the close of this council it was trium-

* NOTE.—A most circumstantially detailed account of this Madonna, the strict custody under which it has been kept for so many centuries, its identification, everything in regard to it, is to be found in Miss Mary Agnes Tincher's "Six Sunny Months," published in the Catholic World Magazine. The illustration is from an authorized engraving of this picture given to me by her, which is in Rome.



ILL. 2.

phantly proclaimed and rapturously received by Christians, that Jesus Christ being one person with two natures, and our Lady being the mother of this one person, Jesus Christ after the same manner as our own mothers who have not formed our souls but only our bodies are called mothers of the entire man, body and soul, inasmuch as man is man only when body and soul are united, — therefore, our Lord Jesus Christ being, really, Jesus Christ only when His Divinity is united to His Humanity, our Blessed Lady, Mary, is, truly, the Mother of God. A fresco, representing the session in which the council of Ephesus proclaimed the dogma of the divine maternity of Mary, was painted, by the order of Celestine, in the catacomb of Santa Priscilla, where was, already, the Madonna of our illustration, and, in which, moreover, as it has been frequently said

since the opening of this catacomb in 1869, there are more Madonnas than in all the other catacombs of Rome put together; as if the venerable Roman matron, by reason of her own maternity, had drawn to herself, as to a magnet, not only the proof of her own belief in this sacred dogma of the divine maternity of Mary, but the proof of the devotion to this dogma in the minds of the faithful through the earliest ages of Christianity. It was in this catacomb with all its beautiful associations, that Celestine I was deposited on the 6th day of April, 432.

Without delay the intentions of the Pontiff with regard to an Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, embodying, in imperishable mosaic, the traditions concerning the divine maternity of Mary were carried out by his successor, Sixtus III, with a beauty which has preserved the noble type of the Blessed Virgin with which Celestine was familiar. This is true of all the groups in which she appears, a link being thus established between the art of the catacombs and that of all succeeding ages.

Notwithstanding the contempt with which the Byzantine school is spoken of in our current literature, all serious treatises upon Christian art acknowledge our indebtedness to it for the preservation of traditions; and this is true in regard to the type of the Blessed Virgin. With all its faultiness in extreme instances, the type is serious, sacred, even noble. There is no lightness, no triviality. Her virginal maternity is always to be recognized. She is never, during all these ages, simply a mother; her maternity is a divine maternity; her Son is her Redeemer as well; the Redeemer of the world. What we have said includes all the mosaics in the apses of ancient basilicas, on such ceilings as that of the Baptistry of Florence; and when Cimabue took up his brush to paint his enthroned Madonna, still in Santa Maria Novella, Florence, it was simply to relieve this type, this ideal, of the imperfections of technique which had come from stress of circumstances. The sweet, noble seriousness of the divine motherhood was there, and this is what is said of it by Ruskin, who had taken in the significance of that type even when it was at its greatest disadvantage: "There is not such an elaborate piece of ornamentation in the first page of any Gothic king's missal, as you will find in that Madonna's throne; — the Madonna herself is meant to be grave and noble only, and to be attended only by angels." (Ill. 3).

Having secured our links from the first century through all the ages which are "Dark ages" only to those who will not see, we



ILL. 3.



ILL. 4.

shall take up our type no longer chronologically but as exemplified in the representation of the mysteries, dogmas or events, embodied in the Christian story, beginning with the Immaculate Conception.

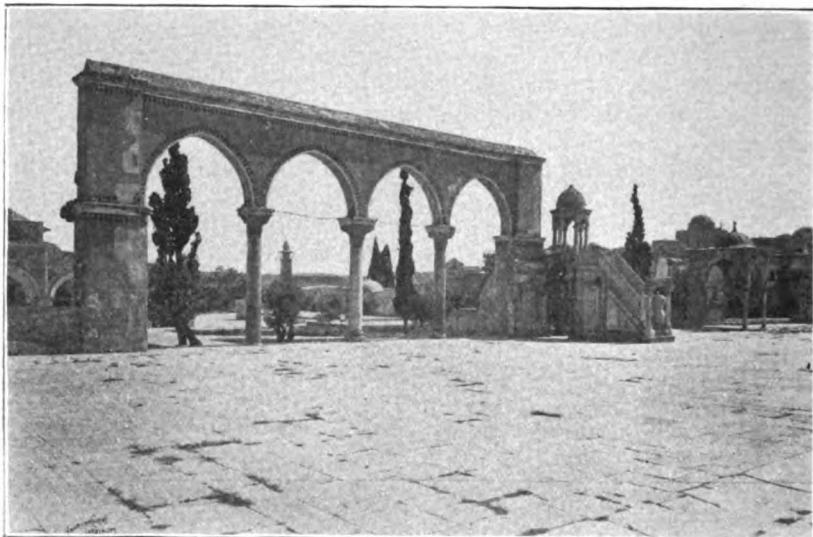
Often as this has been represented, — by Murillo himself twenty times, — yet the heart always wanders back to the one which makes the pearl of the Prado Gallery, Madrid. There can be no doubt that the one inspiration, subtle, undefinable, never to be repeated, came to Murillo as he painted this Immaculate soul of Mary clothed in an Immaculate body, soaring, by the instinct of its own attraction, towards its Creator. The beautiful face, serious, profoundly fixed in its tender, candid gaze on the Beatific Vision, the hands joined adoringly at the fingers' tips, the young head mantled by its own wealth of tresses, the whole figure swaying gently as it soars, is one of the marvels of mortal genius. There is no feeling of effort on the part of the Immaculate Virgin herself; there is no crowd of angels around her; among the clouds of mortality from which she rises as tranquilly as a wreath of mist rises from the meadows at early dawn, we see three angels, one bearing a lily, one a rose, one a palm, all emblematic, and in the painting of the entire figure no more effort is discernible on the part of the

artist than on that of his subject. No model ever served for this picture. It sprang from the artist's own soul, and its type came from he knew not where, — a tradition floating down through the ages arrested by the artist in a divinely inspired moment. The face is not Greek, is not Jewish or Roman, any more than the Madonna of Santa Priscilla. Young, — for what can be younger than a soul at the moment of its conception? — but absolutely perfect. No babyhood, no childhood; the blossom of an eternal springtime. (Ill. 4).

Leaving time, place, entirely out of mind, we come to the second mystery, that of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, the Annunciation to Mary that she has been chosen by the Holy Trinity to be the Mother of the Word which is to be made man in order that He may redeem man. Only the Crucifixion, we think it is safe to say, has inspired so many representations as the Annunciation. Tenderness of sentiment, beauty of personages, sublimity of intention, have conspired to render it one of the most attractive of subjects to artists, and also most befitting dogmatic conditions. In the grand, middle age churches, it made the wings to many a composition, filling in the corners of an arch; and in the triptychs of the



ILL. 5.



COLONNADE AND PULPIT OF OMAR.

with marble slabs and enamelled bricks, rises an immense lead-covered dome bearing a golden crescent on its summit. Near the top of the walls there runs around the building a blue band of stone on which are engraved in letters of gold several sentences of the Koran.

As soon as the Christian crosses the threshold even he is overcome by a feeling of religious awe produced by awakened recollections of the holy place and by the soft mysterious light that falls from the stained-glass windows and pervades the solemn interior where no footfall is ever heard. Here the proportions and decorations are remarkable. The central space which is circular in form and over which rises the majestic dome, is surrounded by two concentric rows of pillars which follow the octagonal form of the walls. The pillars, which are of very fine marble, were taken from early Christian monuments, as is indicated by the variation in their thickness and height and by the capitals of different styles that surmount them. Plates of marble conceal the walls of rougher stone; enamelled bricks and precious woods with gilt ornaments hide the ceilings of coarser materials. The columns and dome are beautified by floral and Arabesque designs in bright colored mosaics set with a surprising delicacy of art. And running along the walls and around the dome are long sentences of the Koran written in decorated characters of gold.

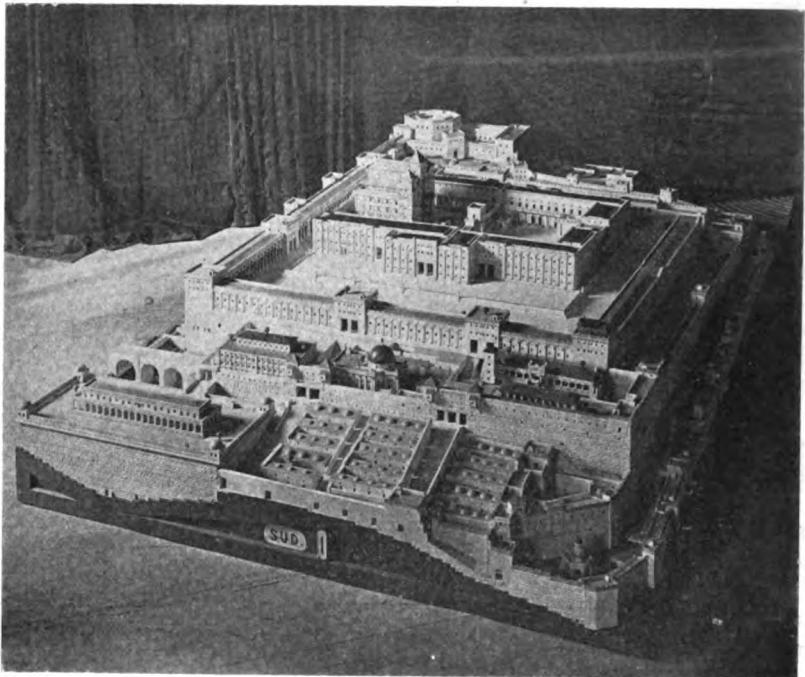
When the eyes have feasted on all this wealth they will turn

mass, directly under the dome, upon which they wait of entering. From this mass of rock which is Mount Moriah, the mosque is sometimes called Kubbat el-Sakhra, Dome of the Rock. A wooden balustrade protects from all profane hands, and to make profanation doubly difficult it is further surrounded by an artistic iron grating placed by the Crusaders.

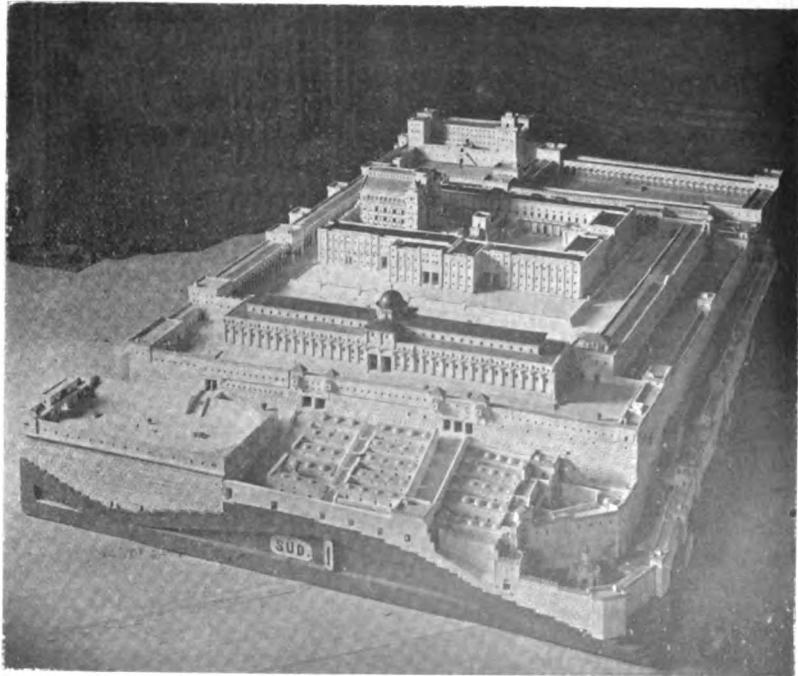
This rock very probably indicates the place where Abraham was to sacrifice his son Isaac; where Araunah the Jebusite later built a threshing floor that David bought; and where was situated the Temple of Holies, in which for four hundred years the ark of the covenant stood beneath the wings of the golden Cherubim, and in which was the propitiatory where, once a year, the high priest burnt incense before the Most High.

Before leaving the mosque we shall hear the Moslems recount their Mohammedan tradition. They will show us a hair from the beard of Mohammed; the impressions left in the rock by the fingers of the Archangel Gabriel, who held it down when it would follow Mohammed to heaven; the chamber beneath the rock where the patriarchs prayed and beneath which is the well where dead souls assemble; the entrance to hell; and the mysterious signs of the gradual disappearance of which indicates the approach of the end of the world.

At the southern end of the esplanade stands the Mosque el-Aksa or the far — which notwithstanding the transformation made in it by the Moslems still preserves its original form of the Christian church (the new St. Mary's) of which Procopius has told us. With regret we behold this magnificent building in the hands of the prophet's followers. Its front is ornamented by a beautiful portico with seven arches corresponding to the nave and aisle of the interior. On each side of the great nave are three aisles separated by long rows of superb columns surmounted by capitals of different styles, which indicate that they were taken from other monuments. Not long ago the ancient apsis was destroyed, and the nave is now terminated by a plain wall against which leans the minbar, or pulpit, which is a masterpiece of carving in precious ivory and mother of pearl. Near by, surrounded by an iron grating of the Crusaders' time, is a stone bearing an impression which is said to be of our Lord's foot and of which mention may be found in the writings of Antoninus of Placentia, a pilgrim of the seventh century. About the mihrab which is embellished with fine mosaics are little marble columns of exquisite workmanship. Near it are two small columns called the columns of trial. It is a Mussulman belief that he who passes between these columns is worthy of heaven. A few years ago a stout Mussulman suffocated in his attempt to pass between them. Since then an iron bar closes this way to eternal salvation.



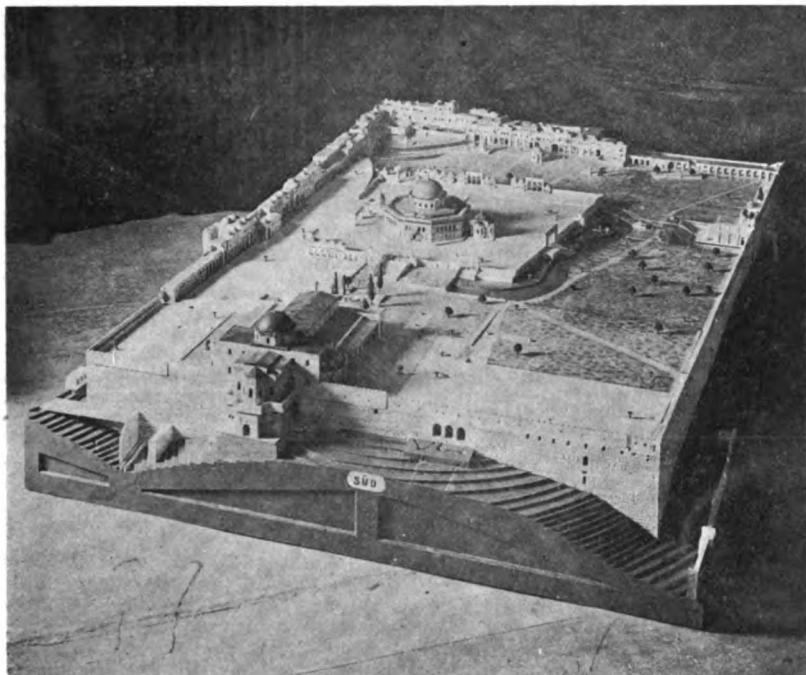
TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.



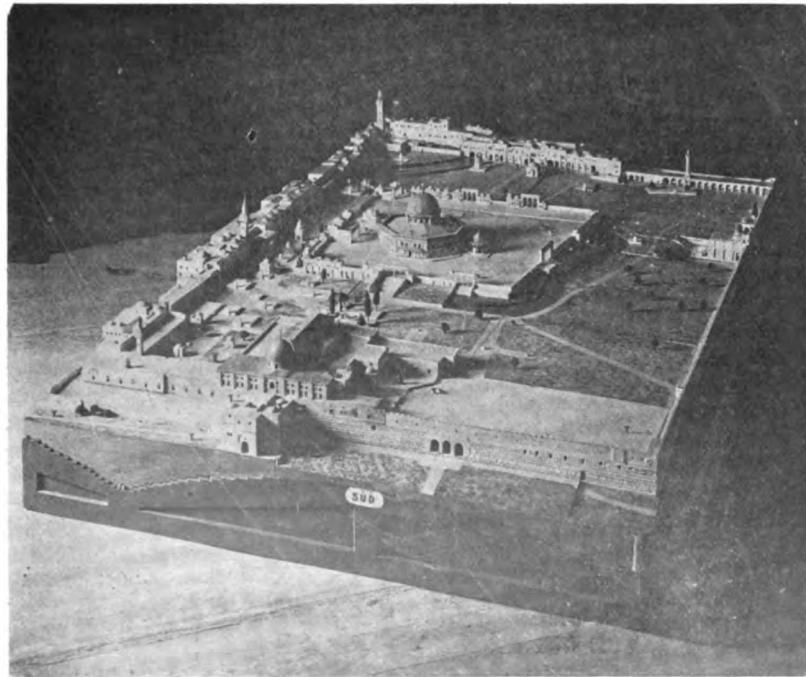
TEMPLE OF HEROD.

(From models by C. SCHICK, Jerusalem.)

(See notes, page 404.)



THE TEMPLE PLACE AS IT APPEARED IN THE BEGINNING OF THE
SEVENTH CENTURY.



THE TEMPLE PLACE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

(From models by C. SCHICK, Jerusalem.)

(See notes, page 404.)

Such in brief is the actual state of the ancient temple place where God was pleased to have his habitation among men and which our divine Lord sanctified by His presence and teaching. Now, alas! nothing can be heard there but the voices of unbelievers.

The example set forth in the fourth mystery of the Rosary, which was accomplished in the temple of Jerusalem, is one of submission and obedience to the law. Although the Blessed Virgin and her divine Son were exempted from the law, yet, out of perfect obedience, they submitted themselves to it. By disobedience man was lost, by obedience he shall be saved. The same spirit of obedience that impelled the Blessed Virgin and Jesus Christ to go up to the temple, led them to Calvary where He was obedient to death even to the death of the cross. So it is obedience that will lead the Christian soul to the supreme degree of perfection. And the obedience of the Blessed Virgin, as shown in the fourth mystery, will be an encouragement to him to perform his actions in a spirit of perfect obedience and generous submission to divine law. Actuated by this spirit he shall have a victory over the powers of darkness, the world and himself; he shall feel that the yoke of obedience is sweet and its burden light; and when the end comes his triumph will be one of happiness and of joy everlasting.

The following notes will aid the reader in his appreciation of the photographs taken from Mr. Conrad Schick's models.

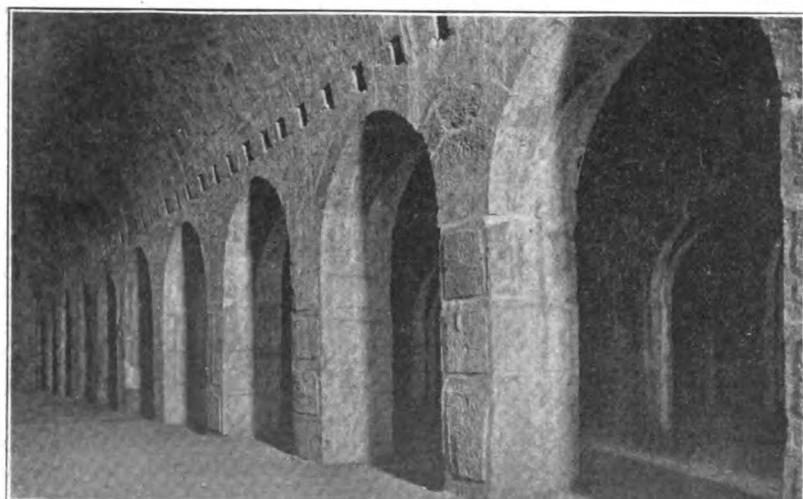
All the views are taken from the South. In the first are shown the temple of Solomon, the royal palace and the adjoining buildings. In the foreground, to the right of the flight of stone steps, is the Cedron valley: to the left of the same steps is the Tyropean valley, which is closed by the fortress of Millo. Farther on and on the east, or the right, is seen a part of the city of Jerusalem with two streets leading to the gates of the royal palace and of the temple (the double gate and the triple); more to the east is Ophel, beyond which is the eastern wall of the city. Above all this, forming a second stage, is the royal palace. To the west of it a bridge crosses the Tyropean valley, where the garden of Oza lay (Kings II, 21, 18), and leads first to the "house of the forest of Libanus" (I Kings 7, 2), then to the portico of the double gate, to the hall with the throne (I Kings 10, 18-19), beyond which rise the dome and, east of the street of the triple gate, the private dwelling of the king. Back of all these buildings and higher is the outer temple court, the four sides of which are surrounded by a double colonnade, and outside of which, on the east, is the market street. Within this court, which is also called the "court of the Gentiles," is seen the "middle wall of partition" (Ephes. II, 14), or the "bulwark" (Lamen. II, 8). Between the pillars on which was placed the prohibition forbidding the Gentiles to approach nearer the temple twelve steps lead to a higher terrace on which the inner temple stands. Next to be seen is a three story building with many rooms forming a quadrangle in which are the "middle" and the "inner" courts with the temple proper. Before the temple is the altar of holocaust and the brazen laver. The interior of these courts are also surrounded by colonnades. At some distance in the background, on higher ground, is the temple fortress with its two towers. On the seventh terrace stands the temple, the most conspicuous edifice of all.

The second photograph shows the temple of Herod. In the foreground we see in the place of Millo a hyprodone and beyond this, where the bridge

formerly stood, the wall which has been extended to the west, the elevated temple-area, and the great hall of Herod, a stadium in length. The remainder is the same as in the first photograph, excepting that the middle spire is wanting on the temple, and in the northern part stands a new fortress, "Antonia," with a wider court and porticoes where, in Solomon's time, there was a valley which lay beyond his temple-place.

The third photograph gives an idea of the temple-place as it appeared in the beginning of the seventh century. First of all, there are seen in the foreground the brow of Mt. Maria enlarged by masses of debris and rubbish, and the southern temple wall as it was restored by Hadrian, with the old gateways which have undergone some changes—the triple-gate now has arches instead of lentels, and before the double gate is a small building. Over this gate is the Church of the Blessed Virgin, erected by Justinian, from which, extending into the temple-place is a platform built by Hadrian for his temple to Jupiter; but which Justinian restored, raised and enclosed by walls and arcades, and upon which he constructed, from the ruins of Jupiter, the octagonal Church, the dome of which covers the sacred rock. East of this stood, in the fourth century, an equestrian statue of Hadrian, the baldichan of which served Justinian in constructing a chapel called by the crusaders "Jacob's Chapel." Yet farther to the right is the eastern gate, now known as the "golden gate," beyond which are the rubbish-covered remains of the old city wall. On the northern and western sides of the temple-place are seen arcades, houses, etc. In the northwestern part a large building rises from the high rock.

The fourth photograph is of the temple place as it appears to-day. In the foreground, rising above the great mass of debris, is the oft-restored wall of the outer temple. Above this is the Mosque el-Aksa, beyond which is another mosque transformed from the old armory of the Knights of the Temple. On the right, over the substructions now called "Solomon's Stables," is a lately plastered court. Nearer the middle of the temple-place, on a platform, is the octagonal Mosque of Omar, sometimes called the es-Sakhra, or "the Dome of the Rock." East of this is the "Tribunal of the Prophet David." In the eastern wall is seen the "golden gate"; along the northern and western walls are cloisters, houses, gates, schools, etc.; and in the northwestern corner are the Turkish barracks.



SUBSTRUCTURES AT SOUTHERN END OF THE TEMPLE PLACE,
COMMONLY CALLED "SOLOMON'S STABLES."

ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES—THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN—REPENTING LOVE.



T was my sins which saddened Thee to death, O My Jesus! I am ashamed to have committed them, and their odious remembrance so weighs on my conscience that I no longer dare say: I love Thee; fearing lest they should accuse me of untruth. For did I love Thee, as much as Thou art lovable, how would I dare to commit sin, the slightest sin?

And yet I wish to love Thee. I feel that I do love Thee in spite of my betrayals and ingratitude.

Agonizing Savior, allow me to take refuge with Thee in the solitude of Gethsemane. Have pity on the miserable being who prostrates himself near Thy annihilated Body. Show him all his faults as Thou Thyself didst see them during the terrible hour of Thy Agony, that he may know their number, gravity and contagion.

Alas! My iniquities, ceaselessly renewed, have outnumbered the hairs of my head: Iniquitas meæ multiplicatæ sunt super capillos capitis mei. I see them by crowds in my thoughts, desires, actions. And how many escape me, for which, like the Psalmist, I must abandon myself to the mercy of God!

All my faults are not mortal, but they are all grave for me, since they offend a God to Whom I owe so many benefits. The slightest offenses are charged to me as crimes by the graces I have received.

If all were but buried in the shadows of my own conscience! But I may have committed my spiritual leprosy to innocent souls, to-day sick by the contagion of my sins.

By enlightening me, O my Jesus, Thou dost confound me; do not cast me into despair. Sinner, that I am, I still love Thee; I desire to prove it to Thee by my sorrow. After having enlightened me, cause all the anguish of Thy agony to pass through me. May my soul, like Thy Holy Soul, fear the judgments of God, that it may never dare brave them again; may my soul, like Thy Holy Soul, be disgusted with the horrors of sin, that it may never more commit them; like Thy Holy Soul, may mine be sad unto death, in order to expiate its faults.

I weep, I groan, I am heart-broken, I can no longer live unless Thou dost give to my sorrow a pledge of Thy Love. Approach Thy innocent Heart to my guilty heart, and speak to it those consoling words: "My son, have confidence, thy sins are forgiven thee: "Confide fili, remittuntur tibi peccata tua."



APRIL JOYS.

MARGUERITE LOIS.

APRI^L is come, with a smile and a tear,
 Blue bird and robin will both soon be here;
 Snow's left the hill-side, and grows the dale,
 Streams long ice-fettered flow flush through the vale.
 Early some morning we'll look out and see,
 Rose-tinted blossoms on every peach tree;
 Cherry and apple tree, too, will soon bloom,
 Lilacs will waft us their dainty perfume.
 Violets blue from their green hoods will peep,
 Nature is waking from Winter's long sleep;
 Waking to offer, the incense of praise,
 To God, the Creator, these balmy Spring days.

Wake too, ye Christians, and cast off your pride,
 Joy with the Church at the glad Easter-tide;
 Rise with Him, worship Him, Christ the great King,
 Who, through His dying, doth life to us bring.
 Praise Him, who triumphed o'er death and the grave,
 Pledge Him, your passions no more shall enslave;
 Ask for firm faith, that with love shall increase,
 Till hope findeth rest in God's Kingdom of Peace.



Jesus said to her: "Woman, why do you weep? Whom are you seeking?" She supposing Him to be the gardner, said to Him: "Sir, if you have carried Him away from here, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away." Jesus said to her: "Mary!" She turned and said to Him in Hebrew: "Rabboni;" which means "Master." (St John, c. 20, v. 15-17.)

MRS. MUNRO'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF A SLAVE GIRL WHO BECAME EMPRESS OF CHINA.



Y Dear Children: — At the end of our last "Chat", we saw by the strange answer the Empress of China made to her lady-in-waiting, that she was not too fond of her step-son, and would be utterly unscrupulous in her conduct with regard to him.

Now he was far from being the uneducated man she fancied he was, and had contrived in spite of his imperious, ambitious step-mother, to get his mind pretty well filled with a great deal of useful information.

The Empress wanted no improvements in the empire of China, no railroads, no telegraphs, no telephones, no trolleys, nothing of Western civilization in any form. All she wanted was, that the ancient laws of the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, should be strictly adhered to.

And she had a selfish reason for this, for it is not to be supposed that such a marvellously clever woman as the Empress Tuen, had not seen for herself, by reading, and observation, what a benefit Western ideas, and Western inventions and civilization would be to her country.

But that condition of things would be the end of her rule; and ambition was her ruling motive; she would sacrifice everything to that; she had already killed many people who stood in her way.

Was it likely she was going to allow the country's good to hinder her love of supreme power?

The Emperor, on the contrary, was differently constituted: he had a much nobler mind than his fearful step-mother.

He was fond of study, as his father had been before him. He read new books, he delighted in the wonderful inventions of the "Western World", and held interviews with disciples of the foreign missionaries both of our own religion, and the various sects that from time to time have gone to "evangelize" China.

His eyes were open also, to the superiority, moral and physical, of the Japanese Nation, which he noticed in the way they conducted the war of 1894-5.

And Kang-Yu-Wi, a man of advanced thought and ideas, succeeded in getting an interview with him, and persuaded him to issue most important laws, reforming schools, government, and public conduct of affairs generally.

Kang had also presented to the Emperor two books containing the story of the reform of Russia by Peter the Great, the reform of Japan in our day, and the recovery of France, after its defeat by

Germany. These books the young Emperor read with great interest, and many useful lessons they conveyed to him, for he was so anxious to learn, and thus to benefit his people!

But alas! just as he was beginning to carry out his ideas for his poor, benighted nation, his step-mother stopped all the good work.

And this is how she did it, children. She raised the whole united ring of one powerful clan, called the Manchu, and getting all the Mandarins of that set together, she harangued them thus:

"My lords, what are we to do? See what bad advisers have done for the 'Sun of The World'!" (It is thus in their absurd phraseology, that they generally designate their emperors), and I feel sure that cruel, astute woman was laughing in her sleeve, when she gave her stepson, whom she so thoroughly despised, that high-sounding title.

The Mandarins nodded their silly old heads when she told them how it would ruin the Mighty Empire of China, to allow such laws, as he had lately issued, and such inventions as "The White Pigs" and "White Devils" wanted him to bring into their own beautiful land.

I must tell you, children, that that is the beautiful name she gives to the denizens of any land but her own, especially to those of Europe.

"What shall we do?" said she, clasping her wicked old hands, and casting her wicked old eyes up, as if she was invoking help from her absurd and hideous old gods and images; "shall we allow this thing to go on? Shall glorious Confucius and his great laws be laughed at in our land after so many long years?"

"No," said the old Mandarins, shaking their stupid old heads, for they were blind as bats, and could not see the awakening of their land from its long heathen sleep of centuries! "We must stop this at once, and oh, great Empress, how is it to be done?"

"His Majesty must leave politics alone, and his ministers must be changed, we will take care of those that he has now about him they wil not be able to harm us long!"

"How?" asked one of the Mandarins, but he trembled as he spoke.

"Oh, I just brought you all together so that if you hear any rumors, you can assure the people, and keep them quiet, that is all I ask you to do, my lords!"

Thereupon the council broke up, and the three buttoned, and two buttoned, and one buttoned grandees shook their pig-tails proudly, and felt they had done their duty by their beloved country; and bowing low, at the Empress' feet, they told her to keep herself quite easy, they were ready to swear black was white, if she bade them.

"Either the 'Sun of the World' must obey your wishes, or he must abdicate the throne, great lady," said one of them.

"Oh, I will take care of him," said Empress Tuen calmly, as she bowed her visitors out of the palace.

And she did take care of him, and for a long time, many weeks, no news could be had of what was going on in the Palace at Pekin.

Rumor said, the young Emperor was very ill, that he was dying, that he was dead, but none could tell the truth.

England's Ambassador, Germany's, France's, Italy's, all tried to see him; but none could, and the Empress would see none of them herself, though time and again they requested an interview with her.

And the servants of the Palace were dumb; they dare not utter one word to the anxious foreigners, as they would get their heads cut off themselves, well they knew!

From that time poor Emperor Kueng-Han has been hidden from the eyes of the people; and Dowager Empress Tuen reigns in his stead.

Six of the followers of the reformer Kang-Yu-Wi were executed, by the order of the Empress, and Kang himself only escaped her soldiers by a miracle. She rules with a hand of iron, and she is doing her level best to stop the regeneration of China.

But she cannot. God says, No!

The time is at hand, China is awake! Already through this mighty empire, people are hungering, and thirsting, for knowledge, they are eager for news of anything that comes from the Western world.

And if the Empress has not had her stepson murdered, as many people think she has done, if he still lives, and can get out of the hands of this awful woman, and the slaves that do her cruel work, he will, when once more in power, exercise his beneficent sway over his subjects, he will issue more good laws, taught by the priests and missionaries, spread through his land; but whether this poor young man, this martyr to the right, as we can most truly call him, lives or dies, the awakening of China has begun, and will go on.

It will not stop either, for the whole nation is stirred to its inmost depths. The people are learning our language and reading our books! They are drinking in Western ideas! They make friends of our priests and missionaries, and have begged for bright young men, to be sent to teach in the schools, which they are erecting everywhere. They are asking, that all European inventions be brought out to their land! They are offering big pay and all sorts of inducements, to men and women, to go and teach their children.

Of course, if Empress Tuen could get her hands on the good people who go to help them at their earnest call, she would most surely kill every one, for she knows no mercy, and has a heart of stone, and has killed many people who were in her way before, or who did not do as she wished since she was Empress, but it is to be hoped that none of these good men and women will get into her clutches!

But she is old now and must die sometime, and although she is the virtual ruler at present, and every one has to fall at her feet, yet there will be a change, in God's own good time.

But, children, did I ever tell you a more wonderful story than this, of the little girl, who was so nearly murdered by her father at her birth!

And now all Europe is looking at her, for she holds the key of China, and she has a fine contempt for all the great countries, except her own.

And no one can do anything with her. What can the Ambassadors say to a vicious old woman, who is peeping at them behind a curtain? For that is how she receives foreign gentlemen.

I daresay her wicked old eyes glint at them often, and the wicked old soul says, "Ah ha! ah ha! would you not like to know what is going on within this palace, that you might make a row and get hold of me; but you never shall, and China will not reform, as you call it, while there is breath left in my body!"

And this is the situation to-day. Empress Tuen defying the whole of the powers of Europe, and no one knowing well what she is going to do next.

She is called by many "The Sphynx of the Nineteenth Century." A woman who is setting the most powerful countries of the world at defiance, a murderer whom no laws can reach, a woman with a heart of stone, a statesman who has ruled with an iron will for more than thirty-five years, making every one do her will, and an autocrat who is the curse of the beautiful land over which she exercises supreme sway.

Does she ever think of the time when her father doomed her to death, of the time when she and her family begged at the Temple of Buddha, asking the priests for a morsel of bread for herself and her starving family?

Ah, does she ever think of those times? And I wonder if she ever thinks of the time when she will have to give up her wicked soul to the demon she has so long served!

Far better it would have been for the Empress Tuen had her little innocent form been flung into the river that night so long, long ago.

(The end.)

DANDELIONS.

F. D. NEW, A. M.



OME, perhaps, when they see the title of this paper, will open their eyes, and say to themselves, "Dandelions! what care we for these ugly, common weeds?" I hope, though, that the number will be small, and that those who despise these really beautiful flowers,—these brilliant little "stars that in earth's firmament do shine"—will finally come to regard them at their true value.

Not so long ago our pretty ox-eye daisy, now so widely esteemed, was despised also. Our grandfathers may recall the time when it was called the "white weed." Even yet, I dare say, farmers consider it only a troublesome pest. So with the wild carrot, whose beautiful lace-like flowers have come to be admired within our own memory; though to the husbandman even yet it is not the "queen's lace," as some call it, but a common weed.

If Emerson's definition be correct, that a weed is a plant whose usefulness has not yet been discovered, then the dandelion is surely no weed; for it has long been used in a variety of ways. In some countries the dry roots are ground up, and serve in place of coffee. They are also combined with coffee, and given to the sick. Some make use of the leaves as a pot-herb, whilst the young and tender leaves are gathered for salad. The Apache Indians are said to be exceedingly fond of the dandelion as a food, the quantity that one Indian can eat being enormous. The root acts as a tonic: the milky juice, likewise, contains medical properties. Indeed the very name of the dandelion, that is its scientific name, testifies to its usefulness; *taraxacum*, its generic name being composed of the Greek words *tasagis*, "disorder," and *akos*, "remedy," or "cure." Besides being edible by man, the leaves serve as food for silkworms, when their ordinary food, mulberry leaves, cannot be obtained.

The English name "dandelion" comes from the French *dent-de-lion*, which, as we know, means "lion's tooth." It is a curious fact that almost everywhere the plant bears a similar common name, all having reference to the tooth-like leaves. In Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Danish and Swedish the common name is expressive of the likeness between the notched leaves of the plant, and the teeth of a lion. It may be that this uniformity of common

names came from another specific name of the plant, it being called also *taraxacum dens-leonis* (lion's tooth), though possibly the common name antedates the scientific, and may have given rise to it.

The habit which the dandelion is said to have of opening its flowers between four and five o'clock in the morning, and closing them between eight and nine in the evening, gave it a place in the floral clock of the great botanist, Linnaeus. This habit ought to make it popular among the makers of modern floral clocks, the cultivation of which is not unknown in our country. Though now so abundant throughout the land, this

"Dear, common flower, that grows beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

is not native to our soil, but came hither with our white ancestors. Whatever was their original home, they are now found, in one form or another, over the whole of Europe, Central and Northern Asia, as well as North America. Even in the Arctic regions these little earth-stars give their light.

But let us now examine at close range some dandelions with the aid of microscope. First, though, we must learn that what is usually called a dandelion flower, is not in reality a *single* flower at all, but a number of flowers gathered together in what is termed a "head." Let me illustrate:

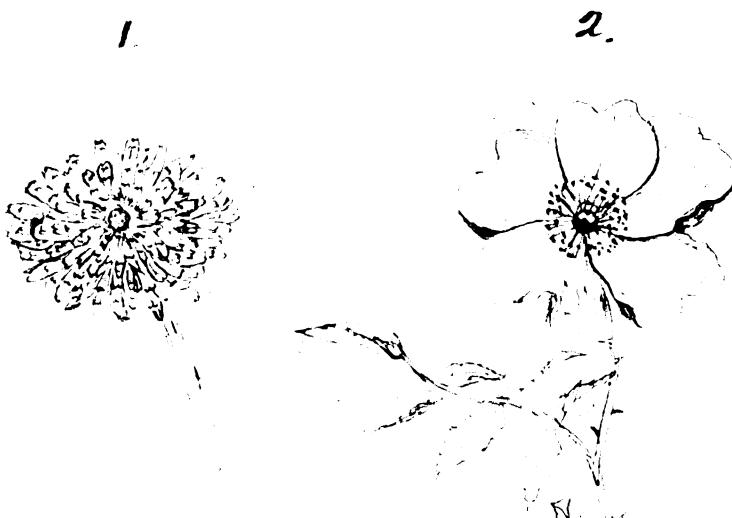
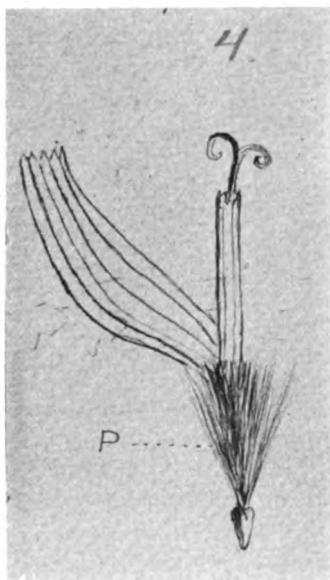
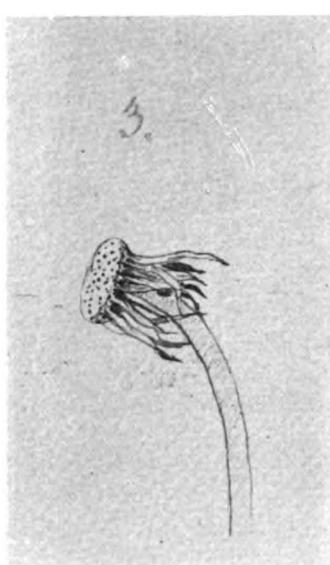
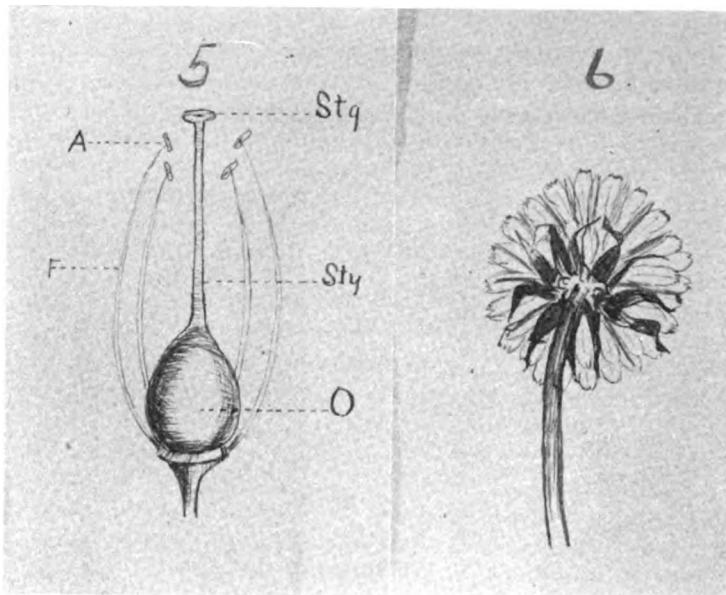


Figure 1 is not a single flower, as is the wild rose, figure 2, but is composed of many small flowers growing very closely together on a torus (cushion), or receptacle. Figure 3 shows this as it appears without seeds. In figure 4 we have one of these small ligulate (strap-shaped) flowers, as it looks when greatly enlarged.



Here the evolutionists would beg leave to tell you how the dandelion, in the struggle for existence, came to arrange its flowers thus, instead of producing like the lily and the rose, for example, large single flowers. But we shall not attempt anything of the sort, especially as one is no longer thought behind the age who does not profess Darwinism, seeing that that theory is losing ground, where once it was thought a mark of ignorance not to believe in it. I shall not attempt, therefore, to explain why or how the dandelion came to assume this mode of efflorescence, but shall content myself with the fact that it *does* flower in this way, and try to make the manner of blooming clear to my readers.

To do this, those who are not acquainted with botanical terms, must first become familiar with at least a few which will be needed for our description.



The CALYX is the outermost envelope of a flower. Its divisions are called Sepals. It is usually green.

The COROLLA is the envelope within the calyx. Its divisions are called Petals. Its color varies very much.

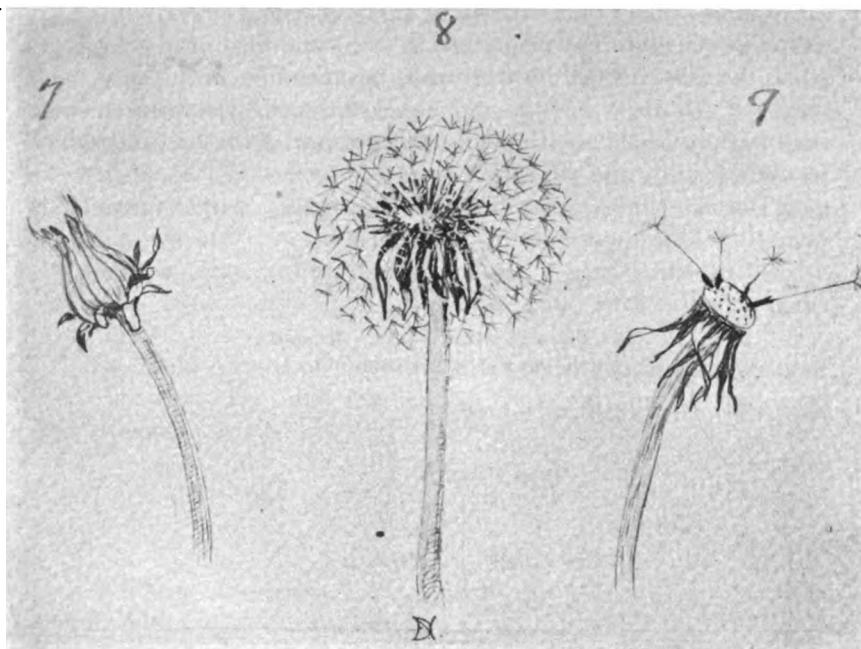
The STAMENS come next, and are represented in figure 5. A perfect stamen consists of two parts, the Filament (F), and the Anther (A). An anther is a receptacle containing a powder, called Pollen (usually yellow), which is necessary to fertilize the seeds in the Ovary (O).

The PISTIL is the central organ of a flower (figure 5), and is composed of a Style (sty.), and a Stigma (stig.).

Grains of pollen coming into contact with the stigma, send out thread-like shoots, which reaching to the Ovules (seeds) in the ovary fertilize them. Without this fertilization the ovules would never be capable of producing young plants. The stigma and stamens for this reason are called "essential organs."

If we take one of the little florets of the dandelion, and examine it under a microscope, we shall find that it looks something like figure 4. We shall see that it has not only the essential organs,—stamens and pistil—but also a corolla, though here it is not separated into parts, but tube-like in shape for part of its length,

and strap-like for the remaining, and greater part. At the extremity of the strap are little teeth. Believers in the evolution theory would tell us that these are remnants of the petals which the flowers once had, but which were thus changed in the struggle for existence. The plant *found out*, they would say, that by producing this kind of flowers, instead of blooms similar to those its ancestors had borne, the difficulties of the struggle would be lessened. But to return to our little floret under the microscope: the calyx is replaced by a number of fine, silky hairs, which collectively are called *pappus* (figure 4, P), from a Greek word meaning "old man," or "grandfather." The use of the pappus we shall see presently.



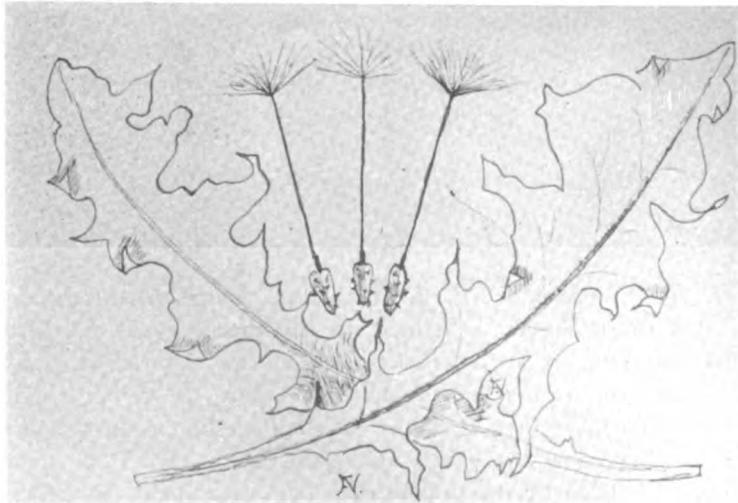
The green envelope of the dandelion, which resembles the calyx of a single flower, is named an Involucre (figure 6). The leaflets composing it, called Bracts, are in two whorls, an outer and an inner, the former shorter than the latter. If we cut a dandelion through the center vertically we shall see the seedlets standing on the receptacle, the florets above the seeds. After the seeds have been fertilized by the pollen, they begin to ripen; the yellow corollas wither and fall off, leaving the pappus behind. The con-

necting link between the ovary and the pappus now begins to grow until it is about one-half an inch in length. This is called a beak. All this time the bracts of the inner circle of the involucre have remained closed, giving the head the appearance of figure 7. When the seeds have fully ripened, the bracts open, giving us the wonderful clock-balls of children (figure 8). The pappus is now spread out like an inverted umbrella, and when the wind blows the little seeds are lifted up from the torus, or receptacle, and borne away (figure 9). The seeds are provided with rough points which serve to anchor them, when they have found a suitable place.

How wonderfully and beautifully the Creator has ordered these things! Not only the dandelion's, but many other seeds are provided with means of transporting themselves to newer soil. Just as the farmer does not plant corn in the same field year after year, so do the plants, aided by the means bestowed by Providence, seek new soil. If they were to remain in the same spot season after season, they would soon exhaust the ground of the food necessary for their healthy and vigorous life.

The dandelion's span of life, as illustrating man's "fortune," is quaintly told in these lines by Father Tabb:

"With locks of gold to-day;
To-morrow, silver gray;
Then blossom—bald. Behold,
O man, thy fortune told!"

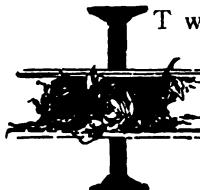


TWIN SISTERS.

MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

 T was with something of a jealous pain, that Mrs. Heminway watched Hattie nestle close to her grandfather's shoulder, as she sat on his knee, within the shelter of his protecting arm, in the old library, to which they had gone, after the first few moments of wonderment and mutual recognition were over. But she was not an ungenerous woman, and the feeling was no sooner made evident to her consciousness than she threw it away from her indignantly. But she was longing to hear the man's story, and after she had asked him several questions about the operation which was to be performed on his eyes, hoping thus to draw his attention from the child, she said:

"Hattie, dear, your grandfather and I would like to have a little talk. Run away to your music now, and later you may come to us again."

The child obeyed her at once, though her passage to the door was somewhat slow, and marked by lingering, smiling backward glances which caused both of the older people to smile also.

"And now, Mr. Stewart," said Mrs. Heminway, as the door closed behind the little girl, "tell me the whole story; for I assure you I am extremely anxious to hear it."

"No doubt you are, madame," was the courteous reply. "Perhaps I am equally desirous of telling it; for it has been a burthen on my mind for many years."

"I see no resemblance to my son in Hattie," said Mrs. Heminway with a sigh, "not the slightest, and I am sorry for it. Although it would not endear her to me any more, it would still be a pleasure to be able to trace a likeness."

The old man smiled, coughed once or twice, and leaning on his stick, looked her steadily in the face as he answered in a slow, deliberate tone:

"No, she does not resemble her father in the least. She is the exact image of my daughter. It seems to me now, since I have seen her, that we should have had this child, and you the other one."

"What other one?" exclaimed Mrs. Heminway in surprise, "I do not understand."

"There were two children," said the old man calmly. "Two little girls, and the one we have at home is as much like her father as this one resembles her mother."

"What are you saying?" cried the old lady. "Do you mean to tell me that my son left two daughters instead of one, while that until a few weeks ago I was unaware that he had been married?"

"That is the whole truth of it," said Mr. Stewart.

"And did he — did Eustace know it?"

"Yes," said the other, in a low voice, "and he would have made it all right if he had had time."

"Ah, the poor boy!" cried the mother, clasping her hands. "The poor, foolish boy, not to have confided in his mother."

"He feared your displeasure," said the old man. "His idea was to win you gradually over. He did not want to anger you," he said, "for he loved you with all his heart."

"I know he did, I know he did," she replied, "therefore he should have trusted me."

"We all have our weaknesses, madame," said the old man. "That of your son was more pardonable than some."

"But tell me, tell me!" cried Mrs. Heminway: "I can not bear this suspense any longer."

The old man continued: "The brigade to which Dr. Heminway was attached was encamped for some months near the town of F—, about three miles from the place where I live. I am a miller. I also have a little farm. My own early advantages were good, but there were reasons why, on coming to this country from Scotland, I should choose an obscure place of residence. At least I thought so, for I had lost a great deal of money, and had no longer the courage to begin life anew in the bustle of a large city. We had one daughter; her mother and myself educated her as well as we could, at home. We had no near neighbors — but there was a cousin at F—, an old maiden lady, whom the child sometimes visited. It was there that she met your son, — not in the cousin's house, but at church, where she played the organ during her stay. He went to Mass regularly, and he and his friend, Dr. Greenwald, offered to help the little choir. Thus they became acquainted and intimate. Before I knew it, my daughter's affections were engaged. The regiment went to the front — the two young men were taken prisoners and escaped. They came directly to us. We could not

refuse the request of the young people — they were married. They remained with us several months, when Dr. Greenwald was taken with pneumonia and died. Dr. Heminway returned home after the little girls were born. It was his intention to tell you the whole story, but he found his father dying, and so put it off from time to time."

"And did you encourage him in this procrastination?" inquired Mrs. Heminway with some asperity.

"On the contrary," was the reply. "From the first — that is, as soon as I learned how he felt about the matter — before he left us I urged him to tell the whole truth. It was not until after his marriage that I became aware of his real position."

"You should have taken pains to assure yourself of it before entrusting your daughter to him," said Mrs. Heminway.

"I knew that he was a gentleman, and a Catholic," said the old man, adding with a sudden uplifting of his grey head, "and I believed my daughter to be good enough for any man that ever breathed."

"Hattie is like her, you say? No one could be sweeter than the child."

"Hattie — my Hattie — died when the children were three weeks old. Then Dr. Heminway came home."

"What was his purpose when he left you?"

"To send for the children later. When he had told the story to his parents. Afterwards we persuaded him to allow us to keep one. It would have broken my wife's heart to have given up both."

"That was but fair," said Mrs. Heminway. "And how did you decide?"

"Finally, by lot," said the old man. "At that time they looked exactly alike. Now they do not resemble each other much."

"And did you never intend to let me know that there was another child — after you had heard of my son's death, I mean?"

"That I can not say. Probably we would not have revealed the secret, if it had not been that our priest, Father Corcoran, talked to us about it, and we decided, in the interests of our little girl, to let you know."

Mrs. Heminway did not speak for some time. With folded hands clasped lightly in her lap she sat looking into the past, that sorrowful, mysterious past of her son's later years, which she could not now undo, and which but for a false timidity on his part might have been so much more happy than it had proven.

"Poor Eustace!" she said at last. "His mother would not have been harsh with him. And I have another granddaughter whom I have never seen. What is she like? What is her name?"

"Her name is Addie, and she is the image of her father."

"Oh, how I should like to see her! Will you send her to me; when will you send her? Her name is Addie, you say? It is she then of whom Hattie used to speak when she first came."

The old man's face grew radiant. "Thank God that she will be welcome to you when she does come," he said. "My wife and I did not know, we were afraid. But now when we go she will have a home and loving hearts to receive her. We are both old and feeble — my sight cannot be restored, so the doctor told me yesterday — and my wife is very delicate. Oh, there is a great load taken from my heart; of late I have thought it wrong that those two little sisters should not be together."

"Does she know about Hattie?" inquired Mrs. Heminway.

"Yes, she knows."

"While Hattie is quite unprepared for the good news awaiting her. But could you not send for her at once, Mr. Stewart?"

"It would kill her grandmother to lose the child," was the reply. "At the same time she is longing to see the other one, in whom she would recognize her own Hattie. It would be such a consolation if she could have her for a time. Would you allow her to come home with me?"

"I might, on condition that you would send me her sister," said Mrs. Heminway. "But no — that would again separate the children, who have been apart too long. Is there no other way?"

"There is another way, if you will consent to it," said Mr. Stewart. "Our mountain region has lately become a favorite resort for city people who want a rest in some primitive place, far removed from fashion. Nothing can be more beautiful than our country. It is true we live very simply, but in that simplicity some find a charm. No doubt you are in the habit of going away for the summer. Could you not come to us for a change?"

"I seldom leave home now-a-days, even in the warmest season," said Mrs. Heminway, "but nothing could be more agreeable to me at this time than your invitation. I have the simplest tastes, I assure you, Mr. Stewart. If you will do us the favor of taking us in I promise you that next summer you will see us at your mountain home."

"It does me good to hear you say that," said the old man. "I had a heavy heart when I came out this morning. But now everything seems different. You have been so kind, the child is so sweet and so happy with you. Ah! my poor wife will be delighted. And I assure you when you see our Addie, you will have no reason to be ashamed of her, reared though she has been among the Virginia mountains."

Mrs. Heminway looked at the handsome, dignified old man before her. "I do not need that assurance," she said as she gave him her hand. He arose to go.

"No, no," she said, "while you remain in the city you must stay with us. And perhaps I may still be able to find a doctor who can do something for the eyes."

When Hattie heard that she had a little sister, her joy was unbounded. She was not a curious child, and while it seemed somewhat strange that for so many years her grandmother should have been ignorant that she was in reality her own flesh and blood, she concluded there must have been some very good reason of which only her grandfather Stewart was aware. He remained with them nearly a month, after having had a partially successful operation performed on his eyes, his great age precluding the chance of perfect recovery. When he returned to Virginia the old man bore with him many dainty and useful gifts to those he had left at home, with a letter from Hattie to the sister whom she now longed with all the impatience of her childish heart to see. Nothing could be sweeter or more clever in a child of her age than the answer which came from Addie, accompanied by a letter to Mrs. Heminway, over which she shed many joyful tears. Although Hattie predicted that she knew the days would drag more slowly than they had before until the day when they should be ready to set out for the mountains, they went swiftly enough in reality, her time was so much occupied with school and music and healthful recreation. At length it was almost vacation; now there were but five more days, now three, now two, and now it was to-morrow that they were to start for the mountains. And then "to-morrow" came. They were seated in the carriage, with Bridget and Honora and Martin waving them "Goodbye and Godspeed" from the doorway, and clinging close to her grandmother the joyful little girl whispered ecstatically:

"At last, at last, grandmother, I am going to see my dear little sister!"

(To be continued.)

LITTLE GABE'S EASTER.

From the French of ANDRE THEURIET by H. TWITCHELL.



ROM my windows I could look across the court into the rooms on the ground-floor which were little Gabriel's home. Every one called him "Little Gabe." His father was a cutter in a tailor shop; his mother, pale and gray at forty, used up the remnant of her strength in her household duties. Of the five children, three had employment outside. Only two were at home, a girl of eighteen, who was a seamstress, and Little Gabe, who was a hunchback.

The poor boy could not walk unless he was laced up in a sort of straight-jacket. His head, however, was finely shaped; his face was exquisitely delicate, and his expression was keen and intelligent. Though he was eight years old, looking at his poor little bent form, one would not have thought him more than five. But if one were to judge by his serious expression, by his broad brow shading his large brown eyes, so sad and precociously thoughtful, one would have called him twenty.

His father, mother, and sister adored him because of his gentle disposition and his wonderful intelligence. The family physician had forbidden him to do any work, but to amuse him he was taken every day to a school near by where he listened, and remembered all he heard. One day after school I saw him sitting outside on the porch, looking wistfully up the street. When I questioned him, his black eyes shone with something like fright. His sister had not yet come home from work and his mother had gone out to make some purchases, locking the door.

As he was talking to me his sister came up quite out of breath.

"Ah, poor Gabe! Did I make you wait? You were not impatient, were you?"

"No," replied Gabe in a calm voice, whose silvery ring I can yet hear. "I thought perhaps you might never come back, as you might be tired of me, I am so troublesome."

"Do not talk so, you naughty boy," exclaimed the sister, smothering him with kisses. Turning to me with eyes filled with tears, she said:

"He is so dear and intelligent; he reasons like a man. What a pity he is so weakly! The doctor said if he could go to Berck

this summer, the sea air and the sea baths might cure him; but Berck is a good ways off, and the expense would be great. Still I am going to try to take him."

The brave girl worked early and late to save the money needed for the trip. Often in the middle of the night I could hear the clicking of the machine, which sounded like the sound of locusts in the country fields. Behind the curtain I could see her profile as she bent over her work, and I thought involuntarily of those lines of Hood:

"Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim.
Seam, and gusset and band
• And band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

"Work, work, work.
In the dull December light,
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright.
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring."

Every one in the neighborhood knew Little Gabe's story, and the women brought sewing to the sister. They stopped the child whenever they saw him and petted him or gave him sweetmeats. He was always grave and did not respond to the caresses; he was disturbed rather than pleased by them. He said to his sister once after a long meditation:

"The lady on the third floor gave me playthings; why should she do that when she does not know me? It was because I am a hunchback, I suppose."

Work was plentiful, and the pile of money grew larger and larger in the corner of the bureau-drawer. July was near and preparations were already begun for the departure. A little leather trunk was purchased, and clothing for the boy, and Little Gabe talked to his schoolmates of nothing else but his lovely trip to the sea. At almost the last moment a most unfortunate accident upset all their plans.

A young married woman had brought her wedding dress to the seamstress to have some alterations made in it. It was a costly dress and was to serve for festive occasions for some time to come. One evening, Gabe was handling an ink-bottle, when it slipped from his thin fingers, and the black liquid ran over the satin skirt. No one scolded him for his face showed such horror that it was pitiful

to look at it. The sister stifled her exclamation of regret and distress. In silence she sponged the dress and found the extent of the disaster.

Eight metres of the satin were ruined. To tell the lady of the accident and to plead in Gabe's favor, were things not to be thought of. In the first place she was not rich, and this dress was the only one she had for occasions; then the seamstress was too proud to expose her poverty to others. The most dignified thing to do was to go to Bon Marché and try to match the fabric. Eight meters at fifteen francs a meter made a total of one hundred and twenty francs; a rude break in the traveling funds! The dream was over; the outing had to be postponed for a year. The sister kissed Little Gabe to console him and went to work with a fresh courage.

The winter which followed was a hard one for my neighbors on the ground-floor. The autumn had been rainy and had seriously affected Gabe's health. He had pains in his bones and his head, and had a slow fever. The doctor shook his head and insisted again that the child be sent to the sea-shore early in the summer. This time it was decided that cost what it might, he should go by the end of May. The machine flew faster than ever, and the days were prolonged further into the night. Gabe had been given a book in which were nothing but pictures of the sea; views of ports, with their forests of masts along the sides of the quays; rocky shores washed by the dashing waves; fisher's barks which looked like white-winged birds.

The child talked of nothing but the sea; he saw it in his dreams, and often even in the daytime, across the grey fog of the court, he had visions of shores beaten by waves, and of a stretch of water covered with ships with white sails spread.

The winter was exceptionally damp and cold, and I no longer met Little Gabe on the porch of the house. The doctor had expressly forbidden him to go out of doors. Sometimes I saw him at the window gazing sadly into space, no doubt seeing in his imagination stately ships passing by.

After the middle of March he was no longer visible. His bones ached more and more, his feeble limbs would no longer support him, and his head pained him greatly. He lay on his bed all day, turning over for the hundredth time the leaves of his book with pictures of the sea.

He had not given up the thought of the trip.

"When are we going?" he often asked his sister, and when she told him they must wait for warm weather, he said:

"I am in such a hurry to go, because I want to get well, so you will not cry any more."

He often said over the names of the cities they were to pass through. Chantilly, then Clermont, Amiens, Abbeville, and at last the sea. "When I am once there," he said, "I am sure the pains in my bones will be all gone."

He kept the large pink shell from the mantel near him, so that he could put it to his ear and hear the distant murmur of that sea which was to deliver him from all his miseries.

Towards Easter I no longer heard the whirring of the machine. No work was done on the ground-floor, and the gleam of a lamp during the whole night showed that some one watched by the side of the sick child.

"He is worse," said the concierge, instinctively pressing her rosy boy to her side. "He is not long for this world. Poor child, it will be a deliverance."

On Easter morning I saw a little coffin borne out of the house followed by the weeping family. It was Little Gabe who was starting at last on his trip to the unfathomable Sea of the Unknown.

PUZZLES.

ANSWER TO MARCH PUZZLES.

First Puzzle. I am a word of eight letters—Filipino.

My 5th, 6th and 7th, has a head but no brains—Pin.

My 3rd, 4th and 5th, part of the body—Hip.

My 5th and 8th, river in Italy—Po. [Chang].

My 2nd and 3rd, part of name of Chinese statesman—Li, (Li Hung

My 5th and 6th is good—Pi, (pie).

My 3rd, 4th and 5th, is bad—Pil, (pill). [blow].

My 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, is not pleasant to receive—Filip, (fillip a

My 1st and 2nd, mamma says to naughty children—Fi, (fie).

My 7th and 8th, is a negative—No.

My 2nd and 3rd, no one likes to be—Ill, (ill).

My 1st, 5th and 8th, many young men are—Fop.

Whole. Philipino. These men are not much admired by us.

Second puzzle. I am a word of three letters—Fly.

Name of a river—Y, (Wye).

Name of a street in Washington—F, (F street).

A measure—L, (Ell).

It causes a good deal of excitement in warm weather.

PUZZLES FOR APRIL.

FIRST PUZZLE.

I saw a beetle with a fiery tail.

I saw a comet pour down hail.

I saw a cloud all wrapped with ivy round.

I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground.

I saw a small worm swallow up a whale.

I saw the foaming sea brimful of ale.

I saw a mug ten feet deep.

And at the dead of night

I saw a man who saw these wondrous sights.

SECOND PUZZLE.

I am a word of five letters.

My 1st, 2nd and 3rd, it is very pleasant to be.

My 4th and 5th, it is very wrong to do.

My 3rd and 4th, it is very pleasant to taste.

My 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th, is well known in England.

My 1st, 2nd and 5th, is well known in furniture.

My whole was a name famous in the Church and on the throne.



Surrexit non est hic.

That the splendor of this season may flood the souls of all is the earnest wish of the ROSARY MAGAZINE.

The cover which encloses this number is the work of Mr. Barnhorn, the American Sculptor, an appreciation of whose achievements in his special line of art will be found in these pages.

It is safe to say that no document of recent times has been read so widely or attracted such general attention as the letter of the Holy Father on "Americanism," addressed to Cardinal Gibbons. The time is ripe for its appearance and that it will be productive of much good goes without saying. Guided by the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, the informing principle of the Church, the Holy Father, the head and front of that Church, has delivered himself of an opinion which is remarkable for comprehensiveness of view, nice discrimination, inerrancy of judgment, and a firmness as unshakable as is the rock against which the gates of hell can not prevail.

The general character of the letter is precisely such as we had reason to hope for. The series of documents issued by the line of pontiffs from Peter to Leo XIII. has ever borne the stamp of more than human wisdom. Inasmuch as this is so, and that every evidence of it serves but to quicken our faith and

to renew our confidence, we rejoice that the occasion was given for the delivery of the letter under consideration. But nevertheless it is surprising that the several points emphasized in the letter should have needed authoritative declaration. The Church is the embodiment of truth, and truth is necessarily intolerant of error, how then can she do or sanction anything that wears even the semblance of such tolerance. To say that the conditions of this country and time are such as to justify if not to demand a relaxation is simply absurd. Can we forget the circumstances under which the Church took its rise? The world was steeped in Paganism, than which there never was anything more hostile to the Church. In spite of Pagan antiquities, of Pagan philosophers, of Pagan arms, of all the Pagan teaching which pandered so to the passions of men, the Church which demanded a complete reversal of all this made such rapid strides, that twenty-seven years after the tragic death of Christ St. Paul was able to give thanks that faith in this same Christ was spoken of in the whole world. "We are but of yesterday," said the Martyr Justin in the very teeth of his persecutors, "and yet there is not a race of men, whether of Greeks or Barbarians or of whatsoever kind, among whom thanksgiving and prayers are not sent up in the name of Jesus the crucified." There was no compromise then, why should there be now. Besides, the

Church is growing as rapidly as we have reason to expect. Nothing can be more encouraging than to compare the statistics of the year 1898 with those of even a decade ago, and to note the marvellous growth of the Church in this favored land.

With the growth of the Church the religious orders have kept pace. Their numbers have increased, their influence has widened. The history of this country bears the record of their self-sacrifice, their zeal, and above all is a witness that the spirit which animated their founders many centuries ago lives in their sons to-day and fits in quite as well with the requirements of the nineteenth century as it did with those of the tenth, or the thirteenth, or the sixteenth. They may be ancient, but they are not antiquated — ancient but ever new. And the renewal of their strength lies precisely in the emission of the vows; it is the element of perpetuity, without which the religious state is simply inconceivable. The needs of the Church are manifold and various. They always were. They are so now, and so they will ever be. To minister perfectly to them, God has raised up a secular priesthood and a number of religious orders, all alike in fundamentals but differing in accidental variations. What God has done is well done. Let us not discriminate but assist and encourage all in the work along their special lines. A perfect harmony will thus be preserved — a harmony as beautiful as the song of many voices of varying pitch but of perfect accord.

The stand that M. Balfour, the Tory Leader, has taken in the matter of the Irish Catholic University is one that all fair-minded men, whatever be their nationality, must applaud. Mr. Balfour is a just man and in all matters, whether they be political, religious, scientific or literary, he is true to his lights and fearless in the declaration of his opinions. The fact that the "Protestant

Thousand" took exception to his views on the University matter, produced no change in his attitude nor did it put a stop to his utterances. On the contrary it brought forth a very remarkable speech, in which the Irish claim is justified beyond dispute and the unreasonableness of the opposition is made painfully clear. In this connection it may be interesting to note the words of Matthew Arnold, the distinguished scholar, on the same subject:

"At Trinity College, Dublin, the Irish Protestants have a University instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. Trinity College is endowed with confiscated Catholic lands and occupies the site of a suppressed monastery. The Catholic majority of Ireland is neither allowed the use of the old endowments to give it a University instruction such as it desires, and such as in England and Scotland we make the old endowments give us, nor is it allowed the aid of State grants. There is really nothing like it, I repeat, in Europe. To treat the Irish Catholics in this way is really to have one weight and measure for ourselves and another for the Irish. It is, however we may dress the thing up to our own minds, to treat Ireland still as a conquered country. It is a survival from the state of things when no Irish Catholic might own a horse worth more than £5. The Irish cannot but feel it to be so."

There is no doubt but what Mr. Kipling has created a new school of poetry. Just like his poems, in conception, style, technique, there have never been any others in the whole range of English literature. What Wagner and Berlioz are to music, Millet and Monet to painting, Kipling is to poetry. "The Recessional," and "The White Man's Burden," have gone the rounds of the English-speaking world. Already disciples are arising to follow in the steps of the master. One there is, of our

own soil, Prof. Edwin Markham, who hails from the far West, and whose name is not unfamiliar to the readers of the Century and Scribner's. Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe," representing a peasant of dull, heavy, unintellectual aspect leaning on a hoe, in a field of broken clods, has inspired Prof. Markham's muse, and the result is a poem of surpassing strength and great boldness in thought and execution. From the Literary Digest we reprint it:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burdens of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this
brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this
brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for
power;
To feel the passion for Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the
sun?
And pillars the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of this world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the
soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages
look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

The clients of St. Catharine of Siena will be pleased to learn that the cause of the beatification of the venerable servant of God, Raymond of Capua, the confessor of St. Catharine, was referred to Cardinal Mazella, who hopes that the present year will see the conclusion of the proceeding. The fifth of October of this year will mark the fifth centenary of the death of Raymond of Capua, which took place in a Dominican Priory at Nurenberg, where he was making a visitation. He was the twenty-third Master General of the Order of Preachers.

The Dominicans are in a very flourishing condition in Spain. In the Province of Andalusia, the Priory at Zafra was formally opened on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, 1898. On this occasion thirty-six novices were received, while the reception of six others was deferred only to await the arrival of the necessary letters from their respective bishops. This Province is of recent foundation.

From the English Rosary we reprint the following:

We heard the other day a pretty Rosary story which will doubtless please our readers as much as it did ourselves. A poor old soldier who had sought a refuge in a hospital for incurables was visited by a zealous priest, who soon became his fast friend, and was happily enabled to make a very earnest Christian of one who hitherto had bestowed little or no care on the affairs of his soul. Amongst other things the good priest taught the old man how to say the Rosary. The poor fellow was delighted with this new devotion; he said his chaplet daily, and only regretted not having learned of the Rosary of Mary before, seeing that sixty years of life had passed away beyond recall, and during that long time he had never once offered to Our Lady those daily five mysteries which it had now become his greatest joy to present to her. But a happy inspiration seized him. He asked his friend the priest how many days were contained in sixty years of life. The priest made a brief calculation, and gave him his answer.

"Then," said the old soldier, "I will, if God gives me life, say precisely as many chaplets as there have been days in my sixty years of life, and so make up for lost time, and not cheat Our Lady out of that daily offering she surely has a right to expect from me. How long, then, will it take me, father, if I say twenty chaplets a day to get through my task?" The priest thought again, and replied, "Just three years." "Then I will begin at once, and may our Heavenly Father be pleased to prolong my life till my Rosaries are said!"

Three years passed away, daily was the self-imposed task fulfilled, and Our Lady seemed but to wait for its completion in order to reward her faithful servant, for, as the last *Ave Maria* was uttered, the soul of the old man was

freed from its prison-house, and went forth to the company of angels and of saints.

We ask our readers to turn to the calendar printed in the forepart of this magazine, and to note how rich in feasts of special devotion is the month of April. Among others, there are the feasts of St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Agnes of Montepulciano, and St. Peter, Martyr. We trust these opportunities for gaining plenary indulgences and the fullest measure of grace will not be lost. A moment's reflection will remind us how sorely we need these supernatural aids.

MAGAZINES.

The *Century* for March contains its usual quota of interesting matter for all classes of readers. Its fiction is very pleasurable, its war articles of a nature calculated to satisfy all those desirous of ascertaining "how we did it," and its poetry decidedly more than nominal. Marion Crawford's serial, "Via Crucis," continues to grow in excitement and promises to culminate in a climax worthy of the celebrated author. John Bryce's article, "British Experiences in the Government of Colonies," contains some very good advice, but it is hardly needful in the present exigencies, as the United States has passed the stage of elementary statesmanship which it seems to presuppose. History gives a pretty fair idea of the British method of government and we have little use for it. We are aware of why this country became an undutiful child of England, and we know too the reason of her success elsewhere, but we would not attribute her success to her consideration of climate, customs, or religion. The United States is sufficiently wise, not to say humane, to avoid the experiences of Great Britain. There is a just tribute paid the bravery of railroad men in a nicely written article entitled "Heroes of the Railway Service" by Charles De Lano Hine and Gustav Kobbe. It gives pathetic instances of how these brave men have risked and even sacrificed their lives to save those of others. Too little appreciation is given such heroism. Even the travelling public perceive little more than the ordi-

nary laborer in the men in whose care they have placed themselves for the nonce and on whose absolute obedience depends their safety, perhaps their lives. Yet it is a fact, that every day these men face danger and perform heroic acts, even though duty does not always demand it, simply to avert what would otherwise be an inevitable disaster, and expect no other reward than their consciousness of having done good.

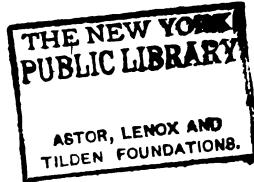
Harper's for March contains the second installment of Henry Cabot Lodge's paper on the "Spanish-American War." In the interest of truth it is to be regretted that the editor of this excellent magazine did not secure a more trustworthy writer for such an important subject. On more than one occasion Mr. Lodge has proved himself unable to rise above the plane of his bias and prejudice to the purer atmosphere of unvarnished truth.

If, as Mr. Lodge affirms, the statement of the Spanish government concerning the loss of the Maine was insincere and premeditately false, why then, when all else was lost, did the Spanish envoys at the Paris Treaty offer to submit and abide by the decision of any impartial board of arbitration concerning the cause of the Maine's destruction; and to make all reparation that duty, justice and honor might demand, should the decision be against them. And if the evidence against the author of our national catastrophe were even half as strong as Mr. Lodge would

social and political evils consequent upon our present mode of conducting our political campaigns. The author, Franklin Smith, laments the fact that "persons of fine character, scholarly tastes, and noble aims" stand aloof from politics, and seeks the causes that have brought about "a social, political and industrial degeneration that fills with alarm the thoughtful mind." The author points out the analogy that exists between civil war and party politics as now conducted, and after an historical review of the shameful, unscrupulous means brought upon the issue of our political campaigns, he concludes with these words, well worthy of reproduction: "Yet the conclusion is not that people should abstain from politics. That would involve greater evils than those that now prevail. It would be submission to aggression — freedom to predatory politicians to continue their pillage. The thing to be done is to take up arms against them, and to wage relentless war on them. But the object of the struggle must not be the substitution of one set of politicians for another, but to reduce to the smallest possible limits the sphere of all political activity. Until this is done there can be no release from so important a duty to self and to the community." Patriotic Americans, and more especially those of the rising generation who have the well-being of their country at heart, would do well to read this paper carefully and ponder on the data brought forward. A notable feature, in this month's issue, is an article, by Sir Archibald Geikie, F. R. S., on "Science in Education." This address of the venerable scientist to the students of Mason University, College, Birmingham, is well calculated to arouse widespread attention, trenching, as it does,

of Civil War" discusses the economic on a moot-question of the day; and, doubtless, considering his authority, will do much to allay, in some degree at least, the word-war that has long been waged in the periodicals of all civilized countries on the relative merits of exclusively classic or scientific education. Sir A. Geikie, himself a notable example of a broad, symmetrical and well rounded training, a master of contemporary prose, eschews all lopsidedness and cuts the Gordian knot, by which so many warped pedagogues had been driven to despair of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, by answering that both should go hand in hand. He outlines the difficulties science had to overcome in order to make itself heard authoritatively. Next the necessity of scientific education, in these, our modern times is pointed out, and finally an appeal is made for the cultivation of the litterae humores." We shall refrain from giving a further synopsis of this paper and refer the reader to the article itself. The further attractions of this issue are the following, in the order named, to which we must refer briefly. "My Pet Scorpion" is a very interesting article and sketched in a clever manner. Prof. William Z. Ripley continues his interesting as well as instructive studies on the "Races of Europe." This month he treats of the "Peoples of the Balkan Peninsula, — the Greek — Slav, and the Turk." "The Marvelous Increase of Production of Gold" will prove of value to those interested in the currency and financial problems of the hour. The sketch of the month is Clémence Royer, an eminent French Woman Scientist, who enjoys an international reputation through her numerous and deservedly celebrated scientific works.

Owing to lack of Space the Book Notices have been
withheld this month.





FRA ANGELICO'S CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



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MAY, 1899.

No. 5

THE MESSAGE.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

*T*OR those who heed May's early message, lo!
One magic word to them is ever given,
And they who listen cannot fail to know
It is from heaven.

She speaks when winter hours are sped away,
To waken in the heart some new desire;
She lifts her hand and strikes for us today
Her Spring-time lyre.

Her lyric note thro' all the world is heard
When first she glides o'er silent fen and moor,
And her sweet gospel, sung by every bird,
Is rich and pure.

And yet it is but one brief word she sings;
But she hath brought it from the God above.
Ah! who shall weep when she so gladly brings
Her message—"Love"?

THE BEAUTY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



THE continuity of the traditions of beauty in the representation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, may be regarded as one of the miracles of art; traditions which make one of the sacred deposits of the very first age of our Christian era, to come down, through all the diversities of races and nations, through all the vicissitudes of eighteen centuries on this earth troubled with wars and commotion, not only to our own century but to our own generation; a fact so significant and yet so seldom commented upon, unless to be lightly set aside, and yet again so easily proved.

One of the most exquisite triumphs in the life of the late Chevalier de Rossi, and it was a life of triumphs, awaited him in the catacomb of Santa Priscilla on the Salarian Way, when, in the year 1869, the excavators having cleared away the heavy debris of fallen slabs from the loculi, the enthusiastic archæologist, as true a discoverer as any who have ploughed the seas, pressing past the ordinary arcosoliums and even chambers, found himself face to face with the Greek chapel which he knew to be the oldest part of this venerable cemetery, so called because the inscriptions are all in Greek, the first language of the Church. One swift glance over the walls assured him that there was no flaw in the tradition, the written story of the Itiniraries or the scholarly records of a Pomponio Lato; then, as the eager glance grew keener, there came forth from the wall a Madonna — a Madonna of apostolic time like everything else on this wall; painted perhaps in the actual lifetime of Sts. Peter and Paul, certainly before the aged head of Saint John, the Beloved Disciple, rose, rejuvenated, above the rim of the cauldron of boiling oil, into which he had been thrown by the order of Domitian when ninety years of age. Yes, an apostolic Madonna; and then as the eye dwelt upon the forms coming slowly out from the dim wall, he saw, recognized with a delightful sense, not so much of surprise as of satisfaction, a Madonna Raphaelesque! The grace to which he had been accustomed to pay the homage of ad-



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miration from his earliest boyhood to any one of Raphael's Madonnas, had been caught by the unknown master of Santa Priscilla's catacomb, and had come to him from the description of the Blessed Virgin as given by apostles and disciples to the Christians of the first century; apostles and disciples personally familiar with the countenance of the Blessed Virgin. Here then was a type, an authorized type of Mary the Mother of Jesus, and who can ever exaggerate its preciousness not only to de Rossi, but to every lover of what is authentic in sacred art and therefore worthy of the deepest veneration?

The photograph from which our illustration has been taken is a very early one, and gives the picture in nearly the same condition as it was first seen by de Rossi. The Virgin, mantled, is nourishing her Infant at her breast but He half turns from her to listen, as it were, to the prophet Isaiah standing at the side of the Madonna,

and referring to the Star which had already risen over Jacob, according to the prophecy of Balaam as recorded in the twenty-fourth chapter, seventeenth verse of the Book of Numbers. The action of the Child is one of those bewitching attitudes of infancy so loved by Leonardo, by Raphael, all lovers of the beautiful in every age; the expression on the face of the Madonna is one of the sweetest, most candid gravity; while the contour and features suggest no definite nationality. It is not Greek, like the inscriptions on the walls, neither is it Jewish or Roman; in fact, no nation or age can claim it, any more than they could claim Eve, the first woman; and is not Mary the second Eve, the universal mother of the human race? This Madonna, then, the oldest Madonna as yet discovered, must be regarded as a typical Madonna, and it gives an ideal which has never lost its charm for the heart, the eye, the mind of Christendom, while it is one authorized by those personally acquainted with the lineaments of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Jesus. (Ill. 1).

We have spoken of this Madonna as the most ancient as yet discovered: using the word discovered in its usually accepted sense; but there are pictures of the Madonna painted by Saint Luke, Evangelist, which, so far from having been ever discredited, were held in the greatest veneration in the time of the apostles, so that one is said to have been placed in Saint Paul's apartment in his own hired house, on the present Via in Lata, Rome; and we know that at the time Gregory the Great took part in the procession for the surcease of the pestilence raging in 595, when he saw the vision of the angel on Hadrian's Mole, this picture of Our Lady and the Divine Child as painted by Saint Luke was carried in the procession; and the same Madonna is still preserved with the greatest veneration over the altar in the Borghese chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome. (Ill. 2).*

When Sixtus III erected the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, in the year 440, he is understood as having carried out the plan of execution as well as the primal idea of this Arch, as conceived by Pope Celestius I who convened the third general council at Ephesus in 431. At the close of this council it was trium-

* NOTE.—A most circumstantially detailed account of this Madonna, the strict custody under which it has been kept for so many centuries, its identification, everything in regard to it, is to be found in Miss Mary Agnes Tincher's "Six Sunny Months," published in the Catholic World Magazine. The illustration is from an authorized engraving of this picture given to me by her, which is in Rome.



ILL 2.

phantly proclaimed and rapturously received by Christians, that Jesus Christ being one person with two natures, and our Lady being the mother of this one person, Jesus Christ after the same manner as our own mothers who have not formed our souls but only our bodies are called mothers of the entire man, body and soul, inasmuch as man is man only when body and soul are united, — therefore, our Lord Jesus Christ being, really, Jesus Christ only when His Divinity is united to His Humanity, our Blessed Lady, Mary, is, truly, the Mother of God. A fresco, representing the session in which the council of Ephesus proclaimed the dogma of the divine maternity of Mary, was painted, by the order of Celestine, in the catacomb of Santa Priscilla, where was, already, the Madonna of our illustration, and, in which, moreover, as it has been frequently said

since the opening of this catacomb in 1869, there are more Madonnas than in all the other catacombs of Rome put together; as if the venerable Roman matron, by reason of her own maternity, had drawn to herself, as to a magnet, not only the proof of her own belief in this sacred dogma of the divine maternity of Mary, but the proof of the devotion to this dogma in the minds of the faithful through the earliest ages of Christianity. It was in this catacomb with all its beautiful associations, that Celestine I was deposited on the 6th day of April, 432.

Without delay the intentions of the Pontiff with regard to an Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, embodying, in imperishable mosaic, the traditions concerning the divine maternity of Mary were carried out by his successor, Sixtus III, with a beauty which has preserved the noble type of the Blessed Virgin with which Celestine was familiar. This is true of all the groups in which she appears, a link being thus established between the art of the catacombs and that of all succeeding ages.

Notwithstanding the contempt with which the Byzantine school is spoken of in our current literature, all serious treatises upon Christian art acknowledge our indebtedness to it for the preservation of traditions; and this is true in regard to the type of the Blessed Virgin. With all its faultiness in extreme instances, the type is serious, sacred, even noble. There is no lightness, no triviality. Her virginal maternity is always to be recognized. She is never, during all these ages, simply a mother; her maternity is a divine maternity; her Son is her Redeemer as well; the Redeemer of the world. What we have said includes all the mosaics in the apses of ancient basilicas, on such ceilings as that of the Baptistry of Florence; and when Cimabue took up his brush to paint his enthroned Madonna, still in Santa Maria Novella, Florence, it was simply to relieve this type, this ideal, of the imperfections of technique which had come from stress of circumstances. The sweet, noble seriousness of the divine motherhood was there, and this is what is said of it by Ruskin, who had taken in the significance of that type even when it was at its greatest disadvantage: "There is not such an elaborate piece of ornamentation in the first page of any Gothic king's missal, as you will find in that Madonna's throne; — the Madonna herself is meant to be grave and noble only, and to be attended only by angels." (Ill. 3).

Having secured our links from the first century through all the ages which are "Dark ages" only to those who will not see, we



ILL. 3.



ILL. 4.

shall take up our type no longer chronologically but as exemplified in the representation of the mysteries, dogmas or events, embodied in the Christian story, beginning with the Immaculate Conception.

Often as this has been represented, — by Murillo himself twenty times, — yet the heart always wanders back to the one which makes the pearl of the Prado Gallery, Madrid. There can be no doubt that the one inspiration, subtle, undefinable, never to be repeated, came to Murillo as he painted this Immaculate soul of Mary clothed in an Immaculate body, soaring, by the instinct of its own attraction, towards its Creator. The beautiful face, serious, profoundly fixed in its tender, candid gaze on the Beatific Vision, the hands joined adoringly at the fingers' tips, the young head mantled by its own wealth of tresses, the whole figure swaying gently as it soars, is one of the marvels of mortal genius. There is no feeling of effort on the part of the Immaculate Virgin herself; there is no crowd of angels around her; among the clouds of mortality from which she rises as tranquilly as a wreath of mist rises from the meadows at early dawn, we see three angels, one bearing a lily, one a rose, one a palm, all emblematic, and in the painting of the entire figure no more effort is discernible on the part of the

artist than on that of his subject. No model ever served for this picture. It sprang from the artist's own soul, and its type came from he knew not where, — a tradition floating down through the ages arrested by the artist in a divinely inspired moment. The face is not Greek, is not Jewish or Roman, any more than the Madonna of Santa Priscilla. Young, — for what can be younger than a soul at the moment of its conception? — but absolutely perfect. No babyhood, no childhood; the blossom of an eternal springtime. (Ill. 4).

Leaving time, place, entirely out of mind, we come to the second mystery, that of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, the Annunciation to Mary that she has been chosen by the Holy Trinity to be the Mother of the Word which is to be made man in order that He may redeem man. Only the Crucifixion, we think it is safe to say, has inspired so many representations as the Annunciation. Tenderness of sentiment, beauty of personages, sublimity of intention, have conspired to render it one of the most attractive of subjects to artists, and also most befitting dogmatic conditions. In the grand, middle age churches, it made the wings to many a composition, filling in the corners of an arch; and in the triptychs of the



ILL. 5.



ILL. 6

northern churches of later date, has been delineated on the outer folds, like an introduction to the mystery within. Of the old Siena and Florentine masters none failed to produce this subject. It came out on the bronze gate of the Baptistry, into the terra cottas of Luca della Robbia. All are beautiful according to the measure of genius in the artist; all are sweet but gravely virginal. Francia's picture of the Annunciation is full of grateful awe on the part of the Virgin, and of exceeding beauty; and still, for the hundredth time, we find ourselves selecting Fra Angelico's Annunciation as we saw it on the wall of the Cloister of San Marco, Florence; not over an altar, but simply in the passageway from the stairway to the cells. The simplicity of the accessories breathe altogether of Nazareth. We see no lily, not even the Dove of the Holy Spirit. The angel seems to have alighted within a garden enclosed to find the Virgin of Israel

seated on a simple stool such as we find in convent precincts, and thus sitting she is meditating. The head is bent as if returning mutely the salutation of the angel, but the arms which have been folded on her breast do not relax. The angel gives a joyful "Hail," but it is followed by an announcement which might take her breath away, and she remains perfectly still, her eyes on the eyes of the angel, her arms still crossed, and the expression of her face, although without any trace of apprehension, is deeply attentive, one might say anxiously so, while the contours are so pure, that all the beautiful epithets addressed to her in her Litany are depicted in her countenance; above all, the humility, which was as supernatural as her Immaculate maidenhood. (Ill. 5).



ILL. 7.



ILL. 8.

The Nativity as an event, the Child in the manger, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph, and the two animals predicted by the prophet, which was depicted so early as 325 over an arcosoleum in the catacomb of Saint Sebastian, has been a favorite subject for very nearly the same reasons as the Annunciation. Perugino's Nativities are the ones we choose to keep before us during the solemn Advent days, as preparatory meditations. Their beauty is equalled only by their significance. The hush of the stable comes to us, sanctifying the common air of ordinary surroundings. They stand apart from all others, and while they treat the Nativity as an event, it is a mystery, such as it was felt to be by Mary, by Joseph, even by the shepherds with their minds divinely illuminated.

But the Nativity of nativities, the one which unites prophecy with fulfillment, rapture with solemnity, the very consummation of a mystery, is, thus far, Correggio's. Others caught at what might

seem the same conception, but Correggio held his conception before himself like a vision, and he painted from this vision as surely as Saint John Evangelist wrote from his on his island of Patmos. Leaving the accessories to be studied at any one's convenience, the centre, literally Mary, and what Mary encloses in her arms, make this Nativity. The child is almost lost in his own effulgence, and Mary's face, bent adoringly, rapturously over Him, is a part of that effulgence, while its solemnity is that of joy over prophecies fulfilled. No other Nativity has given the Virgin Mother at so youthful age, but there is no immaturity; it is not the bud but the full flower of womanhood. (Ill. 6).



ILL. 9.

To the Nativity succeed endless Adorations! and of such beauty of circumstance as well as beauty of form, as to make one realize the universality of the sentiment, the faith which prompted them, while the type is preserved under many differences of form and feature so as to impress us with an idea of its universality as well. But there is a Madonna by Deger, which we call "a Bethlehem!" It has no accessories. The Virgin Mother sits on a rude bench. At her side we have a glimpse of the manger and the straw from which she has taken her Child in His swaddling clothes, standing Him on her lap, both hands supporting Him under the arms, as if we were to be His adorers, as well as the whole earth. The eyes of the Divine Infant look straight into ours, into the eyes of entire humanity, with a singular graciousness of candor. Meanwhile the Mother. Note the simplicity of the folds of the mantle which covers her; the two hands holding with so firm yet fond a touch the upright form of her new-born little one. Note the same graciousness of candor in the eyes of the Mother as in the eyes of her Son; the tender oval of the face, the perfection of every feature, and we can feel assured that eighteen hundred years has not put into oblivion the lovely countenance of Mary the Mother of Jesus. (Ill. 7).

With the childhood of our Lord come all those Madonnas which glorified churches, have given to galleries their highest distinction, and among all the masters of beauty we must now turn to Leonardo, that master who said: "The study of beauty nourishes the body as well as the soul"; and we understand what order or degree of beauty could bring from da Vinci such an eulogium. The loveliness of his smiling women has passed into a proverb; here is one who does not smile, but you feel that her whole soul is full of light. She bends with a grace altogether noble, like a queen-mother to her only son, but the nobility of the action only heightens its tenderness; for the Child holds up to her, for her sympathetic admiration, a lovely flower — a flower of His own creation, in which she recognizes His own hand; and there is a pensiveness in her tenderness which makes you feel that she has not forgotten Simeon's prophecy. The face is thinner than those we have already given, but it is exquisitely spirituel, and the beauty is as ripe in thought as in contour. (Ill. 8).

Leonardo always suggests Luini, the pupil who never imitated his master but whose delightful mind and imagination was so in touch with his master, that he took into himself, as a gem takes the ray of light, the nobility of his master's ideal; while his own is



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gentler, more affectionate, always to be distinguished from Leonardo's. The head of the Virgin which we give from Luini, is one of those luminous conceptions, as if the ineffable mystery of her divine maternity shone through the veil of her immaculate flesh, and transfigured it, while her hands show that she adores the Infant of her own womb. (Ill. 9).

We have spoken already of Perugino's Madonna in his Nativities; but there is one in which she appears in a vision to four Virgin saints; appears with her divine Infant in glory. It is called "In gloria", and the rapture of the whole conception is not to be given in words. We have chosen this head as one of the most perfect examples of Perugino's type of the Madonna, and to show how perfectly it conforms to the one which had come down at the hands of pious, meditative, conscientious artists to Perugino's time, without blemish as to its sacred character. (Ill. 10).

That Raphael, as a youth, should have honored, and followed to a certain degree, the type of a master like Perugino, is not to be wondered at; but we shall always find that the type never suffered at his hands. The difference between them on Raphael's part, was always on the side of beauty, and while one triumph only seemed to presage another in the career of this marvellous genius, there is one belonging to his early Florentine period which we will preface with a quotation from Rio, the author of *L'Art Chrietien*. Speaking of the effect of this first visit made to Florence by Raphael, Rio says: "Among the immediate fruits of impressions, diverse and simultaneous, made upon his mind there is one in which Ombrian inspiration and Florentine science are so happily fused, that we may say, both elements have found themselves at their height. I speak of the Madonna *Gran-Duca* before which words fail to express my admiration. Never has Christian art produced a work deserving more the epithet of a celestial vision; and Raphael himself, notwithstanding his progress in succeeding works, never again produced the divine harmony which echoed through his soul while tracing this ravishing image."

The Madonna San Sisto, or Dresden Madonna, the last which Raphael ever painted, is so much more familiar to our contemporaries than the charming *Gran-Duca*, that we have not introduced it among our illustrations. The sublimity of this last conception carries one into regions of heavenly contemplation, yet we find the same type in the Madonna painted during his first visit to Florence and the last one to which he gave his inspired brush; thus proving, how faithful he was to those apostolic traditions concerning the Virgin Mother; confirmed as the tradition had always been by the masters, the true masters of every age, and who can say that his genius was trammeled by the tradition? (Ill. 11).

We now come to an almost different world in art as well as in gospel story, and we may say this phase has been the crucial phase as to beauty. Joy, radiance, almost compel beautiful lines, expressions; but sorrow, anguish, how shall even genius win for it the charm which art requires? Requires, we say, because art is not art when it is deprived of that which is its essential element.

Among those meditative pictures which Fra Angelico painted on the walls of the cells at San Marco, is one representing our Lord blindfolded, jeered, insulted, even spat upon. But while we look at this we suddenly see the omniscient eyes beholding through their bandages the puny injuries inflicted upon Him by His own creat-



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ures. On the steps leading to His mock-throne sit two figures, each in contemplation of the mystery of our Lord's Passion. On one side is Saint Dominic, the star over his forehead — as a young friend always says when she looks at it — "the most beautiful Saint Dominic in the world"; and on the other side the Virgin Mother, contemplating the mystery of her Son's suffering, not looking at Him, but at us; at us of the world who so seldom think of His sorrowful passion. The mother's anguish is there, but the anguish does not age the face, does not distort it in any way, yet how deeply we sympathize with her, unrepining as she is, and Fra Angelico has kept her type as faithfully as Raphael. (Ill. 12).

From the cell of the Dominican, we pass to that school of Northern Germany, of which Rogier van der Weyden was such an ornament before the middle of the fifteenth century, who, as did his son, made the sorrows of our Lady one of his studies. The illustration which we give is as remarkable for its beauty as for its sor-

row. It is evident that this is from the scene of the Descent from the Cross; the sorrow a present sorrow not softened as in meditation; but the noble contour is as untouched as in Raphael's "*Spasimo.*" (Ill. 13).

The modern German school is by no means wanting in examples of the continuity of the traditions of beauty concerning the Blessed Virgin as we have shown by Deger's "*Bethlehem*"; but we have selected one of Ittenbach's Madonnas for this phase of our subject as giving as marked an example of the possibility of expressing sorrow without the loss of beauty, as was given hundreds of years ago by Fra Angelico. In this, the Virgin Mother seems to stand on a balcony with her divine Son, a boy of four years it may be. He has plucked a passion flower from the vine near them, and is steadfastly regarding that wonderful centering in the breast of a flower of those instruments which will work His death and man's salvation. The Virgin Mother's eyes do not follow the eyes of her Son, although she holds Him by an encircling arm; but she looks

at us, at the world which is to crucify Him, and all the mother's anguish is on her face, which still does not lose its tranquillity. (Ill. 14).

When Michael Angelo fled from Florence to Bologna, where he left a remembrance of his visit in the Angel of the Candelabra for the tomb of Saint Dominic, thence to Rome, his soul was full of sorrow, that sorrow which belongs to profound souls that feel for others as much as for themselves. Thus it was, that before his sublime genius had won its place in the world, at the age of twenty-four, he gave expression to sentiments of the most sublime tenderness in his *Pieta*, which still draws to its feet every pilgrim to Saint Peter's Basilica. The



ILL. 12

bending of the noble head over her son lifeless on her knees, the right hand supporting the limp figure but the left hand just raised as if she were saying: "Is any sorrow like to my sorrow?" has all the pathos of the tragedy of the Redemption; but the thin face is full of the majesty of an altogether divine sorrow, and not one line is other than beautiful. (Ill. 15).

Before touching upon the last event in the earthly life of the Blessed Virgin, we would say a few words as to the picturesque representations of the Blessed Virgin, and the departure from the traditional type or ideal, which, as we hope we have shown conclusively, has come down from the first century of Christianity. As we remarked in our sentence upon the Byzantine school, the sacred ideal was never lost. It might be given inadequately, but its nobility never suffered in its essentials. But in our times, not only are picturesque changes deemed pleasing in the accessories, but the type itself has been changed to meet individual imperfections which are called interesting, for which, in our age of technical perfection, no plea of incompetency can be made. As we have been writing, a lovely young girl just passing into her teens, has been walking quietly around us. The lovely contour of the cheek and chin, of the entire face, is one to dwell upon with delight, and the slight projecting of the upper lip does not seem to detract from her maidenly charms. But when this is introduced, ever so faintly, into the face of a Madonna, the artist has sinned against the sacred tradition of perfection in the face of the Blessed Virgin at whatever age she is represented. We say these few words, as we would drop a seed into good ground, hoping that the minds of our young readers, at



ILL. 13.

least, will take in the sacred significance of an authorized ideal of the Blessed Virgin.

In a dim chapel of the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena, are three pictures by Taddeo Bartoli; one represents the death of the Blessed Virgin, another her burial, a third her Assumption. All are most interesting, not the least so that of her death. Orcagna, on the magnificent shrine which gives in relief, in silver, her story, has not failed in his inspirations for this closing scene. There is not a sanctuary in Europe enriched by the story of her life, which has not given this scene in a way to touch the heart of any who may look upon it. But if one has made a heart-pilgrimage to Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome, on a late spring or early summer afternoon, and lingered until the last rays of the setting sun have lighted up, we cannot tell how, the grand mosaic of the coronation of the Blessed Virgin in the apse of this loveliest of all churches dedicated under the invocation of Mary, we shall see, as it were in the lower border of Turrita's glorious composition, in the exact middle, an elongated composition, giving the Death of that Virgin Mother who is receiving, on high, the recognition of all her graces, bestowed and acquired, from the hand of her Creator, her Redeemer, her Son.



ILL. 14.



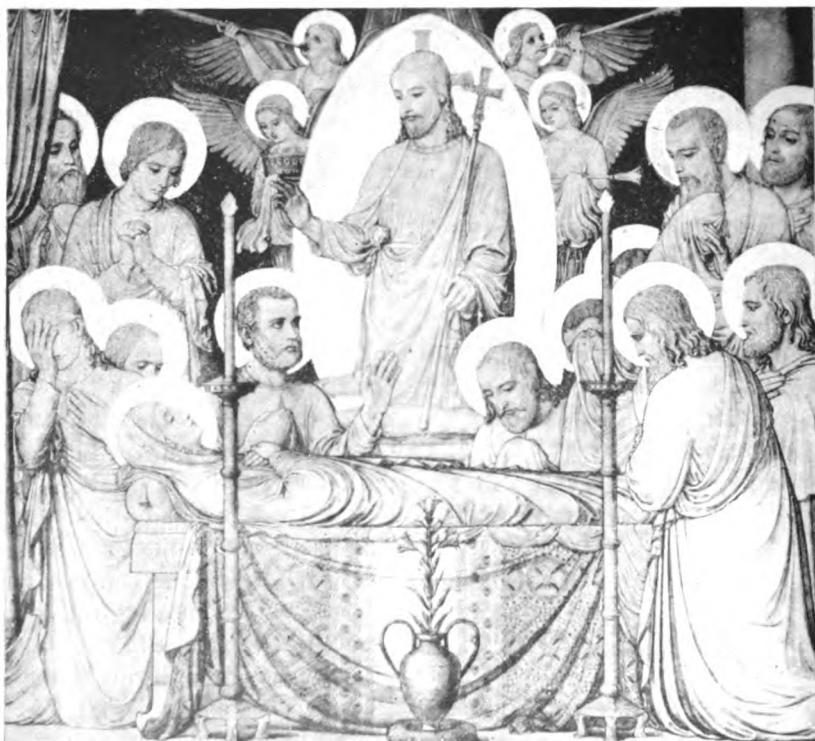
ILL. 15.

The long, narrow picture has something exquisite in it at the first glance; for the Virgin Mother, at the age of sixty, lies on her couch of death like a lily; her faithful ones all around her, angels in attendance, and her own Son stands beside her with her soul in His arms. To have seen the mosaic there, is to have seen the glory of the heavenly jerusalem here on earth.

And yet, one other representation of this scene comes to us, not from a far-off age but from our own century, from our own decade we may almost say, which stands peerless for its inspiration, its technique, for every perfection as to type, features, and a luminous beauty which defies death itself. This is from that modern school of Ideal Art which bears the name of its birthplace, Beuron, and the picture itself belongs to that series of gems delineating the Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the church at Emaus, Prague. She is still the lily on her death-bed, the Immaculate Virgin Mother. Nothing purer, sweeter, nobler, can be conceived than that face; nothing more virginal than that figure. Mantled, literally, from the head to the feet; the drapery of her couch, the lily blooming beside

her, the two candles burning as tranquilly as the lily blooms, the twelve apostles gathered around her, while in a mandorla of glory, crowned with the cruciform nimbus, stands at her side her divine Son: in one hand the cross, the other raised over her in blessing. But how put into words the benignity, the sweetness of the Divine Face, the eyes bent on her sealed eyelids? A stream of glory pours from the Beatific Vision over the head of the Eternal Son, and four angels, two looking down tenderly on the sinless one who has accepted death as did her divine Son, and two blowing their blast of triumph toward heaven where her soul will shine as the sun throughout all eternity. This is the picture of Emaus. (Ill. 16).

What more can we say of this continuity of the traditions of beauty in the representation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, than that this continuity, from the very first age to our very present decade, is one of the miracles of Christian Art? Does some one ask: "What is the other?"



ILL. 16.

MRS. HORNSBY'S COOK.

LELIA HARDIN BUGG.



HE magnitude of a given sum of money is altogether relative. This is not a paradox, but the soberest truth. Ten dollars is a trifle to the extravagant son of a constitutionally frugal father whose frugality has crystallized into wealth. He leaves it without a scruple at the florist's, where he goes, with the magnificent air of an American prince, to order roses at a dollar a piece to be sent to some charming American princess; ten dollars to the sewing woman in her garret, when the rent is unpaid, takes on giant proportions.

Two thousand dollars to the capitalist who can write his check for two millions, and who often loses twice two thousand in one night's play, or backing a favorite trotter, is — merely two thousand dollars.

But to Grace Chilton this sum represented the difference between hope, and hopelessness, security and want, a life's chosen career, and the relinquishment of every dream. It represented her all.

And this had been swept away like a stray leaf on the foam of a torrent in a bank failure in her native town.

Grace was nineteen years old when circumstances decided her to go to Chicago to study art. All her life she had cherished the ambition to be an artist; before she could read the lessons in her primer she had drawn the pictures which illustrated them. And it was one of her stepfather's little jokes that Grace had been born with a lead pencil in her mouth instead of the golden spoon of the nursery rhymes.

Grace's father had died when she was a mere baby, and after the years of mourning, her mother had married again, and most happily. Mr. Norton, the second husband, proved a devoted father to the orphan, and as the years added olive-branches of his own at not infrequent intervals he had never made any difference between them and the little Grace.

Mr. Norton was a fairly successful business man, making what was considered in Gatesville a good living. He owned his own

home, a big red brick house with bay windows, and broad, hospitable doors, set in a grove of elms and cottonwoods. Flowers bordered a lawn of luxuriant softness which was, according to Mr. Norton's proud conviction, the most beautiful lawn in the town.

Inside there were cozy furnishings, open fires, a piano, and a guitar, and a banjo. The boys had bicycles, Grace her own saddle-horse, and the younger children, a pony. A man of all work out of doors, and a maid of a great deal of work indoors, made up the staff of domestics.

Grace had been a pupil at the justly famous Brownson Academy — had enjoyed, in a word, all the advantages of the best circles of a prosperous western town claiming the corporate rights of a city. Gatesville had two street car lines, electric lights, a board of aldermen, a Great Enterprise and a Grievance, and, consequently, it maintained its own self-respect with its richer, and somewhat arrogant neighbors. For amusement the girls danced, their mothers played whist, and the New Woman discussed the Moral Aspects of Ibsen, and the Hygienic Value of Bicycles.

Mrs. Norton was a sweet, gentle, tactful woman, beautiful to the end of her forty years, but never very strong. Because of this delicacy she relied so much on her eldest daughter that Grace had come to be an efficient little house-mother at an age when some girls are not trusted to buy their own pocket-handkerchiefs.

Grace took her mother's place in the cooking school, the fashionable organization of the town, and represented her on occasions at the sewing society; Mr. Norton depended upon the girl to have his breakfast punctually at eight o'clock, and to get the children off to school before the tardy bell rang; Ralph looked to her to tide him over decimal fractions, and May would lay a doll with a broken head in Grace's lap, never doubting that her anatomical skill was equal to the task of making it whole.

It was a singularly happy household, with its simple pleasures and its sturdy virtues, until death entered its portals. Grace was just seventeen, and the five Norton children like so many little steps, beginning with Ralph aged twelve, and ranging down to the last cherub in the cradle, of only six months, when Mrs. Norton died.

The domestic machinery went on very much as usual; the loneliness and the ache in loving hearts had no tangible guise, except that Grace left school, where she was within one year of being graduated, so as to devote herself entirely to her duties at home.

It would have seemed at first glance that of all homes this one was the most invulnerable to scandal, but the shafts of malice find

an opening and an entrance when a whole bludgeon of kindness and Christian helpfulness would be powerless; and before many moons some women, distressing mistakes of nature with the fangs of vipers instead of human tongues in their heads, whispered that Mr. Norton would probably marry Grace, and that it was not proper for her to remain in the house alone with a man who was not a drop of relation to her.

Perhaps these delectable surmises reached Mr. Norton, and perhaps they did not; but at the end of two years he married again, and, as often happens, married the last woman even his dearest friend would have suspected him of choosing. Mrs. Thorn had been a school teacher until thirty, when she had married Tom Thorn, who soon after left her a widow with two children and not much money. Mrs. Thorn went back to teaching, not because she had any of the qualities of a good teacher, but because she was the cousin of the secretary of the school board. Years before. — when she was still Miss James, with prospects of remaining so, for students of character declared that she was born an old maid — Grace Chilton, then her pupil, succeeded in gaining a permanent place in the lady's memory if not in her affections. To draw was as natural to Grace as to eat, and she did both very well. A titter in the neighborhood of her desk brought upon the girl the keen eyes of Miss James only to have that lady discover her own picture on the slate, the bangs standing out in aggressive curls, and with one little knot still in a curl-paper at the top of her head. A hasty touch revealed the mortifying fact that the sketch had been taken from life; for in making her toilet Miss James had overlooked one paper, which stood out in inglorious prominence. It is a puzzle of human nature how long a shaft will rankle in one's vanity. From that day Miss James never liked Grace, and when Mr. Norton announced to his step-daughter, a week before the event was to take place, that he was going to be married to Mrs. Thorn, and that she was to inform the children, it was like the opening of an earthquake beneath feet treading on a bed of rose petals.

With childish wilfulness, despite her nineteen years, Grace cried, "Oh, papa, not her, any one but her! We don't like Miss James — or Mrs. Thorn, not any of us. Ralph says she is always nagging at him, and she doesn't think that I am — ladylike."

Whereupon Mr. Norton lost his temper, and told her that he would have no discussion of the lady who was to be his wife, and that he did not want her to be putting bad notions into the children's heads.

But he soon repented of his outburst, and that evening he came home with a box of candy, and told Grace, that she had better select fall wraps for herself and May before they were all picked over, and not to mind the expense, but to get the best.

No one knew, except the two immediately concerned, what had brought about the marriage. It had simply been another case of propinquity and cleverness. Mrs. Thorn with her children boarded at the home of a distant relative who was a friend of the Nortons. This relative and his wife belonged to a whist club to which Mr. and Mrs. Norton had belonged, and the second winter following Mrs. Norton's death the members of the club begged Mr. Norton to come back to them. Mrs. Thorn had been put in Mrs. Norton's place to make up the number. She was a shrewd little woman with tact enough to trim her sails to the most favorable winds — a good listener, a good dresser, and possessed a store of surface amiability.

Perhaps Mr. Norton thought she would be kind to his children, having two of her own; that her appreciation of a good home and a settled income would make her lenient to the incumbrance of six healthy, noisy young Americans, not in the least inclined to angelic sweetness of temper. Perhaps the simpler solution that he had fallen in love with her was the correct one. At any rate he had asked the little widow to be his wife, and she would have cut off her thumbs rather than refuse so good a chance in the rather limited marriage market of Gatesville.

In his plans for the future, or, rather, in his complacent view of the future, — for he trusted with masculine density that the very chaotic conditions of his reconstructed household would adjust themselves with absolute harmony, — Mr. Norton had no thought but that Grace would go on very much as usual. She would merely be relieved of the responsibility hardly suited to her years, and would have the time to continue her art studies; but the new Mrs. Norton had her own ideas and the determination to carry them out to their logical conclusion.

On the couple's return from their honeymoon Grace and the children assembled in the parlor to welcome them home. The girl had decorated the house in their honor, the hot tears shutting out the sight of the roses and ropes of smilax, slapped seven-year old Fred for calling his new mother an old hen, and then smothered him with kisses and cried over him, and sent him off with a quarter to buy whatever he liked.

Poor Grace!

When the bride broached the subject of Grace's future, her husband replied authoritatively that Grace was as much one of his children as May was, and that his house would be her home until she left it for one of her own. Mrs. Norton retreated gracefully; said that she had not understood, she had thought that seven children of their own were a good many mouths to feed and bodies to clothe, and that as Grace was no relation, and was old enough to take care of herself, she had supposed that was the intention; but disclaimed any wish to interfere.

The next attack came in the guise of a complaint that Grace was infringing on the management of the children, and that they had been disrespectful. This seemed serious enough to warrant a reprimand, and Mr. Norton spoke crossly to his step-daughter because he was in a hurry. When the truce was again raised, Mrs. Norton feeling sure of her position, risked a change of tactics: either Grace must go or she would. There could be no family peace as things were. She could do nothing with the children while Grace was in the house — they went to her about everything, even the clothes they were to put on and the books they ought to read. The girl had some money of her own, and she wanted to be an artist; why not let her go away and study?

To Grace herself the new wife spoke in a way no proud girl could bear. Why did she not fit herself to earn her own living, and thus relieve Mr. Norton of the burden of her support — he had enough to do to take care of his own (including the Thorns, of course). This was said in private, after Mr. Norton was safely off at his business.

That night Grace announced to Mr. Norton her desire to go to Chicago to the Art School.

In the interval before Grace's departure, Mrs. Norton by masterly little strokes indicated that the going was to be final, that the girl was beginning a career for herself, and that any return to Gatesville would be in the nature of a visit.

The leave-taking was tempestuous, and must have been trying to the little woman who was forced to witness it. The children clung to Grace, crying and lamenting at the top of their voices. Lucretia, the much-tried domestic, who had been around all day with eyes distressingly red and who, every time she came into Mrs. Norton's presence, had raised her apron ostentatiously to her weeping orbs, indulged in a fresh outburst at the last, and held the baby in her arms, despite his protests, calling him a poor, motherless darling.

Mr. Norton expatiated on Grace's many virtues, and how the place would be lost without her until she came back — all of which the matron bore serenely, confident that in the master-stroke she had won. She even submitted smilingly to see her husband with this beautiful maiden of nineteen clinging to his neck, and calling him her dear old daddy.

"Goodbye, papa! Thank you a hundred thousand times for all your goodness to me," said Grace, with more tears and kisses.

"Goodbye, little girl! you have been nothing but a pleasure to me all your life, and whenever you get tired of art your old home is always ready for you." So far had Mr. Norton dared to defy his wife.

The finishing touch to poor Grace's mistakes — her blunders so much worse and more numerous than her crimes — was when she turned to the woman who stood there so calmly in her dead mother's place, and said tearfully, "You will be patient with the children, won't you? They have been awfully spoilt!" Then, with final embraces all around, Grace, with Ralph as a bodyguard, passed over the threshold of her childhood's home and out into the darkness, and was driven swiftly to the station.

An hour later Mr. Norton had stolen guiltily into his room, locked the door and bowed his head over his desk, his thoughts following the girl on her way. A vision came back to him of a night fifteen years before when he had driven away on his bridal journey, and the baby Grace, scarcely four years old, stood in the doorway, with a red apple in her hand, calling out, "Doodbye, mama! Doodbye, new papa! Tome back soon!"

And then he bent his head in desolation of spirit, and cried, "My wife, my wife!" and the image which the words called up was not of the little woman with catlike ways who sat at the head of his table, but of the queenly creature with big grey eyes and a kissable mouth, sleeping in Calvary Cemetery.

Grace ensconced herself comfortably enough in Chicago, if one accepts comfort as a relative term like money.

She had a hall bed-room up four flights, as had many another art student like herself. She was entitled to a place at the table three times a day where the food served required a very strong appetite, indeed, as sauce, to be palatable.

There was a parlor furnished with a faded carpet and vivid plush furniture, lace curtains bought at a dollar and ninety-nine cents the pair, at the Universe Emporium, a piano, which had come into the house on the installment plan, and was likely to go out of it on a chattel mortgage; there was a mottled marble grate adorned with

a clock whose days of "good works" were over, a lot of photographs, and an easel picture of the landlady as a bride, which made one wonder if the late lamented had been near-sighted, until one discovered the crayoned features of the husband hanging on the wall. There were various other articles in the room, from a nightmare of the cabinet maker's art which looked like a combined refrigerator and writing desk, but which on closer inspection proved to be a folding-bed, to a centre-table holding a plush album and some hair flowers under a glass globe. In this room the inmates of the human beehive were privileged to receive their friends and to spend their unengaged evenings. By an unwritten law of the establishment certain young women who had "regular company" were permitted to pre-empt it on stated evenings of each week.

But the boarding house was merely a necessary detail to Grace Chilton; her real life was in the Art School, the granite pile in which centered the Aladdin-like dreams of so many ardent souls, hastening to its portal every morning as to a shrine. Her pleasure was in the long walks and rambles in the parks, the matinees, and concerts, and art exhibitions, the Bohemian luncheons with certain congenial spirits of the Art School — all the attractions of a great city bursting on the eager vision of a genuine provincial.

And thus happily and hopefully the first term wore away. During the vacation Grace joined a sketch club which sought unfrequented haunts, and pitched their tents on mossy banks — only that at times the banks were sandy, and not infrequently creatures of nature other than thrushes and nightingales, and glow-worms, — all the objects beloved of a poet's heart — made their way into camp.

But these were details quite by the way, as their teacher and chaperon, a charming spinster of forty, would say.

In the autumn Grace resumed her studies, aglow with enthusiasm and hope. Mr. Rivers, the director, was especially critical of her work, because he saw in her a talent which might amount to genius. She had sense enough to realize that his exactions were an implied recognition of power, and was grateful and glad accordingly, and worked all the harder, buoyed by this precious knowledge.

Then came the crash.

The ominous words, "Suspended Payment," have carried varying degrees of distress from the tragedy of the workingman whose savings for his little home have been swept away, and the widow whose mite was in the bank for safe-keeping, to the business man

who goes down to insolvency in the ruin; but to few have they brought such awful terror as they brought to this young girl, friendless and alone in a strange city.

Adversity, which for nineteen happy years had forgotten her, had come with swift, cruel knocks at her door.

Grace had risen at her usual time on the fateful morning, humming snatches of song as she flitted about making her simple toilet, and putting her little room in order; she had taken her lunch in an innocent-looking music roll, the usual receptacle for the luncheons of her fellow-students, and gone to the Art School, where she had drawn in profile a magnificent blonde almost as impassive on the model's block as the drawings she inspired; had chatted and bantered little jokes with the other girls, and made an engagement for the Saturday matinee, for on Saturdays the Art School enjoyed a holiday; and had then gone home to meet this awful fate.

And it had come in such a strange careless way — did ruin ever enter so unceremoniously before? She had picked up the evening paper, and tucked away among the telegraphic brevities was a tiny paragraph saying that the Gatesville National Bank had suspended payment.

With wide eyes and pallid lips Grace fled to her room and fell on her knees in a wild, wordless, half-prayerful agony. And blended with the anguish of loss was fierce anger at the hideous wrong against which she was powerless to contend — she felt herself a pygmy in the grasp of a conscienceless giant, to be cheated and thrown aside. She was facing remorseless ruin. All night she tossed in her little bed, her brain teeming with mad schemes. At dawn she slept the troubled sleep of exhaustion, but tortured in her dreams with ghoulish shapes. She awoke, pierced with the sword-thrust of returning memory. The morning's mail brought her two letters. Mrs. Norton wrote saying that they all sympathized so much with her in her loss, hoped she would get something pleasant to do until the bank paid a dividend, enabling her to continue her studies, regretted that her own house was not big enough to offer Grace hospitality for the time, said that Mr. Norton would be glad to assist her did not his own large family render any extra expense out of the question, and closed with assurances of love from the children — which Grace knew had never been sent, the children preferring a more direct method of communicating their undiminished affection for their absent sister.

Mr. Norton's was rather a tame letter, expressing regret, and offering assistance should Grace be in need of it. He said that he

was sure Grace could support herself comfortably in Chicago, that there was a prospect that the depositors would be paid in full, and signed himself, not "her affectionate father," but "affectionately"; and this stung sensitive Grace as nothing had ever before stung, and spurred her to action.

"After all, he is not my father," she said, "and why should he concern himself with my wants?"

But she would not have thought of going home, even if Mrs. Norton had not speedily and craftily forestalled that possibility. Grace had realized that the break with early ties was final. She had learned the old truth that no house was ever built large enough to hold two women who do not like each other.

But what should she do? what could she do?

The situation was tragic enough to apall the stoutest heart.

She had never earned a dollar in her life. She had the usual accomplishments of well-to-do girlhood, but not one of them had she mastered with money-making thoroughness.

To add the last touch to her troubles, the practical landlady exacted her money from all impartially in advance, and Grace's month would be up in a week. She had spent her ready money for winter clothes, and the smart frock and natty jacket were hanging in all their prettiness in the closet, to mock her misery as she passed them. If she could but turn them back to money!

What would the landlady do? Would her trunk be put out on the sidewalk? Grace had heard of evictions, but she had not heard what became of the evicted.

Where should she go? Should she walk the streets, starving, looking for work, as she had read of women doing? Were there any homes, or charity refuges where a shelterless girl could be taken in and provided for? And would her name be in the papers where all her friends in Gatesville and her new friends at the Art School could read of her humiliation? Would Mr. Rivers understand that the reason why she had disappeared from her place in class was that she had been evicted, and was homeless and a pauper?

II.

For a day Grace remained in her own room on the truthful plea of illness; but on the second morning she resolved to look for work.

She arose early and stole out to buy the morning papers for the advertisements. — There were not many women or girls "Wanted". — The wants seemed to be the other way.

One woman set forth her knowledge of French, German, Latin, and the higher mathematics, offering to work for her board.

In the other column, in which Grace was more vitally interested, an experienced saleswoman was *wanted* at a moderate salary. A baker on the Westside *wanted* a cashier; a laundry was in need of a bookkeeper, and another bookkeeper was *wanted* at a salary of eight dollars a week. Three gentlemen *wanted* experienced stenographers at moderate stipends, and eleven stenographers *wanted* positions at moderate salaries. One lady *wanted* a nursery governess.

Grace decided to apply for the cashier's place. She spent two hours and ten cents in reaching the bakery, and the place had been filled an hour and twenty minutes before she arrived.

She devoted the day to tramping from West Chicago to South Chicago to save car-fare, and went without anything to eat because at luncheon-time she was too far away from her boarding place to go there, and she had no money to spend for food.

Such a day! The laundryman gave her a piece of his Teutonic mind in extremely Teutonic English for wanting to be a book-keeper when she knew nothing of keeping books. The third place had been filled and twenty applicants turned away. The head of the department could not consider an application from any but an experienced saleswoman; and the lady who had advertised for a governess really wanted a nurse and a maid, and a seamstress, and a tutor for her boy who was backward in mathematics, and a governess for two little girls, all combined in one person, at twelve dollars a month, and she speedily decided that Grace was not that person.

The second day's search for work was a repetition of the first with the added weight of hopelessness; on the third, Grace was despairing and ill. She had seen women in foully-ventilated basements of the big stores, working from half past seven in the morning until half past six in the evening, for wages, she could not say salaries, ranging from three dollars a week to ten; she had seen cashiers working for six dollars; she had seen women of some education and refinement clamoring for hard positions where the time was from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and the salaries too pitiful to be paid by honest men; she had seen women and girls in offices, in cheap stores, in photographers' places, behind the cashier's desk in restaurants, in barber shops, in confectioners' stands — women everywhere. The few had desirable positions, easy hours, good pay, as stenographers, heads of departments, teachers, musicians, artists. The great majority were leading the lives of slaves, half-

starved, ill clad, foully housed, walking to save car-fare, or going without luncheon to pay for the car ride. At every place where Grace went applicant after applicant had been turned away. Sometimes at the entrance to a shop she would meet a woman in tears coming out. Grace seemed to have grown old and broken in three days, as if the weight of all the misery in the world were upon her, and bearing her down. She had seen life on its seamy side. Had she ever been the light-hearted girl romping with the children in a big house, or scampering through rose-bordered lawns, or an ambitious art student, intent on joining the immortals? — she the haggard, friendless woman fighting with remorseless fate for a chance to earn a crust of bread!

On the morning of the fourth day Grace collected all the columns of advertisements she had saved, read them over thoughtfully, and made out a list, very much longer than usual. Then she dressed herself carefully from force of habit, and started out. There was a determination in her quick nervous tread as she sped towards a fashionable street a few blocks away, determination in the compressed lips, renewed hope in the grey eyes.

By the time she reached the door where she had resolved to make her first application, merely because it happened to be the nearest on her prescribed route, the exercise of walking had brought back a bit of color to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes, so that when a maid in a white apron and cap opened the door a very pretty picture of budding girlhood was framed by the doorway.

The maid, an expert like most of her kind in classifying people, did not know just where to place this young woman. Grace had asked for the lady of the house, yet she was evidently not a book agent, for she carried no book, she hardly looked like a vendor of patent medicine, or a tooth powder, or a magic stove polish; callers were not usual in the morning; so the maid decided that Grace was one of the young ladies from the parish association begging for a fair. As she had received no instructions that her mistress was not at home, she showed the stranger into the drawing room, and went to seek orders from headquarters.

It was a very sweet, attractive-looking woman somewhere in the early thirties, tall and slender, with brown eyes and reddish brown hair, a clear, transparent complexion, and a tip-tilted nose, who came down in a few minutes to see Grace.

Grace had rehearsed her opening little speech as she came along, so she stood up and recited it very much as a small girl at school recites verses on an exhibition day. At the first words, "I

saw your advertisement for a cook, and I should like very much to get the place," — the faint curiosity natural to one who has been asked for as "the lady of the house" deepened into downright incredulity on Mrs. Hornsby's expressive countenance. — Applicants for the vacant throne in her kitchen — and she had treated with a score or more since her advertisement had appeared in the papers — were not usually gowned in the latest mode, with gloves and shoes and hat and wrap bearing the stamp of a gentlewoman's wardrobe; they did not usually salute her with a graceful bow, nor did they state their business in a low, musical, well-modulated voice, the voice recognized everywhere as the voice of culture. Nor was it usual for them to enter through the front door, and send for her to talk to them in her own drawing room. This was something positively unique.

"Have you had any experience as a cook?" began Mrs. Hornsby in a tone expressive of well-bred skepticism.

"Yes, indeed, plenty of it," answered Grace promptly.

"Indeed! You look — ah — rather, so — so very young," returned Mrs. Hornsby conscious that the language just then at her command did not express quite all that she meant.

"Have you any references?"

Grace smiled humorously, as if the comedy element of the situation was dawning on her, as it must have dawned on Mrs. Hornsby.

"I can get them — perhaps I had better explain. I can cook, there is no doubt about that. I have been used to the kitchen all my life — it is the one thing that I can do really well. But I have never cooked for anybody, if that is what you mean. My mother taught me, and when I was older I went to the cooking school, and we had the best of teachers. We had" — and here Grace mentioned a name so high in the annals of cooking that Mrs. Hornsby was plainly impressed.

Then the girl went on to tell about her mother's death, the failure of the bank, and her friendless condition in Chicago.

"But my dear young lady, I want just a cook, a plain, ordinary cook," ejaculated Mrs. Hornsby, after expressing deep sympathy at Grace's pathetic story.

"Your advertisement said a first-class cook," answered Grace, bravely, "and I really think that I can claim to be that."

"Oh, I am sure of it, — it is not a question of your ability, but — but —"

"I understand what you mean," broke in Grace, "and I am willing to do just what your cook usually does. I have walked — I

think I have walked a thousand miles looking for work, and I find that I am not fitted for anything in the usual way. People of experience are wanted everywhere, and I have no experience in anything but in cooking and housekeeping. I am qualified there. If you want to know anything about me you can ask Mr. Rivers at the Art School, or write to Gatesville — everybody knows me there — only I should rather that you wouldn't do that. I don't want people there to know about me —"

"Oh, I understand — and it is not a question of anything like that." Mrs. Hornsby sat looking at the tips of her toes, in a deep study. The situation was so odd that it appealed to her womanly interest in the unusual. Besides she had advocated some very radical views in regard to women's work, and had long been identified with the theory that a woman elevates the work, the work does not degrade the woman. Her cult advocated the lifting of domestic service to the plane of the arts and sciences, and although she wanted just now merely the ordinary type of cook, there was no reason for not trying a type beyond the ordinary. She had not expected that in her age and generation there would be any probability of seeing these theories put into practice — the age and generation were not ready for them — but why should she hesitate to be a little in advance of her time? Mrs. Hornsby was a kindly disposed woman, and the girl's story touched her; at the same time she had the selfishness of the housewife, who regards the comfort of her own household as of the first importance, seeking the motive power to make the wheels revolve without friction. It would have been delightful and commendable for one of her friends to take an art student who was plainly a gentlewoman into her kitchen, and give the girl the consideration which belonged to the situation, but for herself — it would require thought. On the other hand she was in serious need of a cook, and at the earliest possible moment. She had engaged one on the previous morning, and Martha Sara Wiley, known as Martha S. in the household, Mrs. Hornsby's second girl, had loftily dismissed a dozen or more of belated applicants. But when evening, which was to bring the new cook, arrived and the cook did not, the peace which had settled around the matron's soul upon the conclusion of this momentous transaction was much disturbed. And when the next day's post brought a scrawled note from the cook — exercising the American's right to do as she pleased, and the woman's right to change her mind — announcing that she had got a place which suited her better, there was tumult

in the soul of Mrs. Hornsby. Company was expected that evening for dinner — quite informally — strangers from out of town who had entertained her, and to whom she was particularly desirous to show her home at its best. She had determined to call in a caterer in her extremity, although his sort of dinner was not at all what she wanted. She herself had a very poor opinion of the house where friends could not be invited to a little family dinner without outside assistance for the regular cook. It showed bad housekeeping, and spoke unfavorably for the domestic comfort of the household.

It seemed almost like a special providence the sending of this girl. Mrs. Hornsby explained the situation quite frankly to Grace.

"I am tempted to try you for a week — I am afraid you will not like cooking for a livelihood, but I really am in sore straits for a cook."

Grace saw her opportunity and used it.

"I shouldn't care to come for just a week — I am looking for a permanent place and I intend to find it before the month is up where I am boarding. I may not like cooking, but I am sure I shall like it better than I should some of the positions I have tried for, and couldn't get. I can cook, and nobody wants me for anything else."

"Well, if you are really determined, let's say for a month, then," said Mrs. Hornsby.

"Very well, for a month," answered Grace.

III.

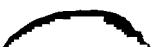
The girl was all aglow at once. She had the enthusiasm which goes with the optimistic temperament, and lifted from the depths of the tragic mood, in ten minutes she was laughing like a pleased child.

"Now you must treat me like a cook. Don't think that I expect anything else. I want the place, and I shall try to do my work."

Grace hurried to Mrs. Nettleton's boarding house, which had been her home for over a year, and soon returned with a big white apron and a cap.

"I always wore these when I was cooking at home," she explained. "Mrs. Rollins says that a cook without a cap is wearing the badge of untidiness."

Mrs. Hornsby's delight was unbounded. It had required some generalship on her part to induce the various sovereigns of her kitchen to assume the cap.



Grace went to work with a matter-of-fact directness which won her admiration, and did much towards calming her fears about the forthcoming dinner.

The new cook did not ask what Mrs. Hornsby thought she would like to have; instead, she sketched two menus on a piece of torn wrapping-paper, and asked how they would do. Mrs. Hornsby was in raptures — either would do beautifully, "but are you sure that you can cook all those things?" she asked faintly.

Grace was confident of her own ability.

"I had better go to market as soon as possible," said Grace after the menu was settled, and Mrs. Hornsby yielded up her pocketbook without hesitation.

"It makes me feel like old times to be setting out to market for a company dinner," said Grace, but the memories thus aroused saddened the girl, and a tear hovered dangerously near the dark lashes.

"Oh, mama, mama! why did you die!"

It was not until Grace was out of the house that Mrs. Hornsby remembered that she knew absolutely nothing of the cook, and that a full pocketbook had gone with the stranger, and that if she did not return there was no clue to her identity; but these suspicions had hardly time to be born before Grace had returned, followed by a special delivery wagon containing the things for the little dinner.

Grace was taken to the kitchen where Martha S. was trying to prepare a luncheon, and was so enthusiastic over its modern arrangement and luxurious appointments that Mrs. Hornsby thrilled with the pride of the householder and the good housewife.

"We never had anything half so nice at home!" exclaimed Grace. "Cooking in such a kitchen will be great fun."

As the afternoon wore away bringing nearer the dinner hour Mrs. Hornsby was filled with a secret anxiety which frequent visits to the kitchen could not altogether dispel; for so much was involved in the issue. To make a failure of this dinner for the Wilsons, famed over all St. Paul for their dinners, would be more than she could bear.

Mrs. Hornsby had not thought it well to tell Mr. Hornsby anything about her novel experiment, and when he called to her, as he was getting into his dress clothes, to know how the new cook was doing, she answered, "Oh, beautifully!" leaving him to think the "new cook" was the one engaged on the previous day.

"Why spoil his pleasure in his guests, and make him nervous, too?" reasoned the good wife. "It is quite enough for one of us to be on the rack."

The table was beautifully decorated. The anxious matron had gone to the dining room half an hour before the Wilsons were expected, to attend to this herself; but the young artist had anticipated her, even going beyond anything Mrs. Hornsby would have attempted, and the effect was charming. The dinner was perfect — absolutely flawless — from soup to finish.

Grace had explained to her admiring employer the reasons for having certain dishes, the harmony between them, why one salad or entree would be just the right thing, and another would be a false note, although good in itself, until Mrs. Hornsby had been aroused to trustful enthusiasm; still there were dark moments when she was sure that theories so beguiling would meet a Waterloo when reduced to practice.

"My dear, your cook is a treasure; keep her if you have to lariat her to the ice-chest", said the jubilant host when the door had closed after their departing guests.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" chimed in Mrs. Hornsby ecstatically. "But I am in doubt yet whether it was a flesh-and-blood cook or a beneficent fairy who got up this dinner for us. Read this." And Mrs. Hornsby thrust dramatically into the hands of her spouse the note from the cook who never came.

"I don't understand," said the bewildered man.

Whereupon Mrs. Hornsby explained.

"And to think that she is not a cook at all, but a lady!" concluded the matron.

"Well, she must be a very perfect sort of lady if her ladyhood goes beyond her cooking," replied the master of the house.

"I descended to the kitchen to give some valuable suggestions," went on Mrs. Hornsby, "but when the girl courteously consulted, not my taste, but my wishes in regard to that wonderful fruit salad, and explained that Delmonico made it so, but that Mrs. Rollins preferred it thus, and that the majority of the Gatesville Cooking Club preferred Mrs. Rollins's recipe to Delmonico's, I was reduced to an ignominious silence. Flight was the only thing left to save my self-respect as a housewife."

"Come, let us go and see if she is still existing, or whether she has not sailed away on a lily drawn by two white mice."

And Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby invaded their kitchen to find the paragon perched on the immaculate deal table, reading the evening paper by the light of a blazing gas jet.

"We have come down to congratulate you on your beautiful, beautiful dinner," exclaimed Mrs. Hornsby, "and I want to intro-

duce my husband." And Mr. Hornsby found himself shaking hands with the new cook, and praising her extravagantly.

Grace bore her honors modestly.

"Mrs. Rollins thinks that a person who can paint pictures is a painter, but that one who can cook is an artist," said Grace, laughing light-heartedly. That night the young girl slept a sweet, sound sleep, for the first time since the failure of the bank.

Grace had descended from the ranks of the served to the army of the servers, but after all, so long as nobody knew, what mattered it? she reasoned. It was good to feel a shelter over one's head, and to know that a future, even a hard one, was secure. The three days of her agonizing search for work had changed her point of view completely, and widened, even if it darkened, her horizon; and her duties were not half so disagreeable as she had been prepared to find.

It was an average American household into which she had come. The Hornsby's owned their own home, a modern structure of ten rooms; they had two children, a girl of seven and a boy of ten.

A cook and a second girl, with a woman in the laundry for one day in the week, were expected to do the work of the establishment.

Grace had carried the situation by the master-stroke of her first dinner. Mrs. Hornsby explained how much she usually spent in the month on her table, and left the matter entirely in the hands of the new cook.

"It seems perfectly wonderful," confided the matron to her husband over a dainty breakfast, "how she can think up such varieties. I feel as if we had escaped from a bad dream of steak and potatoes and buckwheat cakes. The charm about it all is that we never know what we are going to have, and we know that it will be something good."

On the first Sunday of her advent Grace not only followed up her initial success, but even surpassed it. And she made her position wellnigh impregnable by her forethought in many little things.

Emboldened by success and conscious power she unfolded a little scheme to Mrs. Hornsby which went beyond that lady's most advanced ideas.

Grace was wild to be an artist; she confessed quite frankly that she intended to make painting not cooking her life-work. She begged Mrs. Hornsby to pay her half the usual wages paid the cook, and to let her have the time from breakfast to dinner to go on with her work at the Art School. She could get up early in the

morning, she said, and clean the parlor and library and dining room, get things ready for the family luncheon before time for breakfast, prepare the breakfast at the usual hour, and, leaving Martha S. to wash the dishes, reach the Art School by nine o'clock, the hour for beginning work.

She could order the supplies from the market on her way in the morning; she was free at three in the afternoon, and that left plenty of time in which to have the dinner ready by seven.

Instead of having the cook do a part of the ironing a woman could be employed by the month to do all the laundry work — then Martha S. would have no ground to complain about having to wash the dishes.

Mrs. Hornsby thought over the plan for a night, discussed it with her husband, and ended by accepting it; as she had intended doing from the first; for she would have agreed to almost anything rather than lose her cook.

Besides that she was genuinely interested in Grace. There was a mutual attraction between the two — the prosperous matron who had always a kindly feeling for her less prosperous sisters, and the friendless young girl.

On the first of the month Grace joyfully resumed her work at the Art School, going first to Mr. Rivers and explaining her situation so that should she be compelled to be absent from her class he would excuse her and understand.

It was not an easy life that she was making for herself, but it was so much better than what she had expected after her brief, black experience with want, that it seemed ingratitude to fate to repine.

She carried her luncheon with her as was usual among the girls, and, thanks to Mrs. Hornsby's insistence, it was a much better luncheon than any Grace had before carried to that temple of the arts.

Grace spent the day until three o'clock at her easel, and by that time she was glad of the change and exercise the cooking afforded.

The dish washing after dinner was disagreeable, but then there were disagreeable features to every sort of work, she reasoned.

The kitchen was supplied with all modern appliances for making the task easy, and Grace, with commendable vanity, wore rubber gloves to protect her hands.

Her evenings were her own. Reading was, of course, her principal amusement. Mrs. Hornsby did all that she could to make the situation pleasant. She gave Grace a little room which had

been used as a sewing room, and fitted it up rather cozily. The girl had permission to take any books and magazines that she liked out of the library.

On Saturdays the art students, in common with other students, had a free day. Grace devoted the forenoon to her culinary duties, but the afternoon was her own. Her usual diversion was a concert or matinee. Not infrequently Mrs. Hornsby gave her a ticket and sent her with the children to the theatre, when a play spectacular enough for their juvenile fancy held the boards.

In a burst of generosity this charming matron told her cook that she might receive her friends in the library, but Grace did not make use of this privilege.

Sometimes when Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby were dining out, Grace spent the evening with the children in the library, telling them stories, or sending them into ecstacies of delight by drawing pictures for them. The youngsters adored her, possibly because she gave them such good things to eat, and could make such delicious candy.

As for the work, she had often done as much or more, at home, during her mother's long illness, and no one had ever thought her deserving of pity. She had not thought so herself.

She now had a comfortable home, wholesome food, easy hours, and, above all, she was pursuing her art studies and saving money, as she humorously put it, on nothing a year.

Grace had common sense enough to appreciate her luck. As the months wore away and the girl came to feel more and more at home, and as part of the household, she did many little things which endeared her to the family.

She was never too tired to sew on a button or to mend a glove for Mrs. Hornsby, and she waited on the children as she had formerly done for her own brood of brothers and sisters.

She enameled a bed and painted wild roses over it for Helen, the little daughter of the house, and next she did a really artistic piece of work in painting a frieze in the drawing room. Various decorators had submitted their designs and prices — if the design suited the price did not — until Mr. Hornsby was mildly profane, and then Grace begged to be allowed to do it herself. The check she received for her work kept her in clothes for six months.

Mrs. Hornsby manifested genuine pleasure in Grace's progress in painting.

"And I think this shows unsuspected depths of generosity in my character," she confided to her husband, "for her success as an artist means her failure for us as a cook. I don't know just how

Grace feels about her position here, but I suspect that she has a good deal of the traditional spirit which attaches a stigma to the work called servile. But when one classes cooks, the most independent creatures in the country, among the servile workers, and clerks, who are the most tied down, among something else, it shows that one has not a very nice discrimination in the use of language."

And in her secret soul Grace did hope that her position would not become generally known. A prejudice that is older than the Pyramids cannot be overcome in a day.

But Mrs. Hornsby had to tell some of her friends, and Mr. Hornsby was moved to boast of the superlative excellence of his cook. Grace made a confidant of her chum at the Art School, and Mr. Rivers had to bring up the case as an example of the overmastering energy of true genius fighting against disastrous odds, as he found himself in a semi scientific social gathering; altogether Grace's affairs could not be said to be exactly a secret.

In the spring of the second year the bank paid a dividend of fifty cents on the dollar.

The day on which the money came was kept as a sort of jubilee in the family, and Grace was touched at finding so much genuine good will.

Even Martha S. beamed with pleasure. This personage had at first viewed the artist-cook with some disfavor, but when she found that Grace did not put on any "stuck-up airs", a thing Martha S. could not abide, instead of resenting the girl's privileges, and beauty and refinement, she came to take a certain pride in them as reflecting credit on the whole serving class. And her intimates were given to understand that the Hornsby domicile was covered with Michael Angelo frescoes from cellar to attic, and that a whole university course was but as child's play to the gifted being who had, in the plenitude of her wisdom, elected to be — a cook.

After the congratulations and felicitations on getting the money had subsided, Mrs. Hornsby said, in her brisk, kindly way, "Now Grace, if you are a sensible girl you will invest this money safely, and keep right on here, just as you have been doing, for another year or two, and then go to Paris to study."

And this dazzling plan was immediately adopted.

A stout, middle-aged woman was taken in the house to do the laundry work and help in the kitchen, and after that Grace did not mind her duties at all. The comforts she enjoyed over what she would have had in a second-rate boarding house more than compensated for the little annoyance she experienced in her position.

"Grace manages so well with her catering that we can well afford to have an extra woman in the house," Mrs. Hornsby said in justification of her extravagance in engaging the third domestic.

As a little mark of her appreciation of all the favors she had received from Mrs. Hornsby, Grace expended her best efforts on doing a picture of the children as a Christmas present. Helen and Paul, and Yoko, the dog, were grouped before the fire in the library, and the familiar interior was worked in very effectively. This picture subsequently became famous under its catalogue name of "A Happy Family." It was reproduced in hideous, but unintentional caricature by a newspaper syndicate, and eventually found its way into every American household as an advertisement for a noted make of soap. This was the penalty for its being so good. It started the fortune of the artist, for it proved to be just one of those trifles on which great issues turn. Mr. Rivers was so delighted with the picture, its pose, and effective disposition of light and shade, its atmosphere and harmony of detail, and the other delicate qualities, apt to escape philistine eyes, but as plain as Roman print to the esoteric disciples of art — that he insisted upon entering it at the spring exhibition. It delighted the committee, and they awarded it a first prize. Nor did Fortune — a generous goddess when in the mood — stop here. Mrs. Hollis, a very great lady in the smart set, took a fancy to have her own children done in a similar way, and graciously signified her willingness to have the young artist presented to her.

"Similar, but entirely different, of course", explained this social autocrat when talking of the proposed picture with Grace. "You understand what I mean? This picture is individual and characteristic of those children, as I want a picture characteristic of my boys."

When it transpired that Grace was to paint Mrs. Hollis's young sons, she immediately became the fashion. It was quite "the thing" to hunt up the "The Happy Family", and to stand with raised lorgnette before it. Mrs. Hornsby, as the owner of the picture, and more than that, as the mother of the children, came in for her share of honor. But her great day of glory arrived when the artist was written up in the morning *Planet*. She was made to pose whether she liked it or not, as the patron of art and artists. The reporter interviewed Mrs. Hornsby as to Grace's past, present, and future, and that lady, putting roseate hues where darkest shadows had lurked, said that the young artist was an orphan of good family whose fortune had been swept away in a financial venture, and that

for two years the young girl had been making her home with Mrs. Hornsby, and studying with gratifying success at the Art School. And that on the completion of her course there she would go abroad, probably to Paris to study in one of the noted atelier of the French capital. All this and more appeared in the *Planet*, and Grace was human enough to buy a dozen copies of the paper and a blue pencil with which she dazzled Gatesville.

Mrs. Hornsby's reward was as great in a way as Grace's. Mrs. Hollis had decided to "take up" the artist, in the terse and comprehensive phrase of her set, and shortly after the spring exhibition, her smart brougham halted at Mrs. Hornsby's door, and five bits of pasteboard were deposited as glorious souvenirs of the honor, for, of course, she left cards for the Hornsbys. Mr. G. Worthington Hollis had probably never heard of Mr. J. Frederick Hornsby (that gentleman really divided his name in the middle, and not at one end), but that was no bar to a proxy call.

Before sailing for the other side, Grace paid a visit, by special invitation from Mrs. Norton, to Gatesville, and was received quite as A Conquering — Heroine.

Grace remained abroad two years. Upon her return she established herself successfully in Chicago as a portrait painter. Among her first sitters was Mrs. Hollis, and if the artist idealized her work somewhat, who can blame her in a world where even the Art Atmosphere must have a habitation, and in a city where rents for any sort of habitation come very, very high?

Grace intends doing Mrs. Hornsby when she gets the time.

Some five years after she had first crossed the Hornsby threshold, Grace, who now had a cozy domicile of her own, shared with a noted young novelist, received a hurried note from Mrs. Hornsby:

"Dear Grace, The Wilsons are in town, and will dine with us, quite informally, on Thursday. We want you by all means. — Please come, even if you have to throw over an engagement with somebody else. — Yours cordially, Mary Hornsby."

It was after the game had been served, and Mr. Hornsby's best champagne had gone around, that Mr. Wilson said, in a reminiscent mood, "That was a capital dinner you gave us five years ago, Mrs. Hornsby. I had to take Mrs. Wilson home to keep her from attempting to bribe, beg, or kidnap your cook. Ah, that was really a triumph of art! Miss Chilton, you ought to have been to that dinner."

"I was. I cooked it," answered Grace.

LIFE OF FATHER ROCCO, FRIAR PREACHER.

Narrated for the Italian People by CARDINAL CAPECELATRO, and done
into English by EDWARD LINTHICUM BUCKEY.

VI.**KING CHARLES THE THIRD AND FATHER ROCCO—THE HOSPITAL
FOR THE POOR—GAMES OF CHANCE.**

HEN Father Rocco saw the commencement of the noble building, it seemed to him that he had gained a great victory for his beloved poor; and from that day worked with all his energy to bring about its speedy completion, for difficulties did not fail to arise; especially in regard to the great amount of money needed for its completion. The never ceasing efforts of Father Rocco were a true benediction to this result. Indeed it may be said that the very commencement of the work was owing to him, for although King Charles had given the orders for its immediate erection, as no money was forthcoming, nothing as yet had been commenced.

Now it happened that the Queen was at that time expecting to be delivered, and to celebrate the event 15,000 ducats had been appropriated. Father Rocco then suggested to the King that no better or more worthy celebration could be made than by applying the money to the work of the hospital, to make a beginning on this auspicious day. The idea pleased both the King and the Queen, and it was accordingly done. Shortly after this, the King added 12,000 ducats a year, to be expended upon the work, and the many presents which it was then a custom to make to him, he devoted also to the same purpose. For example, the monks of the great convent of San Martino were in the habit on their feast day to send him a small gift. Now this gift, a trifle only in name, was in reality a very handsome sum, amounting to about 450 ducats. This and such like donations, the King now turned over to the fund for the hospital. In short, Father Rocco had so much interested the royal

pair in this good work, that they refrained from no sacrifice until it was completed. It is sufficient to record but one of many instances, as a proof of their godly zeal. As the King's enjoyment of the hunt was well known, preparations were set on foot for a very grand expedition, whose total cost would be not far from 15,000 ducats. When the King learned of the project he declared that he would prefer to donate this money towards the cost of the hospital, and that he would recreate himself in some fishing in the Granatello, a spot which he loved quite well, and which cost nothing. Such things Father Rocco brought to pass in behalf of the poor. He had however another grief, and that was the absorbing passion for gambling. We have already seen how many of the poorer people were harmed by it, wasting as they did long hours at the cards with no better fruits than hatreds, brawls, and evil talk. Nor were the upper class of citizens and the nobility any better in this respect than the people. Many of them, especially the young men, became utterly worthless because of this hateful pastime, whose least evil was often the impoverishment of the family. Great sums were risked, nourishing all sorts of criminal passions, generating scandals, giving occasion to fraud and bitter resentments, sundering healthy and pleasant family ties, in short, it was a most shameful and soul-destroying vice. The matter weighed upon the mind of Father Rocco, the more as from time to time, some parents would come to him in their distress over the misconduct of a son whose mad passion for play had become the scandal and absolute ruin of their homes. The question was how to grapple with such an evil, which human folly loved to call by the name of recreation. Gambling hells were numerous and were conducted openly and without fear. The traps to entice the young, and keep them in the snare, were consequently ever set and ready. There was no restraint put upon the old black-legs and corruptors of virtue, to prevent their preying upon the weakness of youth. It is true that in times past, laws had been passed prohibiting such things, but they had long since become a dead letter, and the evil was allowed to show even a bolder face, and continued its growth unchecked. Father Rocco whose virtue and influence over the common people had long been known and appreciated by the King, did not fail many times to speak to His Majesty with horror of this wide-spread public gambling, and the King truly desirous of increasing the welfare of the people, sought ways to remedy it, approving the various attempts already made in this direction by Father Rocco.

Many a time they discussed the question. At last one day it seemed to the Friar that the time had come to act, so he spoke to the King somewhat in this fashion:

"Sire, games of chance which are the curse and disgrace of our city, not only are forbidden by the laws of God, but even by all civilized states, and notably in our day, by Germany and Russia. In Naples, on the contrary, the gamblers who make such sad havoc with the morals and substance of the country, have open houses, and carry on their nefarious business night and day without let or hindrance, nay even with the apparent connivance of the civil authority. And who can enumerate all the vile fruits of this gambling? It has a fair name, but in reality it is nothing less than open theft, and theft, however called remains still an ugly and disgraceful thing. If among the players there may be found some unsuspecting of its true nature, most of them are unbridled libertines and thieves, concealing themselves under the usurped banner of dignity and honor; unfeeling men they are, who mock at the ruin of others, and laugh at their bitter tears! For such scoundrels it is that families once rich and affluent are reduced to penury, the innocent are ruined, and inexperienced youth betrayed; into such hands fall the fortunes accumulated often by the hard and strenuous labor of honored ancestors. Why preach of honor and fairness! What honor, and what fair dealing can there be among such men who seek the ruin of their neighbors, and enrich themselves in ways so dishonorable and base? Sire, you ought to consider it an act of simple justice and your duty as a Christian king to make rigorous laws against this fearful sin. But you should strike the evil at its roots, and without pity or weakness. Let games of hazard be prohibited, an incessant watch maintained for houses of play, and let the guilty be discovered wherever they may have hidden, and punished with severity. Above all let there be no distinction of persons, let all alike, gamblers and their accomplices, whatever their social rank, be equally brought before the courts of justice and have their penalties meted out to them. I know that the Royal Treasury will lose the income of 60,000 ducats a year which it unfortunately receives today from houses of play. But what of that? Your Majesty has a mind sufficiently just and great to know how to sacrifice a human advantage for the sake of righteousness and the moral well-being of your people. Lord! Lord! Inspire this Thy king that he may walk more sure and more straight in Thy paths!"

Thus spoke Father Rocco, and aware that his words had pro-

duced a great impression upon the mind of the King, tried a last and even more resolute effort. Stopping short in the midst of an impassioned sentence, he drew from his pocket and began to read a list containing the names of many of the aristocracy, who had been reduced to straightened circumstances by gambling. The King, who had had no idea of the extent of the evil was much amazed and astonished at this report, and straightway exclaimed :

"Can that be true? Well, well, Father Rocco, I am not inclined any longer to be a king of beggars."

To this Father Rocco responded :

"Then promise me to publish an order forbidding games of chance, and carry it out, even though it be some loss to the Royal Treasury."

And the King said : "Yes, I promise you, and what I promise I will do. I greatly wish the good of my people, and that they may shun the occasions of sin. Go then and be happy, dear Father Rocco, pursue as you have already done, the gamblers in their dens, shops, saloons, and deserted places, but rest not there, I give you authority to enter the houses of any of the citizens, whatever their condition; transgress most freely and with all freedom, for you will find in my rescript, the right and the power to carry on this your holy mission."

Father Rocco could not speak, from emotion, but showed, however, in his look, his deep appreciation, and kneeling down, kissed the earth, saying with extreme feeling: "Lord, Lord, Father of Mercy. Who rulest the minds and hearts of kings, I give Thee most heartfelt thanks."

Father Rocco therefore not only had the consolation to see the decree, or as it was called, the pragmatre, published against games of chance but procured also its immediate enactment. The public gaming houses, which hitherto had been open day and night, were all abolished. The very buildings were remodeled and converted into private dwellings, so that even the recollection was lost of where they had been located. The mandate itself was very severe, being supported by both religious and moral sanctions as well as the requirements of public order. It commenced by condemning the vice of gambling, as a hindrance both to prosperity and good morals; it recalled the fact that in Naples, under the Emperor Frederic II professional gamblers, whether they used cards or dice, had been declared scoundrels; it renewed many old enactments and obsolete laws, and finally prohibited absolutely any gambling whatsoever in

the public parks or other holdings of the government, in the quarters of soldiers, and the guards, on shipboard or in any casino, wine or tea shop, or in any other place not enumerated; it specified by name many games of hazard, forbidding them all, and showing clearly that all other games were included, of their same nature. As was right it made due allowance for business speculations, etc., and games employed in harmless recreation. Those who should be apprehended, engaged in this forbidden pastime, were to be punished in the following manner: If the player were noble, he was to give his bond for five years, if a plebeian, to serve in the galleys for a term of years. If a woman, whatever her state or condition, she was to be sentenced to five years exile. Other penalties of money, to be apportioned at the discretion of the judge, were devised both for the player and the owner of the house where the playing was conducted.

This edict produced the happiest results; particularly at first. Through it, a wholesome fear seized the minds of all, and the evil undoubtedly received a mortal blow. It is true that after some time, the rigorous execution of the laws, became relaxed, and a thousand ways were invented to evade them, but Father Rocco did not fail to insist on fresh declarations enforcing these laws, and was enabled to obtain from King Ferdinand the law of 1760, and another in 1766, which not only re-affirmed all the old injunctions, but added new and more particular specifications. Such were the motives which we have thus seen, brought Father Rocco in the atmosphere of the Court, and which gained so many blessings for his poor.

We must not forget that Father Rocco never felt at home in royal places, and went there only when it was necessary. His great pleasure was to mix with the people, and study them, assisting them in their wants, endeavoring above all things, to lift them up and elevate them, and to imbue them with a hearty and healthy moral life.

The mind of Father Rocco always dwelt most vividly on this thought, that the priest or friar must needs associate himself with the great, the rich, and the powerful, in order to gain aid for the lowly, the helpless, and the poor.

That God's priest was not only the mediator between God and man, but also among the various classes of society, and especially between the rich and the poor.

No one was better qualified than he for this office of peace and love between these two great classes, who, when they are left to

themselves, and do not breathe the golden draughts of faith and Christian charity, must perforce regard each other as enemies, and sustain a never ceasing strife. O, that our age were more under the shadow of Christian truth, and would seek in its sphere the solution of the hard problems that now distress it. Oh that the Lord would send forth a goodly company of priests, with hearts large enough and charity all-sufficient to bring about such mediation!

(To be continued.)

THE EXILE'S TREASURE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

*M*EN named him "Miser," said with jealous care
 He hid his cherished treasure from their sight;
M But when the starlight pierced the evening air,
 And calm and silent came the reign of night,

 He took his wealth, so precious, forth and held
 Long converse with it in a foreign tongue;
 Now lowly bowed, anon as if impelled
 To look on high, but evermore he clung

 To the strange chain held safely in his grasp;
 'Twas said, linked jewels from remotest Ind;
 No watcher's eye e'er saw the hands unclasp
 'Till the low murmurs died upon the wind.

 And when death came, all peaceful and serene
 He lay, as if in childhood's happy rest,
 His closely guarded treasure held between
 The worn hands folded on the pulseless breast.

 Then wonderingly the gazers drew anear,
 Lifted the nerveless fingers, gems nor gold
 Rested within his clasp, the chain so dear
 To the lone exile was a Rosary, old

 And worn with constant usage till each bead
 Shone as if holding still the comfort born
 Of countless Aves, told in direst need,
 By the sad toiler, friendless and forlorn.

A CRUST OF BREAD.

From the French of Francois Coppie by GRACE TAMAGNO.



HE young Duke of Hardimont was stopping at Aix in Savoy, where the waters, he hoped, would be of benefit to his famous mare, Périchole, who he feared was getting broken-winded ever since her last race for the Derby.

While glancing listlessly over the papers, at breakfast, his eyes suddenly fell upon the announcement of France's catastrophe at Reichshoffen (1870). Hastily finishing his glass of Chartreuse, he called to his valet to strap up the trunks, and two hours later he was on his way to Paris. As soon as he arrived he went to the nearest recruiting station where he at once enlisted as a soldier of the line.

Even if one has led the life of a man of pleasure from one's eighteenth to one's twenty-fifth year, and has industriously coarsened one's self by associating with jockeys and chorus girls, there may arrive occasions when ancestry, such as the duke's will assert itself.

Enguerrand de Hardimont had died of the plague at Tunis upon the same day as Saint Louis, — Jean de Hardimont had commanded one of the Great Companies under Marshal du Guesclin and finally Francois Henri de Hardimont had been killed in the famous charge of the King's Household at Fontenoy. Enervated though he had become by his useless and vicious pastimes, the young duke upon reading that a battle had been lost by Frenchmen and upon French soil, felt the blood rush to his face as though he had received a blow.

Therefore, in the first part of November of 1870, having returned to Paris with his regiment which was a part of the Vinoy Corps, Henri de Hardimont, fusileer in the Third Regiment, Second Brigade, and incidentally member of the Paris Jockey Club, was guarding, with the rest of his company, the redoubt of Hautes-Bruyeres, a hastily fortified position protected by the guns of the Buceetre Fort.

It was a gloomy spot, a muddy road full of ruts, which traversed the entire outskirts, and on the side of this road an abandoned inn, where the soldiers had established their quarters. There had been a skirmish at this point a few days before, and the shells had broken down many of the fence posts, and had blackened and indented the others.

As to the inn — the very sight of it gave one the shivers : the roof had been knocked in by a cannon ball, and the walls spotted with wine appeared to have been sprinkled with blood. The empty wine-casks under their blackened signs, the upset games of "tonneaux", the swings whose damp ropes kept making a grinding sound, and the inscriptions around the bullet-pierced door, such as Absinthe — Vermouth — Wine for 60 centimes per litre — all recalled the gaiety and light-heartedness of the people who were wont to spend their holidays here. And over the whole scene hung a dark wintry sky with shifting leaden clouds that effectually shrouded the face of heaven.

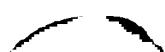
The young duke was standing at the inn-door with his cap pulled down over his eyes and his benumbed hands driven well into his pockets, for he had given up all attempts to get warm. The thoughts of this soldier of a lost cause were of a most sombre hue, as he watched through the mist the enemy's lines whose regularity was constantly being broken by columns of white smoke, and then followed the report of their Krupp guns.

Suddenly he remembered that he was hungry.

Opening his knapsack, which he had placed at his side against the wall, he took from it a piece of army bread, then as he had lost his knife, he bit off a mouthful, and commenced to eat slowly.

But by the second mouthful, he had had enough : not only was the bread hard, but it had a bitter taste. He well knew that he would get none fresher until the morrow's distribution, and not even then unless the commissary so willed it — but a soldier's life was a hard one, and he was growing accustomed to it. Unconsciously he began to recall some of his "hygienic breakfasts" as he used to term his morning meal at the Café Anglais. As he had usually partaken of a very heavy supper only a few hours before, why — he ordered almost nothing : a cutlet, some eggs stewed with asparagus tips and a bottle of fine old Burgundy. Just to think of such things now ! However those were good old days, and he will never be able to accustom himself to this bread of misery.

And so in a moment of impatience, the young man threw the rest of his bread out into the muddy road.



At the same instant a soldier ran out of the inn, and stooping down, picked up the bread which he rubbed off with his sleeve, and then began to devour hungrily.

Henri de Hardimont was at once ashamed of his action, and he looked pityingly at this poor fellow who gave such proof of an unsatisfied appetite. He was a tall, thin, badly built man, with eyes which still showed traces of fever, and a beard such as one grows in the hospital.

"You are really so hungry, comrade," said Henri approaching the soldier.

"Just as you see," responded the other with his mouth full.

"Then please forgive me. Had I known it would have been of use to you, I would not have thrown away my bread."

"Oh, there is no harm done," answered the soldier, "I am not so easily disgusted."

"Nevertheless," replied the young nobleman, "what I did was wrong, and I regret it. But I will not let you depart with such a bad opinion of me, and as I have some old cognac in my canteen — why — we shall drink it between us."

The man had finished eating so they each took a long pull at the flask, and the acquaintance was made.

"And you are called?" asked the newcomer.

"Hardimont", replied the duke, suppressing the particle and his title. "And you?"

"Jean Victor. They have just detailed me to this regiment for I am but just released from the hospital. I was wounded at Chatillon. And I was so comfortable in the sick ward, and they gave me such quantities of horse soup! But unfortunately I had a mere scratch and so the Major signed my release. So much the worse for me! The old life of hunger has begun again! For you may believe me or not, comrade, it has been always this way with me, I have been hungry all my life."

This was indeed a shocking thing for a Parisian clubman to hear. One who but a few minutes before had surprised himself yearning for the cooking of the Café Anglais. And so the Duke of Hardimont looked at his companion in astonishment that bordered on terror. The soldier smiled, and in so doing disclosed his long, wolf-like teeth that resembled the tusks of a hungry animal and then seeming to feel that some explanation was wanted he began.

"Listen," — and changing from the familiar tone he had been using as if he had already divined that his companion belonged to

that fortunate class who have never known the sufferings of poverty — "Let us walk up and down the road to keep our feet warm, and I will tell you some things of which you have never even heard. I am called Jean Victor, I have no other name, for I was a foundling, and my only happy recollection is that of my childhood, at the Orphan Asylum. We had white curtains around our little beds in the dormitory, we played in the garden under great trees, and there was a sweet sister very young and pale as wax (she died soon after of consumption) of whom I was the favorite pupil. I used to prefer clinging to her skirts to playing with the other children, and to this day I can feel the touch of her thin warm hand on my childish forehead.

"But at twelve years, after I had made my First Communion, there was nothing but misery in store for me. The directors apprenticed me to a chair-mender in the Faubourg Saint Jacques. Possibly you know this is not a real trade — it's impossible to make a living at it. In fact the master could only afford to hire as apprentices the poor children who came out of the Asylum for the Blind.

"And it was here that I began to suffer from hunger. The master and mistress, both natives of Lincousin and both of whom have died assassinated, were dreadful misers. So the bread of which they gave us a small slice at every meal, was kept under lock and key the rest of the time. You should have heard that old woman sigh at each ladleful of soup that she gave us and then you should have seen her glare at us while we ate it. The other two apprentices who were both blind, were the less unhappy, not that they received any more food than I, but at least they could not see the venomous look of the old mistress as she handed me my plate. For alas, even at that time I had a huge appetite. But how could I help it? I worked there three years, although the trade can be learned in a month, but the Government orders us to be apprenticed for that length of time. Ah! You were surprised to see me pick a crust of bread out of the mud and eat it? Why, I have done that all my life. I used to gather crusts from the ash-barrels, and when they were too hard to bite, I soaked them in my basin over night. But once in a while I had a feast, and that was when some schoolboys would throw on the sidewalk some of their lunch which had only been nibbled, and though they did it for mischief I blessed them for it. And I always tried to be in their neighborhood when I was sent on errands. At last my apprenticeship was over, and I assure you mine was not a trade to keep a man in food and lodging, so I

tried many others, for I was willing to work. I helped masons, I tended store, was a furniture polisher and did plenty of other things. But it was the same old story everywhere. At one time the work would be dull, at another I would lose my job, and so I never ate my fill. Great Heavens! when I passed a bakery and was nearly starving, I would have a mad desire to steal.

"Fortunately at these times I would always remember my good sister of the Asylum, who used to tell me I must always be honest, and I would almost feel the touch of her hand on my forehead.

"At last, at eighteen years, I enlisted. You know troopers always get enough to eat. But now — it almost makes me laugh — we have the siege and the famine! So you see I did not lie a few minutes before when I told you that I've been hungry always."

The duke was a good-hearted man, and when he heard this sad tale, told by a man of about his own age, and by a soldier whom the uniform made his equal, he was deeply moved. Despite the schooling which as a "dandy" he had given himself, he felt two tears in his eyes, which he hastily brushed away.

"Jean Victor," he said in the same tone that he would have used to his bosom friend, "if we survive this frightful war we shall see each other often, and I hope to be able to be of use to you. But for the moment, since the only baker here at the outposts, is the commissary, and as my rations are twice too much for my small appetite, — why, it is understood, is it not? — we will go halves as two good comrades should."

The handshake that sealed the agreement, was firm and warm; then thoroughly chilled they returned to the inn where fully a dozen soldiers were sleeping on the straw with which the floor had been strewn, and soon these two new friends were sound asleep side by side.

At midnight Jean Victor awoke, doubtless because he felt hungry. The wind had dispersed the clouds, and the moon shining through a hole in the roof, cast its rays on the handsome head of the young duke, asleep like Endymion. Deeply moved by the kindness of his new friend, Jean Victor was looking at him in rapt admiration. Suddenly the Sergeant thrust in his head and called the five men who were to do guard duty for the rest of the night. The duke was of the number, but he did not wake when his name was called.

"Hardimont, get up!" shouted the officer.

"If you are willing, Sergeant," said Jean Victor saluting, "I will take his place. He is so sound asleep, and then he is my comrade."

"As you like."

And the five soldiers departed, and the snoring continued in the inn.

Half an hour later the silence was broken by the sound of firing close to the house. In an instant everybody was up; every man had seized his gun and was carefully making his way toward the sound of the shooting.

"What time is it anyhow?" asked Hardimont, "this is my night to mount guard."

"Jean Victor took your place."

Just then a soldier came running up the road.

"Well, what's the matter?" they all asked before he could get his breath to answer.

"The Prussians are attacking. Fall back to our intrenchments."

"And the rest of the pickets?"

"They are coming. Only poor Jean Victor —"

"What happened to him?" screamed the duke.

"Killed instantly by a bullet in the head. Hadn't time to say 'Oh'."

One night last winter, at about two in the morning, the Duke de Hardimont and his neighbor, the Count de Saulnes, were returning from their club. As usual the former had lost quite heavily, and so, not feeling very cheerful, he suggested:

"If you are willing, André, we will walk home. I have a headache and would like a little air."

"As you like, old man; although the walking's beastly."

So they both sent home their coupés and turning up their fur collars made their way in the direction of the Madeleine. Suddenly the duke struck something with the toe of his boot: it was a large crust of bread all covered with mud.

Then to his intense amusement de Saulnes saw the Duke de Hardimont pick up the crust, wipe it off thoroughly with his embroidered handkerchief, and carefully place it on a bench where it could be easily seen by the light of the street lamp.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the count amidst peals of laughter.

"I do it in memory of a poor man who died for me," replied the duke in a voice that trembled slightly. "Do not laugh, old man, for you would hurt me very much."

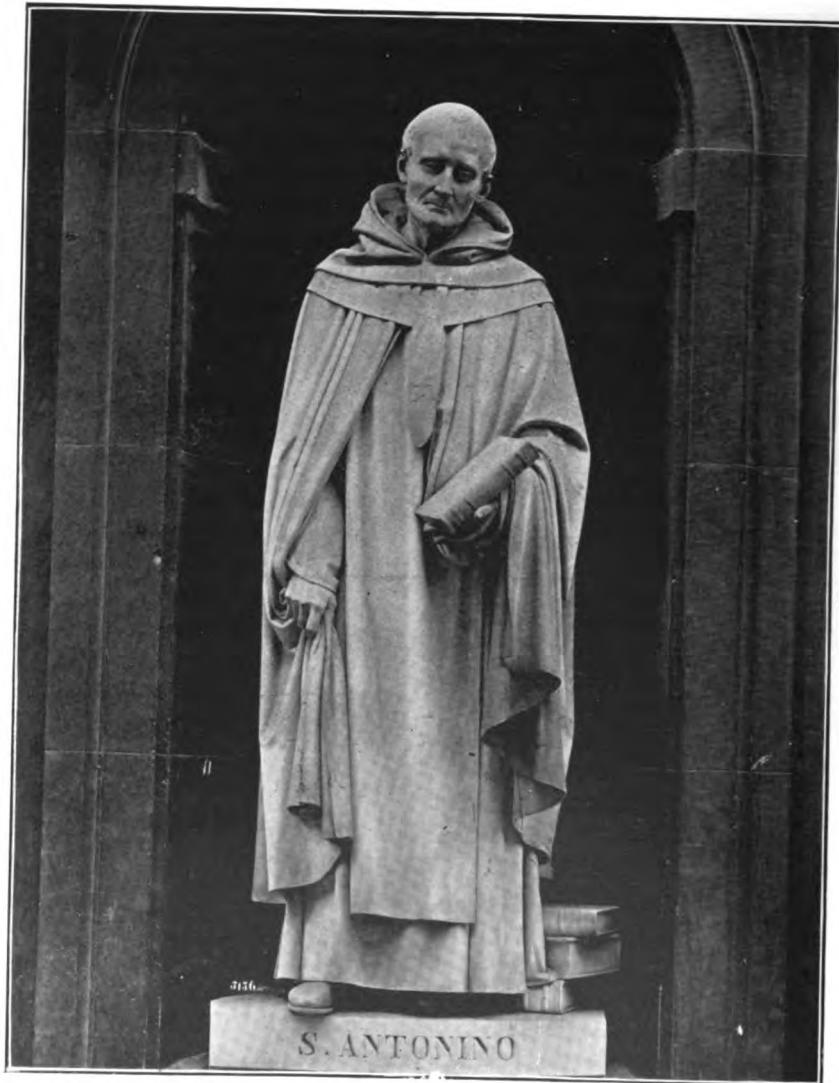
SAINT ANTONINUS.

M. M. O'KANE, O. P.



LORENCE, the city of flowers, has an attraction peculiarly its own. Nature and genius have conspired in singling it out for their choicest favors. It is situated on the banks of the Arno, in the center of a beautiful plain, which inclines almost imperceptibly to the horizon, and terminates in those delightful hills, which charm the lover of nature, and give Tuscany a beauty we can scarcely realize in a northern clime. The slopes are clothed with the luxuriant vine, and the rugged olive groves, when their foliage is stirred by the breeze from the river, and bathed in the soft evening light, give the landscape the appearance of a sea of molten silver. Embosomed in this lovely valley stands the fair city, with its towers and spires and graceful campaniles — the fruitful parent of statesmen, poets and artists. It was here that Angelico prayed and painted; it was here that Savonarola thundered against the vices of a corrupt civilization; it was here that Michel Angelo received those inspirations which will be the wonder of all time; and it was here that the immortal bard was born; and though some of his terrible visions, begotten of exile from his native city, are not in keeping with the beauty of his home, yet affectionate thoughts and tender feelings, are woven in his verses, that could have been conceived only among the Tuscan hills.

Though history has surrounded those names with a halo of undying glory, they are not the only ones that have made Florence famous in the history of the world. If God bestowed the gifts of nature on the Tuscan city, with a lavish hand, He gave her also the gifts of grace in no unstinted measure. If Florence is celebrated for her artists and statesmen, she is no less renowned for her saints. Among those who were honored for the sanctity of their lives, there is one, who, by the extraordinary influence he exercised, will ever remain *par excellence*, the Saint of Florence, and her children will ever hold his name in loving regard and especial veneration. He will ever be for the city of his birth, *San Antonio Benedetto* — the blessed S. Antoninus.



ST. ANTONINUS.

He was born in Florence in 1398, of pious Catholic parents, who spared no pains in bringing up their child in the love and fear of God, and in perfect subjection to His holy law. From his earliest years Antoninus manifested signs of delicacy which continued throughout his entire life; but beneath that frail form there was concealed a will which carried him through difficulties that men of perfect constitution would have hesitated to undertake. The boy was passionately fond of reading and, possessed as he was of no ordinary abilities, he made great progress in his elementary studies. At the age of sixteen he presented himself at the Dominican Convent, and asked to be admitted among the brethren. B. John Dominic, the great reformer of the fifteenth century, was the Prior of the community. The strict discipline which he had introduced among his subjects required physical strength of which Antoninus was not possessed, and consequently his chances of presevering were very slight indeed. The Prior explained to him the austerities which he must practice in the cloister, hinting at the same time, with great kindness, that we would scarcely be a suitable subject. Antoninus however, insisted on being admitted and the question turned upon his studies. He told the Prior that he was then studying Canon Law. "Well", replied the Prior, "when you have mastered the subject, and committed to memory the Decretals of Gratian, you shall receive the Dominican habit." Antoninus, aware of his own powers, was delighted with the proposal, and returning home, began at once to prepare himself for the examination. Scarcely a year had passed, when he presented himself again and renewed his petition. The Prior began the examination, and to his surprise, this youth of sixteen, had so completely mastered his subject, that the utmost efforts of the distinguished theologian were unable to puzzle him. Blessed John Dominic saw that he had found a chosen soul and admitted him at once to the novitiate.

As the convent of Fiesole was then being built, Antoninus was sent to Cortona to make his novitiate, and here he made great progress in sanctity under the guidance of Blessed Laurence Ripafratta, truly a man of God, simple, kind, pure as an angel, severe to himself, indulgent to others, leading upon earth a life of mortification, of prayer and study. When the term of probation was complete, the novice made his solemn vows, and returned to Fiesole to begin his studies. He realized the true spirit of the Dominican Order and applied himself with characteristic zeal to acquire the science of Theology. To be a good Dominican he must be learned, he must

be an apostle, he must be filled with zeal for the glory of God and His Church — in a word he must be a true follower of St. Dominic. When the time of his ordination came he had mastered Theology; but his study was not pursued with any worldly aim. He had in view, first of all, the glory of God, and then the salvation of souls. Father Marchese, in his *Scritti Vari*, gives us a key to the character of the young priest, in a passage of rare beauty, which I shall have no scruple in quoting. "There are some who live by truth and some who live by love; the first easily forgetful of this lower world, roam through purely ideal regions, and when they find themselves in a true, but ignorant and unknown corner, they lose themselves in abstraction and take delight therein; the second, entirely active, are more disposed to do good to others than to conduct arguments; where there is suffering to alleviate, tears to wipe away, necessity to provide for, there they are in their element, and out of such labors they find neither pleasure nor honor. The region of the ideal has neither limits nor boundary, and the more it is sought by many and noble explorers, the more infinitely it widens out; but in addition to this it has terrible tempests, by which the too bold or unskillful voyagers are shipwrecked and lost. It is not thus in the region of holy charity, where there is perennial calm and sweet-ness such as human tongue cannot describe. One of the beings made to live by love was San Antonino. Not that his intellect was inferior or unable to rise to subtle disquisitions; but in all his learned researches he always had some purpose truly Christian to render his knowledge useful and profitable to the people. He explains and expounds the laws, human and divine, in which are to be found the occasion and the guarantee of duties and rights. He makes clear and regulates morality by pointing out to men the offices of Christian and civilized life; and to souls enamoured of heaven, discloses the treasures of that celestial wisdom which speaks to men of a better country, labouring continually by word and deed, by the example of a most innocent and austere life, to lead the fallen back to the path of virtue; with such potent charity that never was heart so hard but it softened before so much gentleness, nor intellect so depraved that it did not yield to his reasoning. In this way his example was a continued stimulant and excitation to his brethren in religion, who, uniting with him in that ministry of love, renewed everywhere the religious sentiment which the discords and corruption of the clergy had weakened and almost destroyed. These pious works gave him a great place in the love and reverence of the people."

We can gather some idea of the esteem in which Antoninus was held by his brethren, from the fact that he was elected, shortly after his ordination, Prior of Rome, and then successively of Naples, Siena and Fiesole. His kindness, his abilities and his prudence in the offices which he had to fulfill gained him a reputation which he dreaded, and his fellow-citizens were determined that they should have him in the midst of them. There was no convent in Florence except Santa Maria Novella, and as it had not embraced the strict discipline enforced by Blessed John Dominic, Antoninus would not consent to enter the community. The Florentines, however, were not to be disappointed, and Cosimo de Medici, approached Martin V to obtain permission for the erection of a convent for Antoninus and his brethren. The old monastery of San Marco, which had been allowed to fall to decay by its former occupants, was selected, and in a short time it was enlarged and partially rebuilt at the expense of the "Magnificent Prince", and the Friars took possession the 6th of January, 1442.

Now that he was in peace in his new convent, Antoninus began to look around how he could best exercise that charity which burned in his heart. He found that the Florentines were hopelessly ignorant of their religion; the fundamental truths of Christianity were scarcely known by the multitude, and if one encountered nothing but blasphemy, corruption of morals, family quarrels and bloodshed on every side, the cause was to be assigned to the utter ignorance of Christian truths. A speedy reform must be found for this growing evil. Antoninus gathered the children around him, explained the truths of faith, and taught them how to become practical Christians and good Catholics. In a short time, a wonderful change was effected, and the charitable Dominican had the consolation of seeing, before his death, a complete reformation of morals. The saintly Prior of San Marco was not satisfied with providing for the spiritual needs of the people, he must also alleviate their temporal sufferings. He was well aware that there were in the city those who had been brought up amidst plenty, but who, either by their own prodigality or the avarice of their rulers, were without the means of subsistence, but who preferred to starve rather than manifest their shame. The tender heart of the good Father was wrung with sorrow for these wretched people, and something should be done to lighten their misery. He called together a number of wealthy citizens and explained his plans to them, and forthwith a society was formed, having for its object, the relief of the shame-stricken poor (*i*

poveri vergognosi). Alms were collected and distributed in strict secrecy, and the pressing necessities of those, who would die but would not beg, were cared for, and this institution founded by the holy Prior of San Marco still survives, having withstood the wear and tear of four hundred years. Nor were these the only works of charity which claimed the attention of the loving Father. The society of the *Buonuomini*, specially devoted to the care of orphan children and foundlings, owed its existence to him. The rules which he drew up for the guidance of its members have a very special interest, as manifesting the different temper which pervaded the society founded by the saintly Dominican, and the societies of the present day. Marchese tells us that all accumulation of funds was prohibited, neither was the money to be put to interest nor invested in any permanent way; it should be at once distributed and the providing for unforeseen calamities was to be left to Providence. So great was the success of the society, that, in the fifteenth century, as much as 14,000 gold florins a year were dispensed by the members.

Such efforts to relieve suffering humanity could not remain unnoticed long. In 1445, the See of Florence was deprived of its pastor, by the death of Bartholomew Zabarella, and Eugenius IV experienced great difficulty in providing a successor. There were, it is true, many candidates for the position, Florence being one of the finest sees of Italy; but the Pope was determined to have a true pastor, a worthy successor of the Apostles, one who would devote himself with energy and firmness to the care of his flock. There is a tradition that one day when Fra Angelico was painting in the Vatican, the Pope offered him the vacant see of Florence. Angelico declined the offer, in all humility, saying that he could paint, but that he had neither the abilities nor the sanctity to govern the diocese. He suggested, however, that Fra Antonino, Prior of San Marco, would be a suitable person for the office. The Pope looked upon the counsel of the humble friar, as an evidence of divine interposition, and at once notified Antoninus, who was then at Siena, on a visitation of the reformed convents, that he should prepare himself for the burdens of the Episcopacy. He was terrified at the announcement, and his first impulse was to take flight across the Maremma to the sea coast, and find some means of transporting himself to Sardinia, where, he thought, he might remain in safety, till the Pope, tired of delay, should find some one else. Fortunately a nephew of the Saint informed Cosimo de Medici of the flight meditated by his uncle and the prince took steps to prevent him from carrying out his purpose. A deputation was despatched to Siena, and the Gonfaliero, who was spokesman of the party, reminded him

of his duty to his country. "And what though a tranquil and quiet life is more to your mind," he said, "you should remember notwithstanding that we are not born for ourselves alone, but that our country, our friends, our associates and even the whole human race have certain rights over us." Though these words had some influence on the Prior, they were by no means sufficient to induce him to abandon his resolve. He wrote to all his friends in Florence and in Rome, begging them to use their influence in dissuading the Pope to allow him to escape. All his entreaties were in vain; he had to submit to the command of Eugenius under pain of excommunication, and was ordered to return to Fiesole, and prepare for consecration. He was consecrated in the church of San Dominico, Fiesole, by Laurence Giacomini, Bishop of Achaia, on the 13th of March, 1446, and took possession of his see on the following day.

The Archbishop grasped at once the difficulties of his position, but was determined that no effort should be spared in carrying out the duties of his office. There were many abuses to be abolished, many vices to be repressed, many changes to be effected, and many good works to be instituted. He himself set the example. Though he was now installed in an episcopal palace, he remembered that he was still a religious, and he continued to be in his sumptuous residence what he had been in his conventional cell. He reduced the number of his servants, he sold his splendid furniture, his horses and carriages, reserving only a mule for his own use, and on it he made the visitations of his extensive diocese. He declared that nothing was his, that all he had belonged to the public, for whom it was his duty to spend his time, his faculties and his life. His house was thrown open to the poor, and they were those who dined at his table oftenest. He reformed the clergy; he established schools of Theology, and he wrote treatises for the instruction of his flock. When the plague broke out in Florence, he was always on the streets, bearing consolation to the afflicted, and help to the needy. The terrible scenes of the last times seemed to have arrived; people thought the end was near and that God was taking vengeance on the wickedness of the human race; the earth trembled to its very foundations, and the elements were let loose and deluged the fertile bosom of Tuscany. Such signs seemed to the simple Italian a clear visitation of Providence. The Florentines were stricken with terror, and what their reason was unable to account for their imagination perverted. The saintly Archbishop came to the rescue, and wrote a treatise explaining the nature of the commotion, and at last he succeeded in restoring tranquility.

There is an incident in the life of the Saint which has drawn upon him the gentle censure of some of his biographers. There was a delightful garden attached to the episcopal palace, where his predecessors in the see of Florence, used to stroll in the cool even-

ings, to enjoy the refreshing breeze from the Arno, and the varying tints of the surrounding hills. St. Antoninus was, if anything, practical, and he ordered the flowers and shrubberies to be removed, and vegetables, destined for the poor to be planted in their stead. We cannot really accuse the Saint of vandalism in destroying the episcopal garden; for, though he was a lover of the beautiful, as his action, in the decoration of St. Mark's, proves; yet beauty had no value for him, when it was not linked to the higher virtue of charity. When the poor were starving around him, and their wants might in some measure be supplied by the produce of a fertile spot, the symmetry and loveliness of a flower garden were, he considered, out of place. Charity was his ruling passion and everything else fell into the background when the exercise of it was called for.

S. Antoninus died on the 2nd of May, 1459, and his sanctified remains rest in the church of San Marco, the scene of so many years of his prayerful and penitential life. We need not speak of the miracles of the Saint; they are recorded by a master hand on the walls of the cloister of S. Marco, and those who are privileged to visit the Tuscan city, will be able to study there the heroic deeds of the great Archbishop, and realize how the chastening influence of religion fosters what is best and noblest in human nature, elevates it to a higher sphere, and produces those heroic types of virtue, among the nobles of whom is S. Antoninus. He loved God with his whole heart; he loved and defended the church, and he loved the poor, because he recognized in them the person of Jesus Christ. — "Amen I say to you whatsoever you do to one of these little ones, you do it to Me."

S. Antoninus was not only a great saint, he was a great writer also. We cannot give the reader any adequate idea of his literary and scientific labors here; but a summary account of the writings he left behind him will not be out of place. Science and sanctity seem to have gone hand in hand in the lives of the Dominican saints. Science, as Cardinal Newman puts it, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Order, and S. Antoninus justifies the opinion of the great Cardinal. "Theology owes its scientific form to the Order of Preachers", says the same great authority. Speaking of the Dominicans at Oxford, Wood says, "They had such a succinct and delightful method in the whole course of their discipline, quite in a manner different from the sophistical way of the Academicians, that thereby they did not only draw to them the Benedictines and Carthusians, to be their constant auditors, but also the Friars of S. Augustine." S. Antoninus was the first who gave Moral Science a definite shape. In his *Summa*, he treats of human actions in their relation to God and our fellowmen, and he lays down rules for the direction of human conduct: in fact he must be regarded as a pioneer in Moral Theology, as that branch of Sacred Science is

now understood. He wrote on Canon Law, and composed several works for the direction of his priests to whose care the souls of his flock were entrusted. He was not only a Theologian and a Canonist, but a historian of no ordinary ability, and wrote the first universal history, a work in three volumes, which embraces a period which no writer had hitherto covered. He has left numerous ascetical works, and his sermons are models of pastoral zeal and wisdom. Thus this great Saint lived and labored for souls, desiring no earthly reward; but in the hope of an eternal recompense in the kingdom of God.

A PRAYER TO MARY.

AN IRISH FRIAR.

 **N** poor Erin's purple mountains,
In her vales and by her fountains,
Hearts will welcome dewy May.
Irish hearts whose native gladness
Has been dimmed by clouds of sadness,
Mother, hear them as they pray.

Mother hold them in thy keeping,
Guard them waking, guard them sleeping,
To thy tender heart we pray.
With thy love that cannot vary
Guard thy children, Mother Mary—
Those at home and far away.

Ere the pearly dawn has risen
'Till the day-star sinks at even,
In the amber evening air,
They in all their deep affliction
Blend thy name in benediction;
Mother hear thy children's prayer.

Hear the white lips on thee calling,
Dry the rain of tear-drops falling,
Give them smiles to welcome May.
Hearts in sorrow need caressing,
Give them of thy richest blessing—
Those at home and far away.

From the shade of sin withhold them;
To thy heart of hearts enfold them,
Through life's dreary, toilsome way,
'Till thou'l hear, in God's own dwelling,
All thine Irish children telling
How they loved thee, Queen of May.



JOYOUS SPRING.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL TIME OF SPRING.

F. D. NEW.



WAS the last week of "sweet-voiced" May. As we drove along the first wild flower to arouse my cupidity was the dwarf dandelion. Many I passed; but, at length, no longer able to resist the impulse, I stopped and gathered some. When bunched together they were indeed beautiful though I am not particularly fond of their color — orange — as a certain artist used to be accused of being by one of his pupils, who said he would have it in every picture.

On we went. Before long we saw before us an apple orchard, beneath whose trees was a waving sea of ruby or garnet — a veritable red sea. It was not the pink clover, usually called *red*, but another variety (called by some, "California clover") the heads of which are a bright ruby-red. Nor are the heads so scattered, as are those of the common 'red' clover; but long and slender and massed together, so that little of the green foliage appears. At one spot there was a clump of ox-eyed daisies — the foam of the red sea.

But we had to leave, and to pass by without stopping. A charming brook that ran by the verge of a wood, from the leafy depth of which a golden-winged woodpecker saluted us with *pee-auk, pee-auk*. A stone's throw from the brook was a pond on whose edge stood a group of fleur-de-lis, waving in the wind their pale blue banners. A step beyond, I alighted, to be greeted by the twanging croaks of the frogs in the pond. Gathering some ferns, — various sorts of which, in all their spring-time beauty, grew in abundance about — white violets, blue-eyed grass, and yellow star-grass, we pushed on. We had not proceeded far, when we saw before us a small boy lying prone on the grass by the road-side. Had we put a frame around him, we would have had a living picture, which might have borne appropriately the title *Dolce far niente*.

Soon we were passing through a wood. Here I stopped again to gather some blue spring daisies. Sometimes called "robin's plaintain", this daisy is one of the first members of the large Compositae family to appear. It resembles somewhat the wild purple aster, which we do not have till autumn. It is a companion of the goldenrod, as Bryant tells us in "The Autumn Walk":

"And the golden-rod is leaning,
And the purple aster waves,
In a breeze from the land of battles,
A breath from the land of graves."

Here I found also the rattlesnake-weed, the leaves of which, veined with purple, and resembling to some eyes the skin of a rattle-snake, are a supposed remedy for the poison of these serpents. The flowers are a bright yellow and look like miniature dandelions.

Again we went on. In the distance we saw great patches of blue. It was the wild lupine, of which Thoreau has beautifully written. There was such an abundance of it that we might have said in the words of the last named, "The earth is blue with it."

Taking a bunch, we proceeded onward. Once again I alighted to see a nest, but it was too high up to be easily reached, so we moved on.

Arriving at our destination, our party was increased by one. Forthwith, we proceeded to make a visit to the nest of a pair of mourning doves, as I judged them to be. I saw the parent bird but once, and then only as she hurried from her nest, and went flying in an odd sort of way through the low trees that stood about. "The sweet, sad call of the male," says Mr. Chapman, has won for this species its common name; it consists of several soft *coos*, which may be written: *Coo-o-o, ah-coo-o-o-coo-o-o*." These notes, he continues, "are uttered slowly and tenderly, and with such apparent depth of feeling that one might easily imagine the bird was mourning the loss of his mate, instead of singing a love song to her." The young birds, two in number, I found very much like young pigeons. Though they were quite large, they did not manifest the slightest fear, even when I picked one of them up and held it in my hand. At their age they are the most apathetic creatures imaginable, their name suiting them precisely. *Squabs* they are verily. Masses of flesh, they seem incapable of anything except sitting and eating. Their helplessness is in strong contrast to the activity of young chickens at the same age.

The nest, if such it could be called, contrary to usual custom, at least here in the eastern states, was made on the living stump of a tree. From the stump grew numerous offshoots, which shading and protecting the spot, made it a fitting place for the nest. The species, as a rule, construct their nests on the branches of trees, though low down.

Replacing the youngster with its nest-mate, we went off to visit a robin's nest; but, alas! it was empty. I was going to charge the boys of the neighborhood with the mischief; but a young lad who accompanied us as guide maintained that the crows were the culprits (I suppose he thought it no harm to paint the crows a little blacker), asserting that "there was only one boy around there who would rob a bird's nest." Taking the part of the crows, in whose innocence I believed, I ventured to suggest that that particular boy might have been the author of the cruel deed.

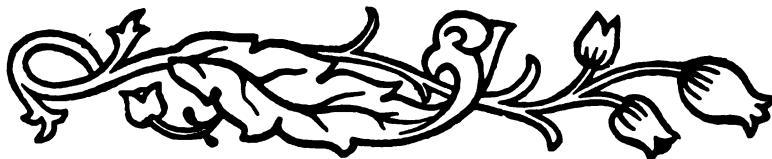
Next in order was a visit to a pair of young crows that had been taken from their nest. We found the two ensconced in a peach basket in lieu of a nest, like two parsons in a pulpit. As we approached we could hear their loud cries for food. Standing up in their improvised nest, and waving their wings, they opened their great beaks, keeping up a constant noise all the time. What throats they had! blood-red in color, and in striking contrast to their pale-blue eyes. These crows were the property of the boy who up to this time had been our guide. After the lad had exhibited his hound and her two puppies, one black and one tawny, and we had enquired concerning a little chicken that was tumbling about the grass with one leg at right angles to the side of its body, though otherwise it was vigorous and lively, we took leave of our cicerone. We then betook ourselves to the retreat of a brown thrush or brown thrasher. The birds had made their nest in a heap of brushwood, close to the highway. At my first visit I had seen the lady on her nest, and she had allowed me to go very near her, though they are shy birds. This time, however, she was not at home. Thinking that she had just stepped out for a moment on some errand, I approached the nest and took out one of the three brown-speckled eggs. To my astonishment, it was quite cold. Either one or both of the birds had been killed by some person, or animal. I do not incline to the opinion that the birds deserted their nest, unless it be that they had been witnesses to the direful fate that, perchance, may have overtaken their near neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and their family, whose nest — only a few yards away — we next vis-

ited, to find, to our dismay, that its occupants were gone. Only the day before my companion had seen the young robins in full health, and now the nest was empty and the babies gone.

Plunging in the wood on whose edge we had been, on we went over lapped brush, till we came to a pile of timber, braced at one end by a tall upright tree, about six inches in diameter and dead. Standing on the wood and piling up a few logs against the tree, I was on a level with a little round hole in the tree, about the size of a half dollar. We were at a woodpecker's nest. The three young birds which it held were just hatched, their long necks reminding me of angle worms. The nest besides contained a single small white egg. The old birds did not put in an appearance whilst I was viewing their brood, so I could not tell of what species the birds were. I judged, however, that they were specimens either of the hairy or the downy woodpecker.

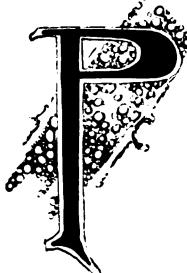
It was now time for the homeward drive, so passing quickly out of the wood we made ready to start. On the homeward stretch, the only incident worthy of remark was that as we were passing a comfortable-looking cottage, on the grass before which played a group of children, we were attracted by a bird-house, supported by two high, upright poles. The house was large and of somewhat pretentious architecture. Seeing the birds all around the porch of their house, I stopped to ask a little girl who stood beneath with some smaller children, what kind of birds they were, though I judged them to be purple martins. In answer to my query, the reply came quickly. "Martins. There are twenty of them altogether. In the large house there are eight rooms." The "large house" was in contradistinction to a smaller one that stood at some distance back of the other. The purple martin, though plentiful in the south, is a *rara avis* in the north, and is said to be decreasing every year.

Considering the little people fortunate in having a colony of martins right at their door, we drove on. It was sundown.



BULGARIA'S DELIVERER.

HOWARD MARCUS STRONG.



ERRY county, Ohio, is singularly fortunate in having produced two such heroes as Philip Henry Sheridan and Januarius Aloysius MacGahan. Both were of Irish descent, and both of Catholic birth and training. Of Sheridan little has been left unsaid; of MacGahan the half was never told.

MacGahan was born June 12, 1844, near New Lexington. When six years old his father died, leaving the family in strengthened circumstances. The widow, however, by aid of a dower interest in the farm, struggled along, and managed to give her son such educational advantages as the district afforded.

During his school days MacGahan was so reserved and mild-mannered as to appear almost effeminate. Always far in advance of his classes, he had, at the age of twelve, read every book in the neighborhood. About that time he gained possession of a work on astronomy; and many nights were spent wandering about the hills, locating and plotting the various constellations.

When fourteen he was working on several farms in the neighboring counties, returning each winter to attend school. It was this same school that he applied for as teacher in 1861; but the board refused him the position, claiming that he was too young and inexperienced. MacGahan took this failure so to heart that he soon after quitted the district forever.

At Huntington, Indiana, he finally secured a school, teaching there until the fall of 1863, when he removed to St. Louis. Here he spent four years, working in the office of John J. Daily & Co. During this time he kept up his studies and did some writing for the press. His first meeting with Sheridan took place in this city, during an ovation given to that distinguished officer.

In 1868 MacGahan went to Europe. Although he was acting as correspondent for several papers, the prime object of the trip was to study the languages, he having determined to become a lawyer. At the end of a two-years' stay, just when his funds were

about exhausted, and his trunk packed for the voyage home, war was declared between France and Germany. He was at once engaged by the *New York Herald* to follow the movements of the French army. Hardly had he reached the front, when the wing of the army that he was with met an overwhelming defeat, and



JANUARIUS ALOYSIUS MACGAHAN.

was driven back in haste and confusion. So vivid was MacGahan's description of this event that he was at once ranked among the foremost war correspondents of the world, and the *London News* also engaged him to report the course of the war.

MacGahan was seemingly destitute of fear. He would ride into the thickest of the fight, seeing and making notes of every

movement. It is told of him that, during a hot skirmish, he dismounted and coolly spread out a lunch in the shade of a convenient tree. The bullets were singing all around him, but he finished his lunch, with only an occasional pause to note the changing fronts of the two lines.

"Your position is one of great danger," cried a French officer, riding up in haste.

"Not half so dangerous as yours, sir," replied MacGahan. "If you don't throw out a line of skirmishers to the left, you will soon be surrounded."

Through all the wars of Europe this unparalleled correspondent rode, with death and destruction on every hand, yet miraculously escaping injury.

"MacGahan will never die of a bullet," the soldiers asserted. "He surely has a charmed life."

With the exception of Stanley, no other journalist ever did so much for the betterment of mankind, or met with such varied experiences in so short a time. During the Commune he was arrested and condemned to the guillotine, but his life was saved through the influence of United States Minister Washbourne.

In 1871-2 MacGahan traveled through Europe with General Sherman and party. While riding through one of the Russian provinces, MacGahan's horse slipped and threw him, spraining his ankle severely. He was at once taken to the nearest house, and was obliged to remain there several days. During this stay many persons came to see the young stranger from America. Among these was Miss Barbara d' Elaguine, who subsequently became his wife. As MacGahan could not speak Russian, and the young lady knew no English, they were obliged to converse in French, and that was the language of their courtship.

Early in 1873 MacGahan made a long and solitary journey across Asia to Khiva; and later in the same year he cruised through the Mediterranean on board a war ship, which eventually crossed the ocean, touching at Cuba, Key West and New York. For ten months in 1874 he was with the army of Don Carlos, the pretender. Being captured by the Republicans of Spain, he was about to be executed as a Carlist; but again he was saved by the intervention of a United States representative. MacGahan's next move was up into the Arctic regions, on board the Pandora. The following year he was with the Turkish army, making his memorable trip through Bulgaria. Having gone to St. Petersburg, he accompanied the

Russian army to Bulgaria in 1877. There he was hailed as their liberator and deliverer. Men, women and children ran after him as he rode through the streets. They kissed his hands, his boots and even the little pet pony that had carried him so many miles. Archibal Forbes, England's great war correspondent, who rode by his side, said that the gratitude and affection demonstrated toward MacGahan by the people of Bulgaria surpassed anything of the kind he had ever seen or could imagine.

The following is a part of the tribute paid to the memory of MacGahan by Sir Archibal Forbes:—

"MacGahan's work in the exposure of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, which he carried on so thoroughly and effectively in 1876, produced very remarkable results. Regarded simply on its literary merits, there is nothing I know of to excel it in vividness, in pathos, in a burning earnestness, in a glow of conviction that fires from the heart to the heart. His letters stirred Mr. Gladstone into a convulsive paroxysm of burning revolt against the barbarities they described. They moved England to its very depths, and men traveling in railway carriages were to be noticed with flushed faces and moistened eyes as they read them. Lord Beaconsfield tried to whistle down the wind the awful significance of the disclosures made in those wonderful letters. The master of jeers characterized, as 'coffee-house babble,' the revelations that were making the nations throb with indignant passion.

"A British official, Mr. Walter Baring, was sent into Bulgaria on the track of the two Americans, MacGahan and Schuyler, with the intent of disparaging their testimony by the result of cold official investigation. But lo! Baring, official as he was, nevertheless was an honest man with eyes and a heart; and he who had been sent out on the mission to curse MacGahan, blessed him instead, for he more than confirmed the latter's figures and pictures of murder, brutality and atrocity. It is not too much to say that this Ohio boy, who worked on a farm in his youth and picked up his education anyhow, changed the face of Eastern Europe. When he began to write of the Bulgarian atrocities, the Turk swayed direct rule to the banks of the Danube, and his suzerainty stretched to the Carpathians. Now Roumania owns no more the suzerainty, Servia is an independent kingdom, Bulgaria is tributary but in name, and Roumelia is governed, not for the Turk, but for the Roume-lians. All this reform is the direct and immediate outcome of the Russo-Turkish war.



"But what brought about the Russo-Turkish war? What forced the Czar, reluctant as he was and inadequately prepared, to cross the Danube and wage with varying fortune the war that brought his legions finally to the very gates of Stamboul? The passionate, irresistible pressure of the Pan-Slavist section of his subjects, burning with ungovernable fury against the ruthless Turk, because of his cruelties on those brother Slavs of Bulgaria and Roumelia; and the man who told the world and those Russian Slavs of those horrors—the man whose voice rang out clear through the nations with its burden of wrongs and shames and deviltry, was no illustrious statesman, no famed litterateur, but just this young American from off the little farm in Perry county, Ohio."

A friend of MacGahan's was taken sick at Constantinople just as they were about to start for the International Congress at Berlin. Refusing to abandon him, MacGahan remained behind, contracting the same malignant fever that had prostrated his friend. He was only sick a few days and died on the 9th of June, 1878. Had he lived but three days longer he would have been exactly thirty-four years old.

Six years later his remains were disinterred at Constantinople and brought to this country by the U. S. S. "Powhatan." The body laid in state in City Hall, New York, then in the Capitol at Columbus, and was finally laid to rest at New Lexington, Ohio. Eight thousand persons were present at the solemn burial ceremony. The streets and houses were hung with evergreens, entwined with flags of black and white. Arches and streamers bore the inscriptions, "Bulgaria's Liberator," and "Rest in Thy Native Land."

"The great event has come and gone," says the *New Lexington Tribune* of September 12, 1884, "and the mortal remains of the famous Ohio boy, who perished so honorably and bravely in a far country, now reposes in his native land.

"The Nation, the State, and the people of this country have heartily united in paying a just tribute to a brilliant genius, to a patient, hard worker, to a brave, noble man, who lived and toiled for others more than himself; who freed a nation of people, who opened the way for the story of the Cross, and who, with his young wife and child awaiting his return in Russia, stopped amid malaria and malignant disease to lay down his life for a friend.

"When qualities like these cease to attract the admiration and love of men and women, the world will scarcely be worth living in, and *finis* may be appropriately written upon its outer walls."



FRESCO IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA SABINA, ROME.

LEGEND OF ST. DOMINIC.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

“*COUNT the stars if thou art able,*” quoth a Pontiff great
and wise,
While before his mental vision glorious legions seemed
to rise,
Then thou mayest learn their number” wearing now in
Heaven, I ween,
Dominic’s blessed badge of service, and the livery of their
Queen.”

Martyrs, confessors and teachers—each one fired by Dominic’s
brand,
Vowed to soul-search, all unheeding claims of home and father-
land,
Once it was in some such fashion that St. Dominic questioned
Heaven
And to him, the bright-browed leader, there was wondrous an-
swer given.

Where the church of St. Sabina crowns the rugged Aventine,
And afar, amid the vineyards, ruined walls and watch-towers
shine—
Where the wide Campagna stretches, like a sea horizonward
To the mountains, set as sentries at the bidding of their Lord—

Here, within his convent boundaries, once the gentle Dominic
dwelt;
Here, before his convent altar, at the daydawns Dominic kelt—
Yonder, in the fenced enclosure, blooms the orange tree he set,
Typical in flower and fragrance of his saintly virtues yet,

Here it was that visions sought him—Catherine and Cecilia
came
In her train, who singled Dominic as the Champion of her
name;
Once when tolled the midnight summons, wrapped in spirit
unto God
Lay the saint—his flesh sore chastened by the penitential rod.

And behold! the Lord was with him, standing in His servant's
view;
There, beside Him smiled the Mother, vested in cerulean blue;
Confessors around them crowding, wearing every badge but
this
Erst bestowed on Him by Mary—by the world known as *his*.

Cowl of brown and sombre habit crowded there upon his sight;
Absent was the snowy tunic and the scapulary white!
Were his sons indeed unworthy in their servitude of her?
All unworthy of the favors she had chosen to confer?

Oh! the anguish of the moment—while unconscious brethren
slept,
For their and his unworthiness the humble Prior wept;
Beckoning hand our Lady lifted!—Nay, he might not draw
anear
Till the accents of the MASTER broke in music on his ear

“Rise!” and Dominic rose, obedient to the tones of sweet com-
mand,
Drawing closer for the gesture of the Savior's haloed Hand:
Then He spake Who knoweth all things, “Now that I have
come to thee,
I would ask why in My Presence thus thou weepest bitterly?”

Answered Dominic—“Lord, I sorrow that I see before Thy
Throne
Chosen ones of many Orders, none of those I call mine own.”
Then the Lord in tender accents, as one soothes a troubled
child—
“Wouldst thou see thine own”? He questioned—still the listen-
ing Virgin smiled.

"If it pleaseth Thee, dear Master," low the trembling monk replied.

Then the sacred Hand of JESUS touched the Mother at His side;

"As the Father to her keeping gave His best-beloved of old—
For her own, I gave thine Order—thou wouldest see it—now bebold!"

To His touch the Mother's mantle, worn with supremest grace,
Opened wide—its azure volume floating into endless space;
Famous lands and trackless regions, over all it slow enrolled,
Lo! the white-robed friars crowding, found a home 'neath every fold!

Prostrate fell the happy founder—earth could hold no more of bliss—

Heaven no sweeter compensation for the toilful years than this!
That his sons were her accepted—destined for her sake to brave
Now the danger of the desert—now the peril of the wave.

Rose his voice in rapt thanksgiving to the Son and Mother there,

While the listening angel legions thrilled responses to his prayers.

Slow the Blessed Vision vanished. At the sound of matin bell
Came his monks to hear such message as man rarely hath to tell.

Brighter than of old the radiance on the Prior's lifted brow,

Rarer than of old the music of his lips' persuasion now—

"Ye are chosen for the burden, ye are chosen for the toil,
Yours to bear the Virgin's banner! plant it on the stranger soil!

Yours to strive for palm and lily—confessors' and martyrs' place."

They have striven! they have conquered!—Mary's prayers have won them grace."

Count the stars if thou art able!—vain the effort! and as vain
Is the query—"Who can number Dominic's sons in Mary's train?"

ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES—THE FLAGELLATION—MILITANT LOVE.



RUEL executioners, turn against me your furious hatred and bloody fury, but strike not Him Whom I love. His innocent Flesh merits but respect and adoration, my guilty flesh, on the contrary, is deserving of all torment.

In vain do I beseech; my Savior is torn with stripes, and my aghast soul can no longer bear the sight of the thousand wounds all overflowing with blood. But Jesus detains me near His column. "Turn not away thy eyes," does He say, "look! Thy flesh is my enemy. Learn of me how thou must treat it! Forward, soldier of Christ, thy Divine Chief precedes thee in the combat!"

Yes, my Jesus! Our flesh is Thy enemy, and man, too often a victim of its deceit, can live in peace only after he has conquered it and rendered it powerless. I feel all the empire it has over my wretched life, but of what use is complaining of its perfidious solicitations and violent appetites, if I allow it to retain all its power of seducing, fatiguing, and casting me low? Like inexperienced and timid soldiers who attack the enemy, I need a great example to instruct and raise up my courage. This example is mine, I have it under my eyes in the torture of the flagellation. Under the lash of the executioners Jesus excites me to combat, and inebriates me with the perfume of the Blood He has shed.

I have seen, I have breathed it in. I am ready, O my Savior, to wage a merciless war against my body and senses, to preserve Thy love.

I will follow its movements, and stop its disorders, I will contradict its appetites, deprive it of the legitimate satisfactions which would dispose it to softness, I will chastise its faults, even if it is necessary to employ the arms I see in the hands of Thy execution-

ers, bruising and tearing Thy flesh. What are a few drops of my blood in comparison with the Sacred Flood Thou dost pour forth for my salvation!

The more bitter the war, the more profound the peace which Thy Love shall make me enjoy. Sustain, reanimate me, O my God, if Thou seest me weaken, appeal to my honor and my fidelity. Let me hear in the depths of my heart these adorable words: "Courage! courage! good and faithful servant! Euge! Euge! serve bone et fidelis!"

No more shameful defeats as those over which I mourn, but victory ever, even to the entire crushing of Thy enemy. And then, dear and adored Master, Thou shalt hear from my conqueror's nature but this cry of the heart: Love! Love! Love to Jesus.

A MAY FANCY.

HARRISON CONRAD.

 UT from the grim, bare walls of the city with travail a-groaning,

Up through the meadow-sweets, with winged honey-bearers droning,

Into the fresh deep-wood, where the old oak, new in glory,
Draweth the tender twig to incline to its wondrous story!

Lo, how the locust-kiss the wild air sets a-throbbing:

Lo, how the arching bough is bathed in the dove's low sobbing.
And hark! from the covert bower, in the sweet deep, still and shady,

The voice of the hermit-thrush that wakes with the name of Our Lady!

The violet, dipped in dew, with the fresh May-breath a-quiver;
The glad child-voice of the brook that laughs and runs to the river;

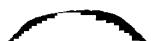
The gold-hearted May-apple bloom, to its mother-leaf near clinging;

The bluebell, skirting the glade, its delicate notes out-ring;

The blackberries, deep in the wood, their snow-blooms drifting
o'er them;
The wood wind, dripping with sweets, and the myriad blooms
that bore them—
All children of May are these, nursed in the deep-wood shady,
And glad rings the angel-voice that offers them up to Our Lady.

A giant elm uptorn, where the timid chipmunk lingers;
A dead beech clutching wild at the wind with its skeleton
fingers,
A desolate nest in its boughs, with never a song to cheer it;
A hawthorne gaunt and bare, and a famished wild-rose near it;
The old year leaves that hiss at the soft winds o'er them
playing;
The vine that forgot to green, from a cloud-riven maple
swaying;—
Ah, the mystic child drinks deep of the sighs of the greenwood
shady,
And pours them back in a song that melts with the name of Our
Lady.

O soul, in the dust and the heat of the busy world repining,
Away through the meadow-sweets where the golden sun is
shining,
And into the sacred haunts of the tranquil deep-wood take thee,
Where, full with the sweets of sweets, an exulting song shall
wake thee!
And if with its rapture-throbs there cometh an echo of sighing,
And under the living hopes thou findest the dead hopes lying,
Drink deep of the sweet, O soul, and the sighs of the wild-wood
shady,
And, pouring them back in song, offer them up to Our Lady!





GOD'S EMBLEMS.

HOWARD BURBA.

The flowers are here!
Emblems of peace and purity,
Teaching the lesson that man should be
Even so pure if God's face he would see.

The flowers are here!
Filling the soul with hopes anew;
Sent by sweet nature as tokens true
Of the love that the Father has for you.

MRS. MUNRO'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF THE CIVILIZATION AND REFORMATION OF RUSSIA, BY A WONDERFUL BOY CALLED PETER, KNOWN IN HISTORY AS PETER THE GREAT.

 Y Dear Children: — If you look on the map of Europe, to the east of the page, you will notice an enormous tract of country, in strange contrast to the other comparatively small divisions of land beside it.

Now this immense tract is called *Russia*, and in the 16th century it was plunged in barbarism as great as the Chinese empire of to-day is. It was shut off from civilized western Europe, by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains, having for neighbors only the Turk, the Persian, and the Chinese. It touched nowhere upon the ocean, that highway of civilizing power, and it seemed a country, literally suffocated by its geographical features. Far from the sea, it seemed like unto a monster, without lungs, so it could not have vital power, in all its immense area.

Who was to help this unhappy country to live? Who was to bring a light into its darkness?

It had existed for centuries in this slow, sluggish way; who was to be the Prometheus to take off its chains?

A little Russian boy called Peter!

It is generally, my children, *one* leader, *one* great mind, *one* high thinker, that does the grand work of the world!

The thoughts of one man, or one woman, can move thousands of others to work either for good or evil!

Now this Peter, whose history I am going to tell you, changed the condition of this mighty nation into one of splendid power, projecting intelligence, and glorious usefulness, in his own life.

He gave it eyes to see! he gave it feet to walk! he gave it ears to hear! This of course is figuratively speaking, but now without further preamble, I shall begin my story.

Peter the First, always called "The Great", was one of the sons of the Russian emperor Alexis, and became heir to the throne on the death of his eldest brother, Theodore, who was not married.

Peter was born in 1672, and in 1682 he was Czar of Russia, and at that time he was just ten years old.

He was not the rightful heir to the throne, but his brother Theodore who succeeded Alexis upon his death, made him Czar, because his elder brother, Ivan, was a poor, weak boy, subject to fits, with miserable eyesight, and little or no intelligence.

Now he had an awfully wicked sister, called Sophia, who was a grown woman at this time, and she, to weaken his power, insisted that Ivan, the miserable idiot, and not Peter, was the rightful heir to the throne.

But the people demanded that Peter should be crowned, and she had to listen to the popular voice. She insisted, however, on one concession. Both boys were to reign together, and were to be crowned together!

And so they were! A double throne was made. That is, the silver gilt throne made for their father, the Czar Alexis, was divided by a bar in the middle, and Peter sat on one seat and Ivan on the other, and they were both proclaimed Czars of Russia. And their wicked sister Sophia had herself appointed regent.

Peter's brother Ivan died in 1606, and from that time Peter reigned alone.

Now it has generally been the case that a regency is very trying to a country; no great measures can be advocated, no great works done, because the real ruler has not given his consent, and when he comes into power may undo everything.

At this particular time a most wicked woman was regent, and wanting the throne herself, she determined she would snuff out Peter's life.

But Peter was not so easily snuffed out, and she determined if he *did* live, he should not be educated.

But Peter knew the value of knowledge, and such education as his country afforded him, he made up his mind to get, and he got it, as anyone who has a strong will, especially if he be an emperor, however young, can generally manage to do, in spite of wicked, unnatural relations.

"My wicked sister Sophia shall not keep *me* an ignoramus", said the brave boy; but he had a fearful battle, both for his life and his education.

And God took care of him, and time rolled on, and the Czar was 17 years old!

At that time Princess Sophia headed an immense insurrection against her young brother.

I must tell you, children, she was only the young Czar's step-sister, and she hated him so, that she caused many of his own mother's relatives to be killed, together with their followers.

Then the cruel Sophia said, "Now let us go and sieze Peter and kill him, and we shall have no further trouble."

But Peter fled with his few friends to the protection of "The Church", that always holds out her arms, like her Divine Founder and Lord, to the good and the deserving.

It was the convent of the "Holy Trinity" that Peter chose as his asylum when his cruel sister was seeking his life, and from thence he sent out a call to all of those who loved him and were loyal to him as the rightful ruler of Russia, to come round his person and defend him.

Plenty of his army answered his call, and putting himself at the head of them, Peter sallied forth and gave battle to Sophia and the rebels who were with her, and by the blessing of God and with the prayers of "The Church" he gained a complete victory over his wicked sister and her adherents.

Put her in prison for the remainder of her life, which lasted fifteen years, and General Galitzin, who commanded the most of her troops, he sent to Siberia.

Do you not think this was the wisest thing to do? If the Princess Sophia had not been kept in prison she would always have been conspiring against him.

Peter now comes forward as ruler and emperor in reality.

About a year from this time a most remarkable man came into the Czar's life; his ideas had a tremendous influence over the young Czar. This man's name was Le Fort. He was of a noble and ancient family in Piedmont, France, that had moved sometime before into Geneva, in Switzerland, where they had filled the most important positions in the state.

This young man I am telling you about, got tired of Switzerland, and like many another boy or girl, wanted to travel and see the world.

So off he set when he was fourteen years old, and served four years as a cadet in Marseilles, then he went to Holland where for some time he served as a volunteer, and was wounded at the Siege of Gréve, a strongly fortified town on the river Meuse, where the Prince of Orange, afterwards king of England, was fighting with Louis 14th of France, in the year 1694. After the battle was over he wandered around, wherever he could see any work to do, and he kept his eyes and ears open, and he was gathering knowledge every day.

Little did he think when he was thus going from place to place, that he would one day help an emperor emancipate his empire from

an ignorance that had existed for centuries. So little do we know what our lives may mean, but if we do the best with the talents God gives us, and the opportunities He throws in our way, He will always make use of us.

So Le Fort went here and there, making an honest living as best he could, and at last he embarked with a German colonel called Verstin, who had obtained a commission from Peter's father, the Emperor Alexis, to raise soldiers in the Netherlands and bring them to Archangel. But when they arrived at that port, after a most dangerous and fatiguing voyage, they found to their disappointment, the Czar Alexis was dead. The government was changed and Russia in fearful confusion.

Le Fort then went to Moscow, the capital of Russia at that time, to see what he could get for himself, and to try to make a living, for every man had to shift for himself in the altered condition of affairs, for there was no money to pay the new regiment, and the German colonel had to get back to his own country the best way he could, for he would have been sent to Siberia had he stayed.

But Le Fort, as usual, tumbled into luck!

He called on the Danish Consul, whose name was De Horn, who was so pleased with his intelligence and appearance, he made him his private secretary. And in a year from that time he was presented to the young Czar Peter. Peter took an immense fancy to the young man from the very first, and made him one of his own personal attendants, and he became very soon his most intimate friend and confidant, and here is where Le Fort's wonderful and varied life experience became of use to his young and imperial master and friend. He told Peter of *all* the lands of the West he had been in and what wonderful things he had noticed in each and every one of them.

Now the young emperor drank in this information with avidity.

Among other things Le Fort had mentioned the superiority of the disciplined troops of the western nations over the soldiers of the Czar's own land, who were a greedy, murdering, plundering lot, with no proper discipline or organization among them at all.

Then Le Fort advised him to get rid of his special bodyguard, who were formed from a body of nobles called the Strelitz, and whose special families had from time immemorial furnished the bodyguard of the emperors of Russia.

The pursuance of this plan would have cost the emperor's life, had he not gone about it in a most cautious manner, but accomplish

it he did, thereby removing from his person a most pestiferous lot of scoundrels, whose ancestors had been the means of poisoning or otherwise murdering, many of their rulers when for any reason they became dissatisfied with their rule.

The next step of our wise Russian boy was to form a new regiment, upon the European plan, which was to be the beginning of his new army; and he made Le Fort its Colonel and asked him to train the men in the new methods. And what do you think, children, the Czar entered that same regiment as a drummer!

And I want right here to tell you the secret of this wonderful man's success.

It was a knowledge of his own limitations and his willingness to acknowledge them; also his determination to learn everything himself, and so he began at the bottom of the ladder in everything he undertook.

Don't you think being in such a humble position in that regiment, and with those eyes of his noticing everything, he had a pretty good idea of how to discipline a body of men and make them good soldiers?

Then Peter saw that without seaports Russia could *never* be redeemed from her barbarism.

He was resolved to have European civilization through his whole empire.

So the first thing to be done was to open the doors leading from Russia, to the other countries of the world.

Now what were these doors? The Black Sea, at the south of Russia, and the Baltic Sea, at the northwest.

Now the two men who held the keys of those doors were the Sultan of Turkey, for the Black Sea, and Charles XII of Sweden, for the Baltic Sea.

Both fearful fighters with mighty troops! But Peter was not to be daunted by difficulties. And no great minds ever have been, for these same difficulties only seem to stimulate them to action instead of deterring them.

And so it was in this case. Peter would open these two doors for his kingdom, if he lived.

Now besides having no army he had no navy to speak of; he had a few "tubs" he called ships, that would do to sail down the river to the Black Sea, so in 1695, without waiting to build a fine fleet, he took the few ships he had, and sailed down the river Don, and struck his first blow at Azof. His first campaign against the Turks was unsuccessful, but the next year he again took his troops against the same place, and this time he conquered, and thus secured a portion of the door at the southern part of his dominions, which was the Sea of Azof.



TWIN SISTERS.

MARY E. MANNIX.

V.

REUNITED.

AWN was just breaking, and the fresh wind of morning, laden with fragrance, gently swept the branches of the enormous oak which grew beneath the gable window against the half-open sash, waking from refreshing sleep a little girl who suddenly sat up in her narrow white bed and looked all about her. What was this day to bring her? Suddenly she remembered, and making the sign of the Cross she sprang from the bed and began hastily to dress herself. Everything was done nicely and in order; the dark brown, curling hair brushed as smoothly as the soft ringlets would allow; the boots were laced, with the pretty blue gingham dress and white apron daintily arranged in front of the long, old-fashioned looking-glass surmounting the low, wide, mahogany bureau which stood just beneath the angle of the roof. So it was an attic room, which years before had been occupied for a time by an artist who had come to the Hull Farm for health and recreation, and for whom this place had had such a fascination that he remained much longer than he at first intended. Under his direction the floor had been stained a rich, dark amber, to which polishing had given the appearance of old mahogany. In this room Addie Heminway, or Addie Stewart, as she was usually called, had slept for the past six months, ever since the announcement of the expected coming of her little sister whose arrival was now awaited. During all that time she had been beautifying it, according to her taste and ability, till, on this sunny June morning she thought it "one of the loveliest bed-rooms in the whole world." It was indeed a quaintly pretty chamber, sloping gradually at either side, and lighted by two broad low windows opposite each other, screened on the outside by the luxuriant branches of the oak trees that grew all about the house, and curtained within by delicate embroidered muslin, yellow with age, but falling in soft transparent

folds to the deep, wide sill which made a comfortable and charming window seat. Two little soft white beds stood in opposite corners, by the side of each a small mahogany wash-stand, with pink striped basin and ewer. Two splint bottomed chairs, the wood work of which had been painted a delicate pink, with a couple of rockers of the same, and a good sized mahogany table, covered with a pink and white cloth, composed the furniture of the inviting apartment. Pink and white with here and there a dash of pale blue and light green were the long, narrow rugs which lay in front of beds, wash-stand and bureau. Peter Popper, the general utility man about the house and mill, had knitted these rugs with his own hands, and it was Peter who had stained the former yellowish white walls to a peach-blossom tint. — Between the wash-stands there was a considerable space which Peter had utilized by erecting some hanging shelves for books. Above these hung two pictures, Hoffman's Christs. On the highest shelf stood a small statute of Our Lady between two glass vases, always filled with fresh and fragrant flowers. Here Addie knelt for a few moments when she had finished dressing, then tripped quickly down the short narrow stairway to the room below, where Aunt Polly, the old negro servant was opening doors and windows.

"Good morning, Aunt Polly," she said with a sweet smile. "Is grandpa up?"

"Bless de chile's heart, how sweet she looks dis mornin'," said the old woman, clasping her hands over the broom she was just beginning to wield. "Don't tink he's up yet, Miss Addie, but he soon will be if he isn't, for it's most five o'clock, I reckon, and Massa don't never lie later dan five 'thout he's sick."

As she spoke, a door opened and old Mr. Stewart came into the room.

"I would have called you, Addie," he said, kissing her affectionately, "but I heard you stirring about overhead. I had a telegram last night, after you had gone to bed; they are coming earlier than we had expected. Peter is hitching up the horses now to go over to the station. Are you ready?"

"Oh, may I go, grandpa?" said the little girl, with dancing eyes.

"Certainly you may. Can we have a cup of coffee, Aunt Polly?" he continued, turning to the old colored woman.

"It's waitin'," was the reply, "I made a piece of toast, too, and agin you come back I'll have a good breakfast ready. The folks is sure to be hungry when they get here."

Addie was so excited that she would have eaten nothing, if her grandfather had not insisted upon her taking a slight repast. Just as they had finished Peter brought the horses round, and in a few moments they were driving rapidly down the hill.

"Oh! how beautiful it is!" exclaimed the child as she gazed about her. "Do you think they will like it, grandpa? I'm sure they can't help it. To me it seems lovelier and lovelier every day, though I have lived here all my life."

"Yes, I think I can safely assure you they will like it," replied Mr. Stewart. "No one has ever been here who did not. I don't intend to let them go for three months, at least."

"Three months? And after that, grandpa, then what?" she asked, leaning forward to look up into his face.

"Maybe they'll want to take our little girl back to the city with them. Would you like to go?"

"Perhaps I should," she said a little slowly. "But not for good, grandpa; you don't mean for good?"

"No, no child, of course I don't. We don't contemplate anything of that kind, not for a moment. Do you think we could give up our Addie?"

Reassured, Addie gave herself up to the contemplation of the beauty around her, and the delightful meeting awaiting her at the end of the ride. The mists were rolling up from the valley, all the branches heavy with dew glistened and sparkled under the golden touch of the morning sun. They drove rapidly, but before they had reached the end of the mountain road which, at the foot of the hills broadened into a turnpike, they heard the whistle of the locomotive, announcing the arrival of the train. A moment later they saw it whirling off through the valley, and Addie's heart began to beat rapidly.

"Perhaps they have not come," she said. "Something may have happened to keep them. Or if they have, maybe they won't know what to think when there is no one there to meet them."

"Oh, they'll be here, all right," said her grandfather; "otherwise I shouldn't have received the telegram. And Jake Spinks will take care of them till we come. It won't be more than five minutes now till we see them, Addie."

The child leaned eagerly forward as the little wayside station came in sight. On the platform she saw Jacob Spinks leaning over some trunks and boxes, and beside him stood a tall, slender old lady dressed in grey. But then she could see no one else. Oh, where was her sister! While she was wondering, her grandfather stopped the horses with a sudden jerk, and she turned to see what was the matter. There, with one foot on the step stood a little girl in a dark blue Zouave jacket and skirt with a pretty light blue and white striped waist. Her cap had fallen off — she held it in one hand. How she got into the carriage they never knew, but the moment Addie saw her, there they were with their arms about each other, kissing, crying and laughing.

"I couldn't wait," said Hattie at last. "I couldn't wait another moment. When I saw the carriage I just ran to meet it. Oh, you sweet sister, my sweet Addie, how glad I am to see you at last." Addie could only sob and cling to her sister — while the grandfather leaning back took a hand of each and pressed them together. It all happened in much less time than it has taken to write it; they arrived at the station almost immediately. Here there was a renewal of kisses and caresses. Mrs. Heminway was very much overcome by the great resemblance which Addie bore to her father, and clasped her to her bosom again and again.

But at last they were seated in the carriage, trunks and boxes following in Jake Spink's wagon, and the mountain road was soon reached, on their homeward way. Both Hattie and her grandmother were loud in their appreciation of the beauty of the surrounding country, the sisters sat together with arms about each other's waists, as happy as it was possible for two little girls to be in this world.

"You don't look at all like me," said Addie, lifting one of Hattie's brown braids. "You have such thick, beautiful hair."

"Not half as pretty as yours. It is so fluffy and curly. Don't you like it, grandmother. And your eyes are such a soft brown, Addie, I *love* brown eyes."

"Addie's hair and eyes are exactly like her father's. Her figure too, is like his," said Mrs. Heminway.

"Yes, both have his figure," said the old man. "Wait till my wife sees Hattie, Mrs. Heminway. She will make quite as much fuss over her as you did over Addie. She is the image of our daughter."

And it so proved. When they reached home, Mrs. Stewart was waiting on the vine-covered porch. But her joy was speechless. She gazed and gazed at the child of her own vanished darling, saying only one word, "Hattie," as she kissed her forehead, cheeks and fresh young lips, and the heart of the child responded to her caresses.

"Dear, dear grandma," she said, "it is so good to see you at last."

But presently Mrs. Stewart bethought her of the other guest who had not yet received a greeting. The two grandmothers clasped hands, and as Mrs. Heminway looked into the gentle grey eyes of the delicate-featured woman who bade her welcome to the Hull Farm, she felt that for the grandchild who had been unknown to her until now she need have no fear. Womanliness and refinement was stamped on Mrs. Stewart's every feature; in her soft grey gown and fleecy white shoulder-shawl she seemed to her the very embodiment of motherliness and peace.

Next there was Aunt Polly, who had held both bairies in her arms when they were born, and if Hattie felt any reluctance at being folded to the capacious black bosom she made no sign.

Peter Popper also came in his turn to welcome "Mrs. Hattie's baby." He was a queer genius — bent almost double by an accident received in early youth, but strong beyond the ordinary, and with much ability for doing everything useful about a house and farm. He it was who repaired everything that was broken, from chairs and china to agricultural implements, stone walls and rail fences. His room was a veritable storehouse of carpenters' tools — paints, nails, hinges, and odds and ends of every kind.

Mrs. Heminway and Hattie declared they had never tasted such a delicious breakfast as Aunt Polly set before them. Perfect coffee, the tenderest chicken, fried a golden brown, the lightest biscuits, with feathery flapjacks and translucent home-made honey followed by blackberries served in odd-shaped dark blue saucers with bronze-gold-scalloped edges which Hattie thought the prettiest things she had ever seen. After they had finished Mrs. Heminway was shown to the long, low room next the parlor which she was to occupy. It was such a restful looking place, with its old-fashioned chintz covered furniture and odd landscape wall paper that she sank down at once into one of the low arm-chairs with a feeling that here she could be content to dwell for the rest of her days. The children

helped her to unpack and then went to their own room, from which she soon heard Hattie calling, "Grandmother, grandmother, do come here. *This* is the dearest, loveliest room you ever saw, or ever read about."

"Well, if anything *could* be prettier than mine, this is," Mrs. Heminway said, when, accompanied by grandma Stewart, she stood under the heavily beamed mahogany colored gable roof. Then the pretty gifts they had brought were distributed. The girls were of the same height, and Mrs. Heminway had not forgotten some dainty gingham dresses for Addie, who could never tire of admiring them. But neither of the children had an undue share of vanity, and they soon went down stairs again, where the time until the dinner-hour was passed in showing the newcomers about the house and garden. From the parlor window they could hear the pleasant whirr of the mill-wheel about an eighth of a mile distant. "We will go down there this afternoon," said Addie. "I'm sure, Hattie, you will think it the prettiest spot you ever saw."

After dinner the two old ladies took a nap, but the children, declaring that they were not in the least tired, could not be persuaded to lie down.

"Do, only for a little rest!" pleaded grandma Stewart, "you will be completely worn out by night unless you rest quiet for an hour or two."

"But we will be quiet," said Addie. "We will walk ever so slowly down the hill, and when we come to the mill, why there will be *delightful* shade. And while we are sitting there under the poplars, the drone of the mill-wheel and the splash of the water *may* make us sleepy. And, in that case, we can lie down on the grass and take a nap."

"Not on the grass, in the open air, and in a strange place," said Mrs. Heminway; "surely that would be very imprudent."

"Do not mind her," said the other grandmother, smiling, "she would never do such a thing, but she likes to tease, sometimes."

With many injunctions from Mrs. Heminway not to go too far, the children set out, each carrying a little basket for the wild raspberries which grew thickly along the road. Picking berries was an experience altogether new to Hattie, whose outings had hitherto been confined to the sea shore. Whenever she caught sight of a

cluster of the delicious red fruit, peeping from behind the leaves, she would make a dart and capture it, much to the amusement of her sister to whom berry-picking was an every day occurrence, quite destitute of novelty or excitement. She also observed, with equal amusement, that Hattie put very little of the spoil in her basket; somehow the berries always found their way to her lips, which soon began to take on an additional shade of red, from the dewy fruit which proved such a tempting morsel. Finally Addie broke into a merry laugh.

"What is the matter?" asked Hattie, as she ran back to the path for the twentieth time, her hand full of fruit.

"I can't help it," said Addie, "you make me think of a hungry little bird, nipping at every berry it sees, when you run up and down the bank that way. You look so funny."

"I don't care how funny I look," said Hattie, laughing in her turn, "I *am* hungry for berries; these are no more like the berries we get at home than skim-milk is like cream, and grandmother always has the very best fruit she can buy."

"I wonder if city things would seem as nice and delightful to me, as ours do to you, Hattie," replied her sister musingly as they strolled slowly along.

"What city things?" asked Hattie. "Nothing grows there."

"I know that, of course," said Addie, "I mean pretty things, such as grandpa says are in all the shops — toys, and jewels, and books; oh, all sorts of things."

"Perhaps they would," said Hattie. "I am so used to them that I can't tell."

"Grandpa says there are miles of streets, with the houses as close together as ever they can be packed, and long processions of wagons and carriages from morning till night, and such noise — he says. I know it must be terrible."

"You get used to it, you don't notice it. But it *is* hard getting across the street some times, between the wagons and vehicles of all kinds. Until lately grandmother would never allow me to go down town alone, for fear I should be run over."

"I should not think you would want to go."

"I don't, but sometimes I have to. And then, there is always a policeman to help you over at the most crowded corners."

"A policeman? I thought they arrested people."

"They do, when there is any need. But there are some whose only duty it is to pilot women and little girls across the streets."

"'Pilot'?" echoed Addie. "I thought that meant to take vessels in and out of harbors."

"So it does," said her sister. "But it is a very good word used in that way, for that is what they really do — show people the way."

"My!" exclaimed Addie. "I do not really believe I ever want to go to the city, Hattie, I should certainly be afraid."

"Not with grandmother," said Hattie, in a tone that showed how secure was the shelter of the protecting love which had encircled her since infancy. "You will soon get accustomed to everything. You are going back with us, you know. Oh, won't it be grand!"

They clung together rapturously, the beautiful present was theirs — the future — oh, the future — who could measure its possibilities?

"What fortunate children we are," said Addie at length. "I don't believe any one was ever so happy in this world before, as we are to-day. Do you feel the least little bit strange with me, Hattie?"

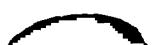
"Not the least little bit," said Hattie. "It seems to me that I always have known you and loved you. And grandma Stewart, isn't she sweet, Addie. Our own mother's mother."

"And our other grandmother, our father's mother. I love her, Hattie. She is different from grandma, but she was papa's mother."

"Yes," said Addie, almost reverently, "she is perfect, Addie. Some day you will understand what I mean; I can't explain. But she always knows just what to do, and just what *you* ought to do; and when she says a thing must be done, you feel it must be, because she *knows*; and even if you don't want to, you do it, just because she wants you to. Grandmother never scolds, never."

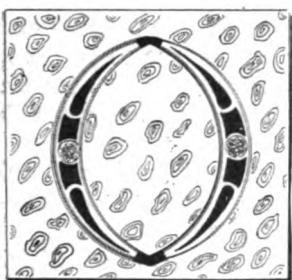
"Neither does grandma. But I think you are very, very good, Hattie."

"Not half so good as you; I feel it; I know it," replied Hattie, swinging her basket high up on her arm so that she might hug her sister ecstatically. And so, wrapped in the atmosphere of bliss, with which their joyful reunion, their pleasant surroundings, and the beauty of the summer filled their innocent hearts, they babbled on till, at one of the abrupt turns common in that mountain region, a rushing river, unseen before, came hurrying past them, and there, on the bank of the foaming stream, grey and moss-grown, stood an old mill.



THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

MRS. DAVID A. MUNRO.



hers is pierced with a sword.

Now, my children must not think this was of man's designing. No, a humble little nun called Catherine Laboré, a little French Sister, a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, was the honored recipient of a most wonderful vision when she was shown the plan of it.

On the 18th of July, 1830, the eve of the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, Sister Catherine heard a voice calling her by name while she was sleeping and lo! a beautiful child stood by her bed and bade her rise and go to the chapel with him. Catherine arose and followed the child. This was at half past eleven o'clock at night. When all the rest of the community of The Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul in the Seminary, were asleep.

She noticed with surprise, that in the passages, the lamps were lighted, and when they arrived at the door of the chapel it opened at once when the child touched it. The altar was brilliantly illuminated. Her angel guide led her to the altar rail, where she knelt, while he passed into the sanctuary, and stood there waiting at the left side of the altar.

Sister Catherine watched him for some time in a state of anxious expectation, for he told her "The Blessed Virgin" had sent him to call her thus, at the dead of night, to the chapel, for she had something to say to her.

Just at midnight the angel said, "The Blessed Virgin is coming — here she is!"

At the same moment Sister Catherine saw a beautiful woman come in, and seat herself at the left side of the sanctuary, in the place usually occupied by the Director of the Community.

Sister Catherine gazed on this figure and in her inward soul she prayed the beautiful lady would speak to her. Seeing a lovely smile on her face, she ventured to creep to her knees and lay her hands upon them. Then "Our Lady" spoke to her thus: "My child, I have a mission to entrust to you. You will at first be opposed and have many people doubt you, and this my appearance to you, but be not afraid, I shall help you. You are to have a medal struck, and I shall show you the pattern myself in one of many visions with which I shall honor you."

Then the Blessed Mother left, and the angel boy placed himself on the Sister's left side, and conducted her back to the Dormitory. At the moment he left her it struck two o'clock.

True to her word "Our Lady" came several times to see Sister Catherine Labouré, and in one of these holy visits the little nun was shown the design which is now known all over the world, and which I have described to you. "The Miraculous Medal." "Our Lady", at the time she gave it to the little Sister, told her that any one who wore one of these sacred medals, blessed by a priest of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, or any priest to whom one of the order had given the privilege, would be specially blessed by Her Divine Son, and any Protestant who was induced to wear one for a year, would ultimately enter the Holy Catholic Church.

She continued to say, says Sister Catherine, "I have ordered this medal, to renew a revival of devotion to me, as 'The Mother of God', and as reparation to 'My Divine Son', for the insults heaped on my name by those outside of the Church, and to avert if possible from my poor, beloved France, the horrors that threaten to desolate her and plunge the whole country in blood. Now you must see that these medals be made in millions, and sent through the land."

Sister Catherine told her confessor these wondrous words, and after a long time he began to believe in her visions, and feeling it was an order from God had these wonderful medals made according to Our Lady's pattern given to Sister Catherine.

Then, my children, "Our Lady" fulfilled her promises as she always does. Miracles followed the wearing of the medal. The sick were healed, when the miraculous medal was laid on them; conversions were made of many hardened sinners, both men and women, and thousands and thousands of these wonderful medals spread through the world. And devotion to "Our Blessed Mother" was born anew, Altars were raised to her, Sodalities were formed in her name, Churches were built under her glorious patronage, priest and people flocked to her blessed feet. The fair land of France gave many sons and daughters to her service and through the length and

breadth of the world the devotion to Mary became a living, purifying fire! —

Sister Catherine Laboré lived her simple, beautiful life, and her Rosary was rarely seen out of her hands. She remained humble to the end and never could be induced to speak of the wonderful visions she had been blessed with in her youth.

Now let all my children whenever they see a Miraculous Medal — and it was called that because of the wonderful way it was ordered, and made, and the extraordinary miracles that often followed the wearing of it — let them, I say, gaze on the beautiful design given to the children of men by the Queen of Heaven and repeat the beautiful prayer which Catherine Laboré saw in gold letters around her head, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to you!"

"IS MAMMA COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?"

FRANCIS XAVIER PIATT.

"*S* mamma coming home tonight"?
S He asked with plaintive smile,
S "You said she went away to stay
 Only a short, short while;
 And I've been waiting long for her,
 Dear papa, and longing so.
 Oh, has she gone really so far away,
 That she'll forget her Joe?

I've got this little book to read—
 See, here she wrote her name
 On the first page, and says that she
 Will love me ever the same.
 But, papa, if she loves me so,
 Why does she stay so long;
 Why don't she come and kiss me now
 And sing her lullaby song?"

But papa gazed at the faraway skies
 And over the faraway hill,
 And he thought of a grave that was newly made
 And of a great, dear heart that was still.
 Then he kissed the questioning lips
 As he brushed the hot tears away—
 "No, mamma," he said, "will not come tonight,
 But mamma will come—some day."

THE LEAVES—A FABLE.

LIVINGSTON B. MORSE.



LL through the long winter the tree stood with bared branches that clashed and beat against one another in the wind; but with the first warm breath of spring upon every twig tiny buds began to swell; soon these opened and the whole tree was enveloped in a mist of tender green that hung about it like a veil. After that it was not long before each leaf had grown to its full size and was ready to take its place in the world.

Very inquisitive were the little leaves when they took their first peep at the great world; and many were the idle questions they asked of the tree: —

“Where are we to go? What are we to do? What is it like?” and hundreds more that sounded silly enough to those who knew the answers; — but you must remember that they were only little leaves, and the blue sky, the pleasant showers and the sweet spring air were all new and wonderful to them; — not at all an old story as they are to you and me.

“Yes, yes; don’t trouble about that”, said the Tree; “you will find it out soon enough.”

“But what is it all?” they asked. “What are we to do here?”

“What is what?” said the Tree.

“This, that we see all about us; the light and the brightness and the gaiety.”

“Ah, yes; that,” said the Tree, “that is the world, where you are to live out your life and work to the end for which you were created.”

“And for what were we created, dear Tree? Oh, do tell us!” cried all the Leaves in a flutter of excitement.

“That each one finds out for himself without hunting about for it,” said the Tree. “But one thing I can tell you; it is not all pleasure and brightness by any means. In this big world that looks so fair to you there is plenty of work, aye — and sorrow as well. All that need concern you, however, is to do your duty as well as you can wherever you may be, and not to worry for what you cannot have.”

The Leaves were amazed to hear this: — the beautiful, bright world not always gay! Oh, no! surely that could not be true;

and they whispered to one another that probably the Tree was mistaken about that part. Their chief anxiety was to find out what part they were to play in the life about them, and all through the long summer days they rustled and laughed together and were as merry as merry could be. Birds came and built their nests in the branches, and reared their young and flew away; flowers sprang up and bloomed and withered and died in the grateful shade at the Tree's base; and all the while the little Leaves were wondering and speculating upon the destiny that was to be theirs.

"This is all very nice," thought they; "but of course, it is only by way of preparation for the great deeds we are to do later on."

By and by it grew towards the autumn: the days became shorter and the nights chilly; and in the mornings the grass was covered with sparkling frost rime.

"Dear, dear, this is really most uncomfortable," said the Leaves; and they curled themselves together as well as they could and began to grow brown and shrivelled at the edges. "Surely, now it must be almost time for our work to begin."

At last, after a very cold night, when the true frost had come, one little Leaf slipped from its stem and floated down to the base of the Tree. Another followed, and another, till the air was full of them, sinking down to the ground or whirling off on the wind which had shaken them free.

"Ah, now; this is something like!" they cried. "Now we shall travel; now we shall really begin to live! Is it not so, you old Tree who always look on the dark side of everything?"

"Soon enough, soon enough; time goes quickly without the urging. You will learn it all some day," said the Tree. And this was all they could persuade it to say.

Oh, what a merry time they had scampering after one another and whirling round and round in the wind till they grew dizzy. Now and then they would sink down to rest a little and go almost to sleep, when another gust would come and send them spinning round and round again, up to the sky, till they were quite worn out.

"Certainly this is pleasanter than staying on the Tree," they said to one another; "but one grows tired even of spinning about after a while. Surely it must be almost time for our work to begin."

One day a man came with a rake and began raking them into heaps. Two little children with red mittens and ruddy cheeks came with him and played at helping. They pelted him and each other with the leaves, shouting and laughing all the time.

"What can this mean?" cried the Leaves. "Something glorious, or they would not take so much trouble. This must be the great deed for which we were created. Doubtless life will now begin in earnest for us."

After all had been gathered up, the man took from his pocket some matches, and bidding the children stand a little way off, he set fire to the heaps of leaves. How they crackled and burned, and how the children clapped their hands and danced for joy at the sight of the smoke and the flames, and kept piling on great armfuls to see them burn. And as each little Leaf crinkled up and died away in a little spark, there came from it a faint sight; — but it was so faint that the children did not hear it.

Finally all of them were burned; the children went away, and there was nothing left but a heap of gray ash.

The Tree looked down at it sadly: "Goodbye, goodbye, little Leaves," he said; "that is the end, — for all things must have an end, — and now you too, have learned it."

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

First Puzzle: Put periods at following words: Beetle, comet, cloud, oak, worm, sea, deep, sights.

Second Puzzle: *Peter.* I am a word of five letters:

My 1st, 2d and 3rd is pleasant to be—pet.

My 4th and 5th is very wrong to do—er (err).

My 3d and 4th is pleasant to taste—te (tea).

My 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th is well known in England—Peer.

My 1st, 2nd and 5th is well known in furniture—rep.

My whole was a name famous in the Church and on the throne.

St. Peter, first Pope; Peter the Great, of Russia.

MAY PUZZLES.

FIRST PUZZLE.

I am a word of seven letters, and a strange contradiction:

I am limited in number.

I am not limited at all.

I am small in the circle of creation.

I sometimes rise to six feet and more in height.

My intelligence is wonderful.

And I am sometimes a fool.

My legs are numerous and my eyes stick out.

If I answered that description I should be a monster.

I can be killed with impunity.

The law protects my life in every way.

I am a delight to the real estate man.

I am a house to him.

And my whole in both meanings of the word are to be found in all cities.

SECOND PUZZLE.

I am a word of three letters.

My 1st, 2nd and 3rd is black.

My 1st, 2nd and 3rd is white.

My 1st, 2nd and 3rd is w cked

My whole is most useful to every one of us.

NOTE.—I want my children to do their very best, and try and find out the puzzles every month, and make the "Rosary Album" as I wished them. Many have followed my advice, and write to me, what a pretty instructive book they are making.

EDITOR CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



As we go to press, the sad news of the death of the Right Reverend John Ambrose Watson, Bishop of Columbus, comes to us. We can but express our profound grief and ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul, reserving for our June number a fuller appreciation of his heroic character.

May, the month of Mary! — We take it, that scarcely more than this need be said. How much of love for our blessed mother, and how many tender expressions of it, should be crowded into this month, we all know full well. Year after year we have been reminded how fitting it is that the Church should choose this month with all its budding loveliness, as the one specially to be consecrated to Mary, the fairest of all creatures. The odor of her sanctity was sweeter far than the fragrant freshness of spring.

That the purity of Nature should be matched by the purity of our own souls has also been brought home to us. Let us then be up and doing. The hand that plucks the tender blossoms of this time and lays them at the feet of Mary, will be blessed, but more precious than all the blossoms that ever were made to blow, is the garland of Our Lady's beads. And we can all weave this garland, for the flowers beckon to be plucked and the most unskilled fingers can master its fashioning.

A newspaper published in the Latin language is certainly unique and can not fail to arrest the attention of all Latin scholars and even of those whose

familiarity with the language of the Caesars extends only to the college struggles with Virgil, Horace or Cicero. The "Vox Urbis", published in Rome, enjoys the distinction of being the first newspaper printed in this classic tongue. It embraces the scope of the ordinary journal, and recounts to its readers items of current news, politics, history, questions of present importance, fiction, poetry, etc. Of course, the novelty of the undertaking will awaken much interest, but apart from that the fact that it puts to practical use a language which by many students is considered only as a relic of an important past, ought to go far to secure for its study more genuine earnestness and love. The American representative of "Vox Urbis" is the Commissariat of the Holy Land, No. 143 West Ninety-fifth St., New York City.

The excellent articles on the Philippine question, contributed by Father Ambrose Coleman, O. P., to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, will be put into enduring form by Marlier, Callinan & Co., of Boston. This announcement will doubtless be received with much pleasure by the vast number of readers who followed these articles with such profit and interest. The pamphlet will certainly enjoy a wide circulation.

Brother Dominic Mullahy, our solicitor, will call upon our subscribers in New Haven and Washington during the month of May. We ask from all a kindly welcome for him. It will be appreciated and fully requited.

In our June number we will begin the publication of a serial story written specially for THE ROSARY MAGAZINE by Miss Sara Trainer Smith. It will run through eight or ten numbers. Miss Smith's acknowledged ability as

a writer of pure, elevated and fascinating fiction is a sufficient guarantee that the story will be read with unflagging interest. The story is entitled "In the Hill Country."

We desire to express our thanks to all who so kindly responded to our call for February and March numbers. Applications for these numbers are still coming in and we could therefore use more copies, were we provided with them.

We invite the special attention of our readers to the exquisite story, printed in this number and entitled "A Crust of Bread". It is an excellent translation made by Miss Grace Tamagno from the French of Francois Coppée. In his lecture on "Certain Art Fads" Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the distinguished scholar, painter and civil engineer, pronounces this story the very perfection of "impressionism" in literature. Impressionism, it will be remembered, both in literature and in art, reproduces only the salient features that went to make the impression on the artist or writer. In contradistinction to realism, it allows the reader to supply the missing details —, a most refreshing feature, and one vastly more complimentary to the intelligence of the reader.

In the death of Cardinal Bausa, the Archbishop of Florence, which occurred on the 13th of April, the Church loses one of her most distinguished sons, and the Dominican Order one of its most faithful members. He was a man of great mental parts, remarkable attainments and a character at once firm and gentle. Like the Master whom he

strode to follow closely, his hand was ever stretched out to help those in affliction. One of the most beautiful chapters of his life is that which tells of his labors among his plague-stricken people.

It was he who inspired the great Savonarola celebration of last year, in which nothing was spared to pay a deserved tribute to the martyred Prior of San Marco. — God rest his soul!

A new organization bearing the name of "Catholic Home Bureau for Dependent Children", has recently been chartered under the laws of the State of New York. The organization is made up of leading Catholic gentlemen of New York, who wish thus to supply a long-felt want. The aim is to find homes for Catholic dependent children and relieve the over-crowded institutions. The Bureau is in active operation with quarters at No. 105 E. Twenty-second street, New York City. A reference to this office will yield full information regarding the acquisition of children, etc. His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, fully approves of the enterprise, as will be seen from his appended words:

"The project of establishing a Catholic home bureau impresses me favorably, and seems likely to accomplish good results. In the first place, it will prevent over-crowding in our institutions and relieves us of the care of many children who are now dependent on charity, and will enable them to become self-reliant. It will relieve the taxpayers of the burden of contributing to the support of these children, and will prevent the number of public wards becoming too large."

MAGAZINES.

The most interesting article in the April issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* is the opening one of a series on "The Best Methods of Taxation", by the late Hon. David A. Wells. It discusses many forms of taxation, formerly popular, such as state lotteries, the manufacture by the state and monopoly in the sale of certain articles, such as sugar and coffee in the Dutch colonial possessions. In Prussia certain mines are worked by the state to increase its income, and in many European countries the tobacco manufacturers pay large sums to the national treasury as taxes. After consideration of the direct and indirect taxation in

vogue in the United States the Dingley tariff bill is denounced as an extreme application of a protective policy. Here are the author's words: "In operation the law soon exhibited its failure as a revenue measure. Although duties were generally increased, the more important articles taxed yielded a smaller revenue than under lower rates. The aggregate collections under the bill did not meet the expectations of its sponsors, and for two reasons: first, because the higher duties discouraged imports; and secondly, the demand for imported articles was steadily decreasing under the expanding ability of home manufacturers to

meet the needs of the market. No measure short of a direct encouragement to importations can change this situation, or prevent the further shrinkage in the use of foreign manufactures. It follows that the tariff, unless radically altered, can no longer be depended on for a return sufficient to defray one-half of the rapidly increasing expenditures of the national Government. By refusing to impose moderate duties on articles of general consumption, revenue is sacrificed; by insisting upon imposing protective duties where little revenue can be had the tariff is converted into a political weapon. Its dangerous qualities are strengthened by turning these duties against the products of certain countries, a policy specially fit to invite reprisals." The opinions of so fair and able an economist as Mr. Wells are deserving of more than momentary attention. In the paper entitled "Mental Defectives and Social Welfare", Dr. Barr recounts the success of the Pennsylvania Training School in grading the weak-minded and instructing them in useful occupations. Dr. Scheppergrell in "Care of the Throat and Ear", gives many valuable hints on the proper care of these organs. The habit of kissing, says the doctor, is responsible for many cases of infection with dangerous diseases. Ye, who osculate, take warning! "Life on a South Sea Whaler", by Frank T. Butten, is an extract from "The Cruise of the Cachalot", a book highly spoken of by Mr. Kipling. The article is quite long but full of snap and interest. A paper on Weasels, by Wm. E. Cram and one on the Malay language, by Prof. Ford, are also noteworthy. "The Stuff That Dreams are Made of", by H. Ellis, is much like the constituents of dreams — quite, flimsy and void of solidity.

In the April *Harper's* Arthur Symonds gives some readable reflections on the Eternal City under the caption of "Aspects of Rome". He dwells particularly on the artistic features of the city and lingers lovingly over the natural beauties of its environments. He inveighs against the materialistic spirit which he fancies dominates modern Rome — but he himself, with an evident capacity for artistic appreciation, fails utterly to appreciate the subtlest beauties of Rome's artistic triumphs, because he regards them not with the eyes of faith. He pays uncon-

scious tribute to her benign influence in the world of art, and generously acknowledges "how medicinal a place the Catholic Church", even in her decadence, "must always have in the world's course, if no longer as a tonic, still as the most soothing, the most necessary of narcotics."

Amelia Barr joins the chorus of hero worshippers and sings psalms of praise to the "Great Protector", with the ostensible purpose of developing his purely personal and private character, from "antiquated and forgotten sources." Could she relegate his memory to the shades of forgetfulness and wipe the blood-stained pages of history, the records of this monster's cruelties and oppressions, she would render humanity a real service and free the world of the greatest reproach of modern or ancient times. The world cares little for the private life, and lovers of liberty in any land have little disposition, and less patience, to read labored proofs of the "virtues" of a red-handed tyrant whose common occupation was the butchering of women and children and defenseless old men and capitated garrisons, the spoliation of lands and houses and the violation of every right that mankind holds most sacred, — and this forsooth in the name of liberty! Cromwell has indeed been characterized as "*Hypocrite! Liar! L'surper!*" — and the verdict stands, and no amount of special pleading will set it aside.

The *Oregon* has sailed into the hearts of Americans as surely and speedily as she sailed into the troubled waters which separated her from her country's foe, and finds secure haven, after her admirable achievement, in the affections of a grateful people and the merited admiration of the world. Rear Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., gives a graphic description of the official trial of this magnificent battleship before her acceptance by the Government from her builders.

Great opportunities make great men. The late war was not wanting in occasions of valor and noblest heroism. R. F. Trogbau shows, what the world has long known, that the highest qualities of soldier and man are often found in the rank and file. He multiplies instances in proof of his contention and makes an earnest and interesting plea for the private under the title: "Honor to Whom Honor is Due."

In the simple and direct language of an American marine, Peter Keller tells of "The Rescue of Admiral Cervera" from the Spanish flag-ship, the Maria Teresa.

Out of the richness of his poetic fancy Shakespeare has given us some beautiful thoughts on sleep, that strange phenomenon of our nature which so subtly evades our subjective investigation and exercises such mysterious mastery over our beings. The rascally Iachimo welcomes its advent that his wicked designs may be effected. "O, sleep, thou ape of death!" he says. — and these words furnish the text of an interesting and instructive article by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E.

The other articles are up to the usual standard of *Harper's* — which is not faint praise.

The April *Century* publishes a continuation of two important serials, viz. — "Franklin as Printer and Publisher", by Paul Leicester Ford, and the sixth paper on "Alexander the Great", describing the famous siege of Troy, by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. It is remarkable how interesting oft-told events of history may become when clothed in the attractive garb of beauteous language. J. James Tissot contributes to this number a short sketch entitled "Around About Jerusalem", accompanied by representations of the types of Jews to be seen in and about the Holy City at the present day. This number also contains an interesting and very instructive article on "Absolute Zero", by Wm. C. Peckham, treating mainly of the recently discovered process of liquifying air and its possible uses in the future. The war articles of the months are comprised of a paper by Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., on the operations of "The Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War", also one by Major-General Francis V. Green, U. S. V., on the "Capture of Manila"; and a third by John T. McCutcheon on "The Surrender of Manila" as seen from Admiral Dewey's Flag-ship. All these articles are illustrated in an appropriate manner. In its department "Topics of the Time" of the *Century* may be found a little article entitled "The Lady Who has Just Left the Room", which is a tid-bit for literary palates but is still better for the salutary advice it contains. Its trend is to deplore the cruelty and recklessness of

society in conversation. There is a penchant for discussing the characteristics or peculiarities of the "Lady who has just left the room and too often indeed is the word then spoken that forever mars a reputation of a fellow-being. . . . Innocence is calumniated, follies are exaggerated, scandal-mongers are encouraged, and every participant is appreciably weaker in that habit of just and generous thought which gives dignity and sweetness to life." The writer well says that in the education of children the poisoning of the mind by scandal should be fore stalled by the habit of looking for the agreeable and beautiful. The child's mind generally tends towards the bent of its surroundings and if what is noble in nature be manifested by parents and guardians there is little danger of a distortion of the imagination of the young. While it is impossible to keep perpetual vigilance on youth to prevent contamination from evil speech, it is possible to give a preventive in teaching the acquiring the habit of seeing what is good and providing a formidable weapon against evil — good reading, good music, and real art.

In the *Review of Reviews* for April the Editor gives expression to his ideas on the situation of Cuba in a clear and forcible manner. He rightly says that in consenting to pay \$3,000,000 to the Cuban soldiers our government has conceded every point of principle that was involved; and he also adds that "It was nothing short of an outrage upon Cuba for us to keep control of the Cuban revenues on the one hand and refuse on the other hand to aid in the disbanding of the Cuban army." But the said sum is not large enough for the purpose intended. They should have been given from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. A justly beautiful tribute is given the famous English poet, Rudyard Kipling, in the *Review*. It is evident from this article that Mr. Kipling is known, loved and appreciated not only in England, but throughout civilized Europe and America. This number also contains interesting articles on M. Louvet, the new French President, and his election at Versailles. The caricatures of this month are as usual very amusing.

The April number of *Scribner's Magazine* abounds in interesting matter and admirable illustrations. The quality of

its poetry is as usual unexcelled. The initial article is a touching story from the pen of H. Van Dyke, and is entitled "A Lover of Music." A Catholic priest is introduced into the story towards its close. For these many years past a fondness, a morbid inclination, common to a certain class of ignorant scribblers of cheap, trashy fiction, to misrepresent Catholic Theology and traditions, and to exaggerate Catholic customs, whose utility or beauty does not appeal to and accord with their preconceived ideas of the fitness of things, has existed. Owing to this we look with a great deal of suspicion and dislike upon all attempts on the part of non-Catholics or persons not fully informed about Catholic matters, to introduce Catholic characters into their fiction. We are glad to affirm that Dr. Van Dyke's well-written little story is free from anything objectionable or offensive to Catholic ears. Col. Roosevelt continues his breezy and animating description of the conduct of his gallant Rough Riders at Santiago. In "Some Political Reminiscences" Senator Hoar gives us a number of very interesting recollections of the impressions made upon him by Gen. Grant, Ben. Butler, J. G. Blaine and other illustrious men. He also relates several memorable conversations, which he had with Grant. These reminiscences possess enduring literary value, and their historical and political importance is incalculable. Any future "life" of Grant with which these noteworthy anecdotes of our great general are not incorporated will scarcely be complete. The "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" make delightful mental recreation. "The Gospel of Revelation" by William James is a timely, valuable, and to a certain extent practicable contribution to the "don't worry" literature of the times. The aim of the article is, as the author himself informs us, to take "certain psychological doctrines and show their practical application to the mental hygiene — to the hygiene of our American life more particularly." Mr. James' conclusions are based on the Large-James theory of the emotions; according to which theory man's emotions are principally the results of the "organic stirrings that are aroused in us in a reflex way by the stimulus of the exciting object or situation." That people take the affairs of life too seriously and that they worry beyond reason is unquestionable. The mental

and physical collapses which we daily witness, the awful prevalence of nervous exhaustion and of hypochondria, and the multiplication of insane asylums, are mainly to be ascribed to the unfortunate mental habits of men. Mr. James, and indeed every person who makes an earnest and intelligent effort to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-men and to solve the problem of how not to worry, deserves the consideration of the whole human race in general and of the American people in particular, and is worthy of an exalted place among the world's benefactors.

The *North American Review* for April has an interesting paper by Julian Hawthorne, "Public Schools and Parents' Duties." This is a plea for more religious training at home. Parents of our day give their children over almost entirely to the State for moral, as well as mental, development, they themselves being busied in the great American rush for gold. Surrounded on every side by wicked and irreligious companions, there is no one to aid the boy or girl but some unfeudged or unconcerned school-teacher. To remedy this deplorable condition Mr. Hawthorne addresses this lay sermon on the duties of parents. He passes over the defect in the school, as though it were incorrigible, and on the parents places the obligation of uplifting and bettering their offspring. A specious theory indeed, but seen through on a moment's reflection. The home is not the only place for religious instruction. If the religion of every man depended on the lessons of his parents only, universal corruption would soon abound. The primary and true teacher of morals and religion is the Church, speaking through those divinely called from the trouble and turmoil of the world to the pursuit of pure piety. No! the great evil in the public school system which Mr. Hawthorne admits, but apparently sees no way of removing, must not be allowed to fester and grow; it must be eradicated. If religious instruction be not introduced now, the next generation will be even more irreligious than the present; and that gloomy period of moral decline presaged by the writer will embrace our near posterity. "The Revival of the Mormon Problem" is dwelt on by Eugene Young. The baneful results which will surely follow the extraordinary spread of this people in the West is cause for great apprehen-

sion on our part. It is a most noxious and vicious sect. But for a Protestant, with the premises of his religion before his mind, to undertake the criticism of any man's beliefs is highly illogical and inconsistent. In this as in last month's there is a condemnatory article on that huge religious delusion, Christian Science. "A New Law of

Health" is a lively piece of mingled sarcasm and wisdom. In his paper continued from last month Rev. J. P. Jones, an American missionary, deals out superlatives very copiously on "British Rule in India." There are other contributions on various subjects by Bishop Potter, Edmund Gosse, and Michael G. Mulhall.

BOOKS.

From Little, Brown & Co., Boston, we have received (1) *THE MIRACLES OF ANTICHRIST*, a Swedish novel by Selma Lagerlöf, done into English by Pauline Bancroft Flach. The story draws its strange title from an image of the infant Christ venerated by the Sicilians. The image is termed antichrist by a friar who finds this inscription on the inner surface of its jeweled crown: "My Kingdom is only of this world." He held it to be an antichrist because of the inscription and because nothing but material, temporal benefits had been obtained by the many who revered the false image. The story is made up of narratives of wonderful effects wrought through the prayers said before the image, and these narratives are grouped about and enliven the central theme, which is largely the mutual love of a man and woman and the happenings that made the course of their love run unsmoothly. The author evinces an extensive knowledge of the folk-lore of Sicily and weaves it skillfully into her story. Her style is quite poetic, yet direct and simple, and her dealing with Catholic subjects is not irreverent. Nobody who reads this novel will question the talent and ability of the woman who wrote it, who stands among the best literary artists of her own country. The translation is good and the publisher's work faultless and artistic.

(2) *CREATION MYTHS OF AMERICA*, by Jeremiah Curtin. In this work, his latest in mythical lore, Mr. Curtin places before the reader the only comprehensive and systematic record of the mental productions of primitive America. Myths — those tentative explanations of the unknown; those gropings in the dark after truth; those ineffectual, though often-times wisdom-fraught answers to the questioning mind of man — possess an inherent perennial interest, for, aside from the fact that they present 'a posteriori' instances of

the inadequacy of the unaided human mind to ever come to a true knowledge of the Divinity, and, in consequence, of the necessity of Revelation, they show forth the unsophisticated workings of the primitive mind and the influence of environment upon it. Were we not restricted for want of space it would prove interesting to follow out the underlying vein of similarity, running through all mythological systems, and note the differences due to differences of environment, topographical, climatic, etc., and to the character of the races to whom they owe their creation; we shall, however, confine ourselves to urging the reader, after a perusal of Mr. Curtin's work, to institute a comparison between the respective mythologies of the graceful, polished, acute Greek, and that of the wild, uncultured, simple child of nature — the Indian. Mr. Curtin's work comprises twenty long myths taken down word for word by the author, as related by the Indians themselves; the style, in consequence, is simple, direct and fresh as a forest breeze. These myths are remarkable for their beauty and of rare interest. The first, Olelbis, contains an account of the creation of the "heavenly house in the Central Blue," the highest point of the sky above us, and from there the supreme God, Olelbis, sees everything that happens. In this myth, which might be called the Genesis of the Indian system, is described a great Worldfire which is extinguished by a flood; (might this not be a tradition of the deluge?) then comes an interesting account of the reconstruction of the world into its present form. Next to Olelbis stands Norman. In interest and value, this tale greatly resembles the story of Helen of Troy. As in Homer's Epic so in this one a woman, Norman, causes a war among the gods. It was on this myth, told in a different form by Mr. Schoolcraft, that Longfellow founded his "Hiawatha." We shall proceed no

further with this synopsis of Mr. Curtin's work, — suffice it to refer the reader to the book itself, assuring him that it is well worthy a careful perusal inasmuch as "once we possess these ordered facts" (contained in the myths) "we have the externals of everything Indian, — not only religion, but medicine, politics and social life." Soon the North American Indian will be but a memory; is it too much to say, in conclusion, that Mr. Curtin, in collecting and publishing these Indian Myths — thus rescuing them from oblivion — of a perishing race, is entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen? We think not; we cannot look with total indifference upon a race which has been our predecessor for so many centuries upon this continent. At any rate, however indifferent we may be, future generations will look with interest upon this strange, silent, suffering race, and pore with avidity over everything pertaining to its religious and political history.

From Benziger Bros. (New York) we have received in a neat little volume, (1) INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE, by St. Frances De Sales. This little book contains a collection of admonitions and salutary counsels which are delivered in plain and intelligible words. The instructions are not intended for those living retired from the world, — but they are proffered to such as are obliged to lead a common life. It presents to widely different dispositions grave points for their consideration, and admirable lessons for their daily life. Price, 50 cents.

(2) ST. EDMUND OF ABINDON, by Francis De Paravicini. Material for this life has been found chiefly in ancient British manuscripts. There are frequent and lengthy quotations from these, which make the work suited rather for the special student of the Saint's life than for the general reader. The life is not exclusively an inner one. It is enhanced by reason of its historical groupings with St. Edmund the teacher, preacher and saint as the central figure. St. Edmund was the preeminent scholar of his day in England. The renowned Roger Bacon was his disciple. The book sells for \$1.60.

From R. & T. Washburn, Publishers, London, through Benziger Bros., New York. (1) HAS THE REFORMATION REFORMED ANYTHING? by Rev.

F. Malachy, C. P. "A course of lectures on the Protestant Reformation", as the introduction to the work announces, "delivered originally in St Joseph's Church, Highgate, London, in two series; the first containing six lectures dealing with the Reformation in general, and the second consisting of four which review the latest developments of Anglicanism as expounded in the 'Charge' of the Archbishop of Canterbury during his visitation, October, 1898." We welcome this publication to the arena of religious controversy, for we feel that the sword of truth has been placed in the hands of a skillful champion. These lectures present a mass of argument, in which strong, solid logic and clear reasoning based on the incontrovertible nature of the facts brought forth and applied with great dialectic skill, carry conviction to a position where reason cannot effect a breach without sounding the harsh alarm of its own prejudice, nor religious antagonism assail without being forced back upon itself and compelled to swallow the lie which it has continually thrust down the throats of misguided generations since the time of the reformation, so called. Although for American readers the work before us possesses the disadvantage of treating of the English establishment exclusively, thus limiting its aim to the overthrow of the errors and prejudices of Anglicanism in its various phases, there are nevertheless many arguments for Catholic truth, of valuable application against points of doctrine common to Protestantism in general. The general idea of these lectures, therefore, is not new nor anything that has not heretofore been unattempted; on the contrary it is a theme that has employed the talent and energy of the Church's greatest apologetical and polemical masters since the fatal sixteenth century; but we may venture the opinion, that few works of such a cast have yet appeared, possessing in such concise, clear and elegant terms and in the restricted compass of so few as ten popular lectures, such an unbiased exposition, and complete and crushing refutation of the errors, prejudices and inconsistencies of the Protestant reformers and their doctrines. Price, 50 cents.

(2) "THE SACRED HEART," from the German of Rev. Joseph A. Keller, D. D. To the thousands of

clients of the Sacred Heart in America this work will appeal, as it is both interesting and edifying. It contains numerous incidents showing how those who honor the Sacred Heart are assisted by its power and love, together with short lives of Blessed Margaret Mary and the Ven. P. De la Colombiere. It is an orderly and tasteful compendium of the many wonderful things which have been accomplished through this devotion. The retail price is 70 cents.

From Burns & Oates through their American Agents, Benziger Bros., we have received THE ROSARY, ITS HISTORY, CONFRATERNITY AND INDULGENCES, by Wilfrid Lescher, O. P. This precious little book is well-known, and we rejoice to see that the demand has been so great as to call for another edition. Its appearance just now is quite timely, since the late constitutions on the Rosary have aroused new interest and occasioned many inquiries, all of which will find a ready answer in this little book.

We have received from B. Herder, St. Louis, THE IDEAL NEW WOMAN—After Real Old Models. From the French of the Countess Ernestine de Trémandan. It is refreshing, at a time when the apotheosis of the New Woman is the fashion of the hour, to be reminded of woman's true place in the economy of Christian society, and to recall the lofty ideal of womanhood proposed by the Savior of men and exemplified in His Blessed Mother, the perfect model and the glory of women for all time. The whole life of the God-Man was attended by the ministries of holy women. When men deserted Him women remained true. To Mary Magdalene her risen Lord and Master first appeared, because she had "loved much." "Love is the fulfilling of the Law"—and woman's love is the scepter which rules the world. If the right of suffrage, so loudly demanded in the name of "modern progress," does not extend to woman, her magic power is none the less. That subtle influence over the human heart, which is hers by right divine, is more potent for good a thousand times than the ballot in her hands—and cannot be abridged by legislative enactment. In twenty well-chosen texts from the Gospels, constituting as many chapters, our authoress shows the important part played by women as coöoperators with our Divine Lord in the establishment of His King-

dom on earth. The little volume is replete with helpful reflections on the goodness and tender mercies of the lowly Nazarene, the emancipator and ennobler of woman. The translation is acceptable in the main, and we bespeak for it the broad popularity it deserves.

A pamphlet has been recently issued by the APOSTELSHIP OF PRAYER, containing the Apostolic Letter of Leo XIII on Americanism in Latin and English, printed in parallel columns. Copies of this pamphlet for distribution among the members of the congregation, or of any Society, Sodality, School, Library or other Institution, will be furnished for: Single copy, 5 cents each; 25 or more, 3 cents each; 100 or more, 2 cents each. Apostleship of prayer, 27 and 29 W. 16th St., New York.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, New York City, we have received the following:

Solos—Vocal:—"There's a beautiful Land on High," Mrs. A. H. Taylor; "The Story of the Violet," Manuel Klein; "Thine Eyes, They Bid Me Stay," J. W. Parson Price; "Out of the Long Ago," Manuel Klein; "Nanny Frew," J. W. Parson Price; "The Lord is My Shepherd," John B. Marsh; "Dear, When I Gaze," James H. Rogers; "Slumberland Isles," Manuel Klein; "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," J. Hadyn Waud.

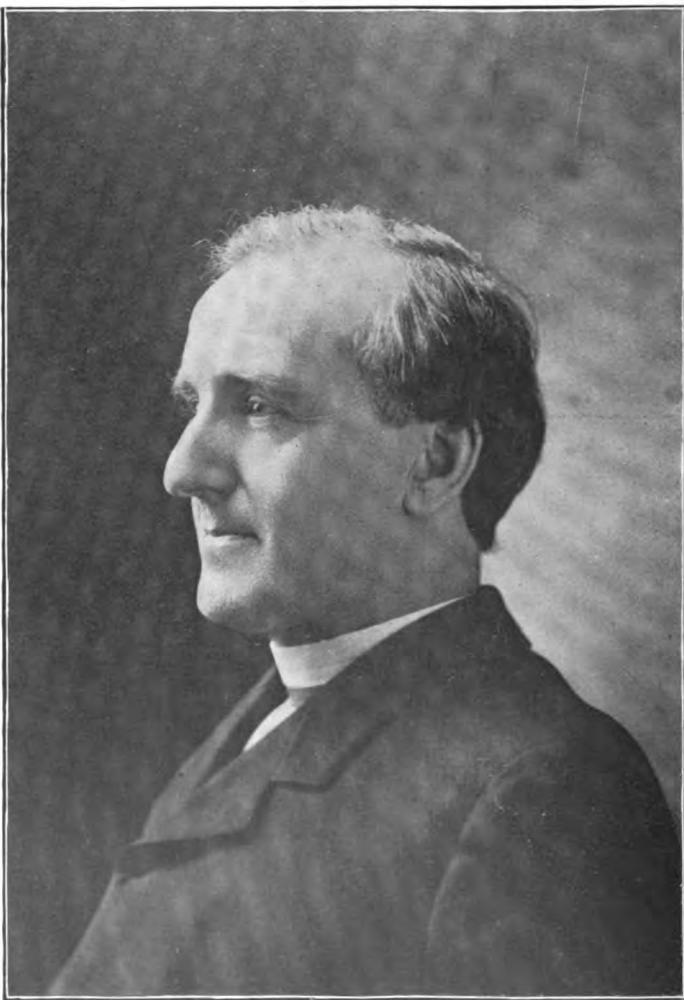
Easter Music:—"Easter Day," Easter Service for Sunday School, H. P. Danks; "Easter Carol," No. 31, Moshenthal; Easter Anthem, "Christ Triumphant," C. H. Tebbs; "Easter Carol," No. 30, Warren; Easter Anthem, "Open Ye the Gates," C. H. Tebbs.

Part Songs and Choruses (Sacred):—"My Faith Looks up to Thee" (Quartet), John B. March; "Hear My Prayer, O Lord!" (Trio for Female Voices), F. Mendelssohn; "Show Thy Ways, O Lord!" (Trio), John B. Marsh; "Breast the Wave, O Christian" (Quartet), John B. Marsh.

Part Songs and Choruses (Secular):—"Spring in the Land" (Trio for Female Voices), Franz Abt; "Winter Hath a Blossom" (Trio), Reinicke; "Fly Forth My Song" (Trio for Female Voices), Franz Abt.

Instrumental:—"Captain Philips' Prayer and March," J. S. Wood; "The Fable of the Witches" (Author not given).

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THE LATE JOHN AMBROSE WATTERSON, BISHOP OF COLUMBUS.



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RT. REV. JOHN A. WATTESON, D. D.

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.



E owe much to the brave men and true who fought and bled for our nation's liberty, more than a hundred years ago. They were of many lands, yet being one in justice-loving and freedom-seeking, they fought like brothers in the common cause. To them we owe our national life and the greater boon of our national progress; since, having followed her fortunes in war, many remained in the new land over-seas to found a race that should make her great in peace. Among this army of gallant soldiers and sturdy settlers were the ancestors, on both sides, of Rt. Rev. John Ambrose Watterson, late Bishop of Columbus. The family histories are in my possession through the kindness of the Bishop's brother, A. V. D. Watterson, Esq., of Pittsburg, and I wish I had space to tell the interesting experiences of these brave pioneers. They were of that hardy race of civilizers who make the beginnings of all progress, and who leave their legacy of character and strength to those who come after them.

The branch of the family whence Bishop Watterson descended settled in Pennsylvania, and his grandfathers on both sides fought in the revolutionary war. The Watterson branch came from the Isle of Man, arriving in this country in 1762. They were all Episco-



THE BISHOP AS A BOY OF THIRTEEN.

(The standing figure is the Bishop.)

From a daguerreotype taken in 1857.

pilians in faith. John, the Bishop's paternal great-grandfather, settled near Abbottstown, York Co., Penna., where he married Catherine Apes, a Presbyterian by faith. They had one son, John, born in 1774, who lost both his parents from yellow fever in the terrible epidemic in 1781. The Bishop's grandfather, thus left an orphan at the age of seven years, was taken charge of by a Catholic family named Eck, and was reared by them in that faith.

The maternal branch of the Bishop's family came from County Armagh, Ireland, and settled in Westmoreland County, Penna.

The Bishop was born in Bairdstown, Westmoreland County, of that State, May 27, 1844. He was the sixth child of John Sylvester and Sarah Salome McAfee Watterson. The family was among the founders of Catholicity in Westmoreland County and their house was the tarrying-place for the missionaries who carried light and religious comfort to the scattered faithful of the surrounding country. So famed, indeed, was the old Watterson homestead for its hospitality to the clergy that it was humorously known in the vicinity as "The Priest's Hotel." It was in listening to the experiences of these hard workers in God's vineyard that the young John Ambrose first conceived the ambition of laboring among them. Afterwards when he was old enough to go to the parish school to which all the children of John and Sarah Salome Watterson were sent, his purpose was strengthened by the interest and influence of the good Father Stillinger, pastor of the Church of Saints Simon and Jude and director of the parochial school. Mr. Timothy Brophy, the lad's teacher in the early days, was one of the happiest and proudest spectators, years afterwards, of the ceremony which invested his old-time pupil with all the dignity of the Church's episcopate. But in these days, there was but the beginning of the light that came afterwards to shine on many men besides. He trudged his daily path to school and learned his earliest lessons with the rest, — perhaps with more earnest heart than they and with a soul full of half-fledged aspirings for the things that were to come. As the days came and went and saw the parish school work done and the growing purpose taking firmer hold of the boy's life and thought, his parents decided to fit him for the work of the priesthood.

And here it is not untimely to speak of the influence Mrs. Watterson had always on her son's life. She seems to have been one of

WATTERSON FAMILY GROUP.



those women who are born to be the mothers of great men — strong, earnest, much-sacrificing souls whose worth is written in the lives of their children and their children's children. To us, who know only the son, it is interesting to hear that what was best in him had its source of good in her and that her life was always an active force in his. Perhaps the full measure of the blessing and joy of her motherhood came to her on the day that she knelt in the Cathedral of Columbus, and her son, having received the plenitude of the Church's power gave to her his first blessing as a bishop, and at the same time the accustomed filial kiss of love and reverence.

With the counsel of Father Stillinger and the approval of the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh, it was decided that the boy should go to the near-by College of St. Vincent, where he remained under the tutelage of the Benedictines for four years. At the age of seventeen, he went to the Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., that famous institution of great men, and his true Alma Mater, where he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with highest honors. The "Old Mountain," as the students call it, was always very dear to him. He grew to love it in the days when his books and the College halls were his life — these and the purpose that filled him. His quiet warmth and ready sympathy made him justly popular among the boys of the house, and he was a power and a leader among them with the same gentle forcefulness that made him always a leader among men. "Your Bishop Watterson was born to be a leader," said a gentleman to me the other day. "One singled him out unconsciously as first in any assembly." When, after his ordination, which took place August 8, 1868, in St. Vincent's Abbey, Pa., the Rt. Rev. Michael Domenec, Bishop of Pittsburgh officiating, a professor's chair was offered him at Mt. St. Mary's he readily accepted it. From this time, until his call to the see made vacant by the death of Bishop Rosecrans, he remained at the college, becoming in time Vice-President and finally President after the resignation of Rev. John McCloskey in 1878. In the next year he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Faculty of Georgetown College. During these years, Dr. Watterson was known over the country as a scholar and an orator, and many looked for great things in the world of thought from the young professor whose reputation was already so brilliant.



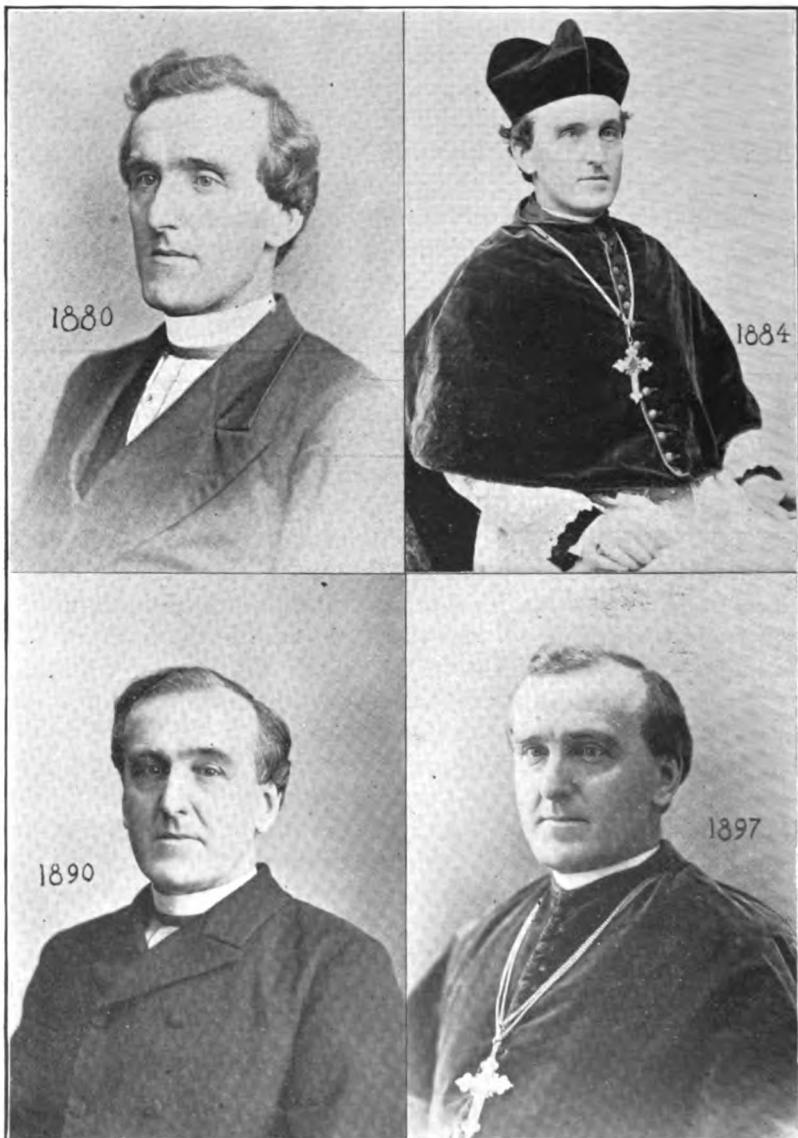
SARAH SALOME WATTERSON.
BISHOP'S MOTHER.



JOHN SYLVESTER WATTERSON.
BISHOP'S FATHER.

But a life, broader than that of the student and the thinker was in store for him. In March, 1880, came the appointment which made him Bishop of Columbus. Few can realize what this summons meant to the man whose life had hitherto been spent in college halls and in the performance of college duties. It meant a complete change in his habits of life; it meant a weight of responsibility known only to those whose shoulders have felt the burden of episcopacy. Dr. Watterson felt himself unworthy of the dignity, but the duty lay before him, and to men of his stamp there is no compromise. His old friend, Bishop Elder, gave him much help and encouragement in this anxious period of his life, and the warm welcome of the priests and people of the diocese acted as a grateful incentive to him in the course he had already mapped out.

"You people must have some design upon me," he laughingly remarked to Father Gallagher, as the train neared Columbus. "You want to see if the new Bishop has a level head and can stand all this without having it turned." His reply to the address of Welcome, delivered upon his arrival in Columbus, was characteristic of his earnestness and humility. "I feel," he said, "the distinguished honor that has been conferred upon me, but selected, as I hope I have been, by the Spirit of God, for the highest work of the ministry in this diocese, and called to this place of pastoral eminence, of distinguished honor and tremendous responsibility, yet, even in the midst of this flattering demonstration, I never felt myself so utterly overwhelmed by the sense of my own unworthiness and nothingness as I do on this occasion. The very contrast between the magnificence of the reception and the littleness of the central figure of it strikes me very forcibly; and yet, whatever I am, I devote myself entirely to the work I am called upon to do. I put no trust in any ability of my own, but put all my trust in God and the co-operation of my priests and people. . . . I do not expect to be ever able to win the same affection that good Bishop Rosecrans enjoyed, and of which there are so many beautiful evidences everywhere; but, if earnest efforts can enable me to attain that end, you, my friends, may rest assured that those efforts shall not be wanting. I do not fear so much that I shall not like you, as that you may not like me; but my endeavor shall be to seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice, both for myself and others, and then all things else should be added. I pray God to pour down His blessings on this diocese that He has entrusted to my care, and to give me the apostolic energy and courage that I need; that He will preserve my priests in the holiness that becometh



PORTRAITS OF THE BISHOP FROM THE YEAR OF HIS CONSECRATION.

His house and that He demands of those who are the salt of the earth, that they may preserve others from moral corruption, and be the means of saving them for the Kingdom of God; that He may fill the faithful with that respect and obedience that they owe to those who direct them in the way of salvation, and that He may strengthen all of them in their faith and submission to the Church."

The solemn ceremonies of consecration took place August 8, 1880.

I remember at the Madison Summer School, three years ago, he entered the Auditorium unexpectedly while a lecture by Bishop Spalding was in progress, there was a subdued murmur of joy and welcome, and at the close of the lecture, the entire audience waited outside to greet Bishop Watterson. He was then in poor health and every one watched for him, and waited on him with the tenderest solicitude. His wonderful lecture of the year before, "The Poetry of Religion," was talked of on all sides, every one conceding that it was the most polished ever delivered at the School. His fine sense of humor was also thoroughly appreciated, and all would crowd around and almost beg him to join their fishing parties, so rich was he in anecdote and so skilful as a fisherman, as well as a fisher of men. The sight of the Bishop at the head of a party of fishermen bearing a long pole strung wth lines of fish was one of the most familiar things to the frequenters of the School. He was very proud of the length of his string and the number of his "catches," and his visits there meant a sharp season for ambitious fishermen.

That he possessed the very essence of culture was shown by the sweet graciousness of his manner towards all, and yet through the beautiful simplicity of his dignity one could never forget the strength and greatness of the man. Strikingly handsome, yet always unconscious of himself, he was without a peer at every gathering, lay or ecclesiastical, as was frequently remarked at his silver jubilee and at the World's Congress of Religions. "I never can look at your Bishop without a feeling of awe and pity," said a non-Catholic lady to me one day. "He seems so far above the world and so lonely." I hardly knew how to answer her, for deep in my heart I knew she had guessed aright. How could we reach him; how could we know him; how could we fathom the greatness of his soul?

We only know that one fair August day nineteen years ago John Ambrose Watterson came from the "Old Mountain", where he had distinguished himself as a thinker, a scholar and a gentleman, amid the pealing of bells, the glad strains of music, and happy smiles of



TAKEN IN '93, WHEN HE CELEBRATED HIS SILVER JUBILEE.

welcome, that showed the warmth of the hearts that were waiting for him; and when another peal of bells rang out one tearful April morning recently, the sorrow of his people at his going was far deeper than their joy at his coming. How little we dreamed as we bowed our heads to whisper the Angelus that morning that its chiming was calling the shepherd from his flock. "Come home," said the bells, "Thou art weary. Come home to rest and joy and peace."

And when the great, tender heart ceased to beat, the world lost one of its noblest and best.

And on another April day, strong, loving hearts carried him away from the cross-shadowed throne and laid him where the wild birds will sing to him the songs that he loved, where the trees will wave over him as softly and gently as his dear hands would waft a blessing on our heads, where the Sun will shine on him as lovingly as his kindness and sympathy shone on many a world-bruised heart and brought it the light of hope and love; where the gentle dews of heaven will fall on him as lovingly as his tender mercy and justice fell on his children, and where instead of the weight of care, on his gentle breast lies the soft green turf. And our ceaseless prayer, when our selfish sorrow has spent itself, will be all thankfulness that he is at rest, that we have the beautiful example of his life, which will linger like a benediction in our hearts, always uplifting and helping us over the steep places of life forever and ever.

In Father O'Boylan's beautiful words:

"As the poor Alpine peasant ne'er perceives
His mountains' cragged glory, till, afar
Veiled on some low-shelving mead, he heaves
A sigh, and homeward turning sees a star
Crowned on the crest of his dear native land;
And with the light of Luna's lamp, beholds
The sky-piercing altitudes, entranced and
Half stifled by his heart, too late unfolds
His admiration mingled with his grief;
So, when a noble soul like this we mourn,
Leaves our dull earth, never to return,
Its greatness grows upon us, and relief
For coldness and neglect is sought in praise;
Vain praise; begrudging to man in struggling days.
If fault he had, it was the fault of Saints,
And for that fault he braved the world's complaints;
On selfish wealth disdainfully he trod;
He lost for Mammon but he won for God."

SEEN BY A JOURNALIST.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

"Rest—rest perturbed spirit."—(Hamlet.)

T was the saddest face he had ever seen. The features were delicately cut, the complexion of an ivory tint unrelieved by any vestige of color, and there was a whole world of sorrow in the mournful brown eyes and lurking in the curves of the sensitive mouth. It was a face which caused considerable distraction to Frank Curtis at his devotions, and every now and again his gaze, invisibly attracted by the hopeless pathos of the woman's expression, wandered in the direction of the otherwise empty bench where she knelt in prayer. When Mass was over he lingered in his place intending to follow her out of the church and, by pointing her out to some of his fellow worshippers, gain some clue to her antecedents.

"She is a woman with a history, I will bet a fiver," he reflected—"and a sad one into the bargain."

And then,—being a journalist, he gave the reins to his imagination and allowed it to carry him into the realms of wild improbable conjectures concerning the mysterious stranger.

But still the motionless black robed figure remained upon its knees and at last, weary of waiting, Frank Curtis left his seat and went out into the pale November sunshine. Looking round he saw that all his acquaintances had already taken their departure, and so he walked slowly homewards, bearing with him the pangs of an unsatisfied curiosity. For three successive Sundays Frank attended the same Mass at which he had first seen the sad faced woman, although an earlier one would sometimes have suited his occupations better, and each time he was baffled in his endeavor, either to obtain a close view of those melancholy eyes, or to ascertain who she was, and where she came from. It was a new experience for him and he found it distinctly unpleasant—he was, notwithstanding his youth, already gaining a name in his professor for smart journalese, for his success in getting at the root of a mystery, and for his readiness in supplying the word of the enigma in many a social problem, and it piqued him excessively to find that in such an apparently simple matter he was doomed to failure.

One afternoon, just as it was growing dusk, he paused beside the open door of the little village church and suddenly remembering that he had not performed his accustomed devotions for the souls in Purgatory,—a practice which he never omitted during the “month of the dead”—he entered the building and knelt down before the Tabernacle. Frank Curtis’ religion was of an earnest practical kind which permeated his every day existence and shone out conspicuously in an age of indifferentism,—a century, when it is considered laudable for Catholic men and women to pry into abstruse theological questions, which do not in any way concern their eternal salvation, and to twist a variety of meanings out of the inspired words of Holy Scripture. There was not the slightest element of cant or over obtrusive piety about the young journalist but, on the other hand, there was no taint of human respect in his character and his practices of devotion were never discontinued or even momentarily laid aside out of deference to either public opinion or private prejudice.

When he first came into the church in the fast gathering twilight he had imagined himself to be its only occupant but presently, on glancing casually round him, he saw the figure of a woman dressed in black kneeling before the altar of our Lady. Over the altar hung a picture of the “Mother of Mercy,”—a Madonna with tenderness and piety gleaming in her eyes and speaking in every line of the lovely oval shaped face,—a copy of a famous painting which the parish priest had brought with him from the “Eternal City” many years ago. As the faint flickering flame of the lamp before the Shrine fell on the pale clearly cut features of the kneeling woman Frank gave an irrepressible start as he recognized the heroine of his recently woven romance. His rosary was in his hands and his lips mechanically repeated the words of the “Hail Marv.” but his thoughts were busily occupied in all manner of fanciful conjectures concerning his fellow worshipper and her expression of hopeless sorrow. . . . The twilight deepened, and outside the evening breeze, with a sob in its wailing voice, sighed amongst the cypress trees in “God’s Acre”. With a strong effort of will Frank Curtis turned his eyes away from the cause of his distractions, and fixing them on the figure of Christ crucified which hung over the high altar, he finished his five decades for the suffering souls and rose to leave the church. As he did so he allowed himself one final glance in the direction of the woman in black and greatly to his astonishment noticed for the first time that she wore neither a hat, nor a bonnet, and that her head was covered by a veil or shawl or some soft material and of the same sombre hue as her gown.

"She *must* have had a hat on when I saw her at Mass," reflected the bewildered journalist. "I can't for the life of me remember. Hang it all, the thing is getting on my nerves." Then as a sudden idea flashed across his mind he retraced his steps and entered the sacristy.

"She must be a niece or cousin or something to Father White," he muttered to himself. "That would account for her running in to pray promiscuously with a shawl on her head — a foreigner perhaps, she looks rather like it — I will ask old Johnson."

After a few moments' delay the sacristan made his appearance and Frank promptly accosted him.

"Has Father White got any of his relations staying with him?" he asked without any preamble.

The old sacristan stared at him in surprise.

"No, sir, not as I am aware of."

"Oh of course you would know if he had. Who is that lady in the church there?"

Johnson's wits, never his strong point, appeared to-day to be moving by slower machinery than usual.

"What lady?" he said vaguely. "There weren't no lady there half an hour ago when I went in to see to the lamps and"—

"Oh well, there has been heaps of time for her to come in since," interrupted Frank impatiently. "Just come and take a look at her; I have a special reason for wanting to know who she is."

The old sacristan shook his head in solemn disapproval. The vagaries of young men from town were beyond his comprehension but he had, as he expressed it to himself, "fancied Mr. Curtis to be of the steady sort."

He hobbled off in silence, however, to the sacristy door and peered into the dusky church.

"There ain't no one, sir," he said briefly. "Not a soul." "Oh, confound it," ejaculated Frank behind him. "She must have gone while I was palavering here, but"—and then, as he looked over the man's shoulder he paused abruptly, the words frozen on his lips, for *there*, before the picture of the "Mother of Mercy," knelt the woman whom Johnson could not see. "*Where* are your eyes?" he exclaimed in a hasty whisper. "There she is at our Lady's altar — can't you *see*?" "My eyes are all they should be for my time of life Sir," replied the sacristan with dignity. He was extremely proud of his eyesight, taken in conjunction with his eighty odd years, and even a young man who "wrote for the papers" could not be permitted to calumniate it with impunity.

"There ain't *no one* there," he reiterated doggedly. "What is more I will prove it to you Sir."

And with that he entered the church and approached the side altar, and Frank, from his position by the sacristy door, distinctly saw him pass *through* the kneeling figure of the woman in black.

"How about my eyes *now*, Sir?" asked the old man triumphantly. "It seems to me as if perhaps 't was *yours* that wanted a little rubbing up—but—God bless my soul, sir, are you ill? You look ill—anyhow" — he ended lamely after a vain search for an appropriate epithet to apply to Frank's white face and dazed expression.

"No, no, I am all right," replied Frank hurriedly. "And look here, John," — slipping a silver coin into his hand — "I won't insult your eyes again."

"It is not possible," muttered the young journalist to himself as he walked homewards, feeling like a man in a dream. "I saw her distinctly those three times at Mass, and I could have sworn to her being in the church to-night and yet—I saw Johnson walk through her. Pity it hadn't happened to someone else though, it would have made such capital "copy," but as it is I don't quite feel like giving *myself* away to *that* extent. It must have been a delusion."

Frank Curtis' mother and sisters, with whom he was spending his month's holiday, did not know what to make of his unusual quiet when he returned to them that evening. He had resolved to keep his own counsel concerning the mysterious woman in black until he could interview Father White, for it was possible that *he* might be able to throw some light upon the subject. The following morning therefore found him at the presbytery, and in a few moments he was seated tête à tête with the parish priest in his private sanctum.

Father White listened in silence to the young man's story, with a quiet smile now and then lighting up his calm ascetic face. The spiritual world was very near to him, and he found nothing startling in the fact that one of its inhabitants had been permitted to make its appearance on earth.

"There is no *living* person in the village or neighborhood answering to your description," he said when Frank had finished, "but I fancy I can tell you who she is."

"But Father," interposed Frank with a half incredulous expression in his blue eyes, "you do not really mean to say that I have seen a *ghost*, a bona fide spook?"

"Why not?" asked the priest quietly. "You, who are so devoted to the souls in Purgatory, have you never heard of them returning to

ask for prayers? You are not one of those *fin de siecle* journalists who scoff at everything in heaven or on earth, I have known you since you were a boy — why then do you find it so difficult to believe that you have been permitted to see a suffering spirit?"

His listener's face deepened a little in color at this unexpected rebuke.

"But why the — I mean why should she have selected *me* to pray for her?" he inquired.

"I will tell you who I think she is," returned Father White. "You remember Granger?"

"Old Granger? rather — tight-fisted old miser he was, too!"

"Well, a few years ago he married a young wife, met her abroad somewhere. I think she was half a foreigner though she spoke English perfectly. She was a dark-eyed, pale woman, with regular features, just as you describe, and made friends with no one. She was a Catholic, for I gave her the last Sacraments myself, but it was only for two or three months before her death that she practised her religion. Her husband did his best to persuade her to go to the Protestant service with him, but, though she was weak on many points, she stood out against that and I believe it was her devotion to Our Lady, — which she never really lost, which saved her from it. She was unhappy in her marriage, and without any of the consolations of religion, and — there were other things as well but no one really knew her history. She had apparently no friends and no relatives and has therefore had very few prayers since she died. I have remembered the poor creature but it is not likely that any one else has."

"But why should I?" began Frank.

"I am coming to that if you will have a little patience, my dear boy. As I said she never lost her devotion to Our Blessed Lady and, as she told me herself, it was the Mother of Mercy who led her back repentant to the Feet of Her Son. Now who are the souls *you* pray for specially? You told me long ago and I do not suppose you have altered in that respect."

A light broke over the journalist's bewildered countenance.

"The souls most devoted to Mary," he answered mechanically in the tone of a good little boy repeating his Catechism.

"Precisely. *That* is why Monica Granger knew that you would be the best person to help her."

"But how is it I never saw her when she was alive if she lived in the neighborhood?" asked Frank, his mind still in a whirl.

"Oh, that is easily explained. She went nowhere and received no one; her husband was not hospitably inclined as you know, and you were never down in these parts during the short time that she came to church here before she died."

There was a momentary pause in the little room while the priest's lips moved in silent prayer, and his companion sat gazing with unseeing eyes out of the window to where the wintry sunshine was gilding the laurel bushes in the Presbytery garden.

It was no delusion then, he reflected, God had permitted him to see a soul in Purgatory and it was possible that he might be allowed to shorten the period of its pain.

"Well, I will do my best for the poor creature," he said aloud as he rose to take his departure. "And I am awfully grateful to you, Father, for setting me on the right track."

"God has rewarded you for your constant thought of His suffering children," was the priest's reply. "I will say a Novena of Masses for poor Monica Granger and you Frank pray for her as fervently as you can."

As he passed the little churchyard Frank Curtis paused a moment beside a simple stone slab bearing the inscription, "Monica Granger. Died May 7, 1896, aged 29. — Sweet Heart of Mary be my Salvation."

It was still difficult to realize that he had really seen the spirit of her whose body had crumbled to dust beneath his feet, but Father White had removed all lingering doubts from his mind, and from that day forward his prayers for the "souls devoted to Mary" were increased both in number and fervor.

HANDEL'S LARGO.

FRANKLIN PIERCE CARRIGAN.

*A*DOWN the pillared nave and waves of sound,
Through incensed transcepts where dim twilight reigns,
I hear the soulful organ-music float
To where I kneel beneath the stained paines.

It comes to me like some unmurmured prayer
The lips may frame, but never voice in speech;
'Tis only through long suffering can one hope
The hidden depths of music e'er to reach!

I never hear those grandly swelling chords
Unless my being through and through is thrilled,
As though a vast, deep love had come into my life,
And all my days with happiness were filled.
I am so weary of the passioned strife
That seems the lot of those who blindly grope
Along the way that does not lead to God—
The prey of Pain, that is sworn foe of Hope!

A SPRAY OF WHITE LILAC.

JUSTINE INGERSOLL.



IT had originally been put down on the map of the city as Gregory Alley. But its name fared no better than its denizens, and in due course of corruption, it came to be known as Groggery Alley.

For all the drinking and defiance of decency which went on behind its crooked walls, and held carnival up and down its narrow thoroughfares, Groggery Alley was perhaps as dreary a spot as could be found in all the length and breadth of the city. For the sunshine held itself aloof from the ash barrels and slime of its street; no trees grew there. And if by chance a blade of grass dared to show itself, it was soon trodden under feet whose ways were wicked.

Women with shameless eyes lolled from the doors and windows of houses which had never been homes, and gave, like their dwellers, no signs of ever having seen better days. Not even a distant relationship could be claimed between them and the aristocratic mansions which stood in brown stone superiority, not many blocks away. Disreputable, dirty, dreary, so they had been in the beginning, so they would be in the end, a row of misshapen toad-stools spawned from a moral morass, this conglomeration of unsightly structures stood, on a certain day in early June, unmindful of those Elysian Fields, whose brooks were brinked with blue forget-me-nots, and where the wandering winds stirred the daisies and clover in a sweet unrest. In all that street there was none to care for God's beauty. Man's ugliness had triumphed and the bestial reigned supreme, absolutely, on this day, for the only living being in Groggery Alley, in whose heart had lingered a memory and a longing for green grasses and wide country roads, and sunlit hills where the shadows came and went, was dead. The room in which she lay was wretched enough, but its floor had been swept and its windows cleaned, and the boy, a lad of ten, who was alone in the room with her, looked with dry, wondering eyes at the stitches

in the sleeve of his jacket. Only that morning she had mended it for him. The needle and the thread were left in the cloth, just as they were when the cruel cough seized her and shook the life out of her, and flung her down upon the bed, with as little compunction as a dog shows when he kills a rat.

"Mommer," the boy had whispered, "don't you know me, Mommer, it's Denny, don't you hear me?" But there was only the sound of his own voice falling on his ears, and it terrified the child. The awful shade creeping over the pinched face on the pillow crept over his heart as well, and seemed to turn it to stone. He could not look upon this new, strange woman, who neither stirred, nor spoke, when he called her. She was not his mother. The lad moved away from the bed, his thought was to run out of the door, and to run and run, and never to stop, till he came to the country of which she was always telling him. He must find her there, he thought, where there were sheep in green pastures, and cows coming home to be milked, and where all were good, and led sweet, simple lives, such as hers had been before she came to the city. But on the threshold of the door he stopped. The weariness of his heart had crept down to his feet. They were like lead; he could not walk, much less run. He dragged himself, — not back to her, he could not look over to where she lay, — but across the room to the window. He never knew how long he stood there. Some of the women, not hearing the cough which had sounded from the little room for so many days, came at night to see what the matter was. They found there that which was no new thing to them. Life and death! They looked upon one with as little sentiment as the other, and so they moved from the woman to the boy, to rouse him from what they supposed was sleep. But when they shook him by the arm, they found him awake, but with nothing to say. He stared stolidly in their faces for a moment, and then dropped his head again on his arm, upon the window sill.

So the boy was in the morning when the heavy steps of the authorities came lumbering up the stairs. They talked in loud, unhusked tones of "Potters Fields, and paupers, and doing the job as cheap as possible." Then more men came, and they carried a long pine box. He had seen just such boxes carried into other houses in the street, but he had never thought much about it. But

now, when the men put it down in her room, in his room, a great terror came upon the child. The cold sweat broke out upon his brow, he trembled, but no tears came. A woman, "Dive Delia," they called her, came into the room and began to haggle with the men as to what they would pay her for laying out the corpse. This creature, with her brazen voice and vulgar leer, was a being from whom his mother shrank, when, by chance, they had met her on the stairs, or even in the street. The child cowering over in the window remembered how his mother had drawn him closer to her side, and how in the black nights, when "Dive Delia," in her room overhead was holding a drunken orgy, she would draw the coverlid about his ears, to keep out the wicked words that seemed as if they would fester the lips from which they fell, and draw the child closer to her breast, where he would lie, rocked to sleep by the cough, which he had long since become accustomed to. He wanted to drive this woman from the room. If his mother were there, she would never dare show her face in it.

"Dive Delia" had no sensibilities, and the men having departed, she quickly got to work. She approached the boy and stood looking at him in a silence in which there was neither sympathy, nor compassion. She put out a coarse hand and laid it on his head. At its touch the lad recoiled and lifted his face. At the sight of the vulgar curiosity on her face, a devil leaped to life in his breast.

"Say, Cully," said she, seeing no tears in his eyes, "you's a cool un, you are. Ain't you got no decent feelings, and you chief mourner? Come, get up, you lazy little brat, and help me find a dress to put on your mother." The boy made no reply, but the thin little hands curled themselves into claws, and there was an ugly light in the eyes which followed "Dive Delia" as she rummaged about among such poor possessions as the dead had left behind.

"Ello!" she cried, "wot's this?" dragging from an old hair-covered trunk a dress of shining white material. She held it up in both hands. "Silk, a wedding dress, I do declare! And a bunch of orange blossoms, and a wreath, and a pair of white kids. Oh, my eye! Wasn't she a norful swell? I didn't know as she was that much better nor the rest of us, for all the airs she put" — The rest of the sentence was lost in the blow that fell full upon the sodden lips, and made the blood gush from them. The boy,

puny as he was, sprang upon her, and bit, and scratched, and tore her, as a wild beast might have done, so that "Dive Delia," bully and coward, yelled for dear life, and for once in her career was cowed, and by the hand of a child.

Her howls brought a swarm of men, women and children in at the door, and the boy, quivering and beside himself with rage, was torn from the woman.

"And it's a bad un you are, Denis Hunniwell, a sly, sneaking, cold-blooded, little villyan, a scrapping in de room, wid yer dead mother a looking at yer, and yer widout a howl out of yer, for her. It's the gallus ye's a coming to, so it is, bad cess to yer." And having delivered themselves of the sentiments of the alley, they, one by one, shambled out of the room, and once more the boy was alone.

From his place in the window he saw that across the patch of blue sky overhead was slowly drifting a little white cloud. To his fancy it seemed as though it was a lovely flower, and then he remembered how she loved flowers, and how, once walking by her side, with his hand in hers, they had met a funeral, and she had said, "How happy it must make the dead to go to their graves with the beautiful flowers on their breasts." He roused himself. He had not a single blossom to give her, but she should have one, somehow. There must be lots of flowers blooming somewhere, and she should have one. He would put it in her hand, and she would understand, and keep it always. She had taught him to always wash his face and brush his hair before he went out into the street. He did so mechanically, and, without looking at her, stole softly from the room and down the stairs, making his way through the grime of the alley, till he came to that part of the town where the rich people lived.

There were gaily dressed children playing in the park, in charge of trim nursery maids. And there were beautiful ladies in carriages; and a brass band was playing a military march, with a joyous jingle of cymbals and trumpets. All very bright and beautiful, but to the child, Denis Hunniwell, whose heart was bursting, and whose head was splitting, the scene had as little reality as the bubbles which floated where the fountain fell upon the gold fish in their pond. Moving unnoticed through the careless crowd, the thought of possessing the flower gave him an unnatural strength. He walked sturdily along, until, in a remote part of the park, he came upon a tree covered with lovely white blossoms. It was a

white lilac bush. As he stood beneath it, one of the sprays laid itself against the child's cheek. It felt cool and moist, like his mother's hand, and at its touch the tears came, the first that he had shed since she had left him. They were a relief, but for every tear, the child knew that, drop by drop, a part of his life was being taken.

For a few moments he stood there with his face upraised to the spray of white lilacs. It lay upon his eyes, and beneath the shut lids the tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. Then he stretched out a nervous little hand, reached up, and picked the flower from its branch, wondering as he did so, if he would have the strength to carry it home to her, he felt so dizzy, and so queer, and so faint.

But before the child could put his strength to the test, there was a crash in the hedge back of him, and a man in police uniform sprang out from the shrubbery, and seized the child by the scruff of his collar, and shook him so savagely, in and out, and up and down, that it seemed as though the world had been jostled into bits, like the glass in a kaleidoscope.

With his grip still on the lad, the officer, — who seemed a giant to poor little Denny, — left off shaking, to rap with his billy on the asphalt walk. This was the signal for more giants to come rolling along, and in their wake a crowd began to gather from north, south, east and west, — men, women and children, all breaking their legs to get a sight at the thief who had been taken red handed. Then there was the clang of a gong, and the rumble of heavy wheels, and the patrol wagon was brought up with a round turn in front of the boy.

Crime confers a distinction, such as it is, and the small atom of humanity who five minutes before had passed through the crowd unheeded, now found himself the central figure, on which was glued the gaze of the gaping rabble.

In a dazed sort of way, the child wondered what it was all about, this sudden commotion, this pushing and straining of the crowd. He even went so far as to wonder who it was that the cop would throw into the Black Maria. But he felt no surprise when he found that it was he, himself, whom they were dragging across the walk and through a swath cut, between the people, by the policeman's billy.

He made no resistance, not even when he found himself lifted high in the air, so that they all could see him, before he was flung into the black wagon that had backed up to receive him. Looking

beyond the faces, over to where the sunlight fell on the Mall, the child saw that the little girls in their beautiful frocks had joined hands, and were dancing in a ring to the gay tune which the band was playing. His face, white and pinched, betraying no emotion, and the crowd saw that in his hand he held the spray of white lilacs.

"As tough a young scallawag as I ever collared," said Park Policeman No. 12, as the wagon rolled away with the child. "And he a hanging on to de boodle, not a bit scared, neider, a game un, he is," chimed in an admiring bootblack.

The music grew fainter and fainter in his ears, as the wagon bowled along. All but the drum had died away, but its beats sounded like the beats of his own heart, as he was bumped and banged over the cobblestones, until, with a final clatter of horses, and rattling harness, the driver backed up against the steps of the Precinct Station House.

The sudden stop sent the child sprawling from the slippery leatherne seat on to the floor. There he was collared by an officer whose countenance expressed contempt for the insignificance of the game bagged. He, however, condescended to drag the boy up the steps, and into a room where a very important looking officer, with stripes on his arm, sat at a desk behind a railing. This was the sergeant. The child saw all that was going on around him, but there was a ringing in his ears, and a blur over his eyes, and the consciousness of them came to him slowly, and as if they were a great way off. His own voice, giving his name, had a strange, unfamiliar sound, just as it had when he spoke to his mother and she did not answer.

"Hum-m," said the sergeant, as he took the name down on his ledger, "Dennis Hunniwell, I think I know that name." Then he took down a very large book from the shelves behind him. He ran a fat forefinger down the page. "I thought so, here it is, Dennis Hunniwell, alias Denny the Dude, etc. Bank burglar, confidence man, house breaker, one of Gory Geoghgan's band. In Sing Sing now, serving a twenty years' sentence." Then he shut the book and leaned pompously over the railing, to get a better look at the still little figure, with the lilac flower in his hand, who stood in callous indifference, — so it seemed to the sergeant, — of the fact that the sins of the father had descended upon the child.

"Was he your father? Come, speak up, your deaf and dumb games wont go down here," and he rapped sharply on the desk. The

boy knew now the story of his mother's life. It came upon him with a knowledge so poignant and crushing that it seemed as if he could never get the strength to answer the question. To the sergeant, the "Yes," which came, at last, in a muffled tone from the dry lips of the lad, seemed both sullen and defiant. Poor little Denny! The only being on earth who had ever understood him was his mother. Since she had gone all the world had misjudged him, — and so it would be forever.

"Here, officer, put this fellow in cell No. 10. His case will come up in the morning before the Magistrate. We can't permit this kind of thing to go on. Hunniwell," he continued, speaking in a lofty way to the child, "our public parks will in a very short time be defaced. We must make an example of you. Besides," he went on to the officer, "I consider this prisoner a very dangerous character. I see in him all the undeveloped criminal tendencies of his father. We must make an example of him, for the protection of society."

The child was too tired to heed the words. He could not walk with the officer to his cell. So, once more, he was collared and dragged out of the room. Again he wondered if he would have the strength to get the flower to her before it was too late. Then the door of his cell was opened, only to close with a thud upon the child. But he did not mind. He flung himself down upon the bench, with the flower against his cheek, and then he fell asleep. The sleep which came upon the child was so merciful, so tender, so profound, that it sealed all sorrow.

The hours came and went. The night wore on to day. The sun rose, and flooded his cell with its light, but still the child lay, with his cheek pressed to the spray of lilac blossom, as he had often laid against his mother's hand.

The sun was high in the heavens when they came to rouse the boy, to go before his Judge.

"Look at that! He's sleeping as sound as a young cub. It's much these young rascals care for being juggled." Then he went up to the boy to awaken him. But when he turned his face from the wall, so that the light fell upon it, the man was startled. The face of the child was ghastly, whiter and more withered than the spray of white lilac, about which the thin little fingers had stiffened, as it lay against his cheek.

Both boy and flower were dead.

Denny had put his flower in her hand.



VILLAGE OF EL-BIREH.

THE ROSARY AND THE HOLY LAND.

THE VERY REV. A. AZZOPARDI, O. P., S. T. M.

FIFTH MYSTERY—THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.



IN the fifth mystery of the Rosary, we contemplate the Blessed Virgin Mary, who, having lost her beloved Son in Jerusalem, sought Him for the space of three days and at length found Him in the temple, in the midst of the doctors, disputing with them.

God had commanded that all male Israelites should make a pilgrimage to the holy temple of Jerusalem three times a year — at the feast of unleaven bread or Passover, at the feast of Weeks or Pentecost, and at the feast of Tabernacles. The obligation of visiting the temple and of the fulfilling certain prescriptions of the law

generally began to be enforced when the Jewish boy arrived at the age of twelve years. Thus they were early trained to the practice of the legal observances. The women of Israel were not obliged to make such a pilgrimage yet they were accustomed to visit the temple for at least one of the three feasts, usually on the occasion

of the Passover. And so it came to pass that when the divine child Jesus had arrived at the age of twelve years, He went up to Jerusalem with His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph, to eat the Paschal lamb. At that age a boy begins a new period of both moral and physical life; great horizons begin to appear before his intellectual vision. Then it was that Jesus manifested, for the first time, the sublimity of His thoughts, the depth of His religious feelings, and the perfection of His soul. St. Luke mentions one trait of His history at this period of His life.

During the festival the temple and the whole city was thronged with Israelites assembled from all parts of Palestine. After the sacrifices and the great liturgical procession, in which were chanted the psalms to the accompaniment of sacred instruments, the crowd assembled about the doctor's chair under the porches of the courts. The Rabbies of Jerusalem expounded the law and the prophets, solved complicated moral problems with a boast of erudition and an imposing authority that ravished the sincere faithful and urged them to bountiful contributions. When the feast was over the men and women were re-assembled in various companies; a custom always observed at the time of moaning and of prayer. Before leaving the holy city all were eager to pray once more at the temple, to contemplate again its wonderful beauty and to take a last look at the great enclosure. This always occasioned a greater or lesser delay, according to the piety of the faithful, in starting away from Jerusalem. On account of this delay the homeward march of the first day was always a short one. The Israelites of Galilee, from time immemorial, used to halt for the first night on the hills that separate Judea properly so-called from the north of Palestine. In this neighborhood they found many springs that supplied fresh water for the companies of weary pilgrims. From the heights they could see for a last time the holy city, and the Mount of Olives which was as a land mark indicating the location of the temple, the top of which may have been visible itself. This agreeable view was a sufficient compensation for the delay.

The young Jesus passed His seven days of the feast in pious delight. All the great records of Judaism upon which He meditated impressed Him profoundly and in the figures of the past and present He contemplated the reality He was about to bring. When it was time to leave the privileged city He felt that His heart was attached to it as to the dearest place on earth; and while His parents were setting out on the homeward way to Galilee He, being divinely

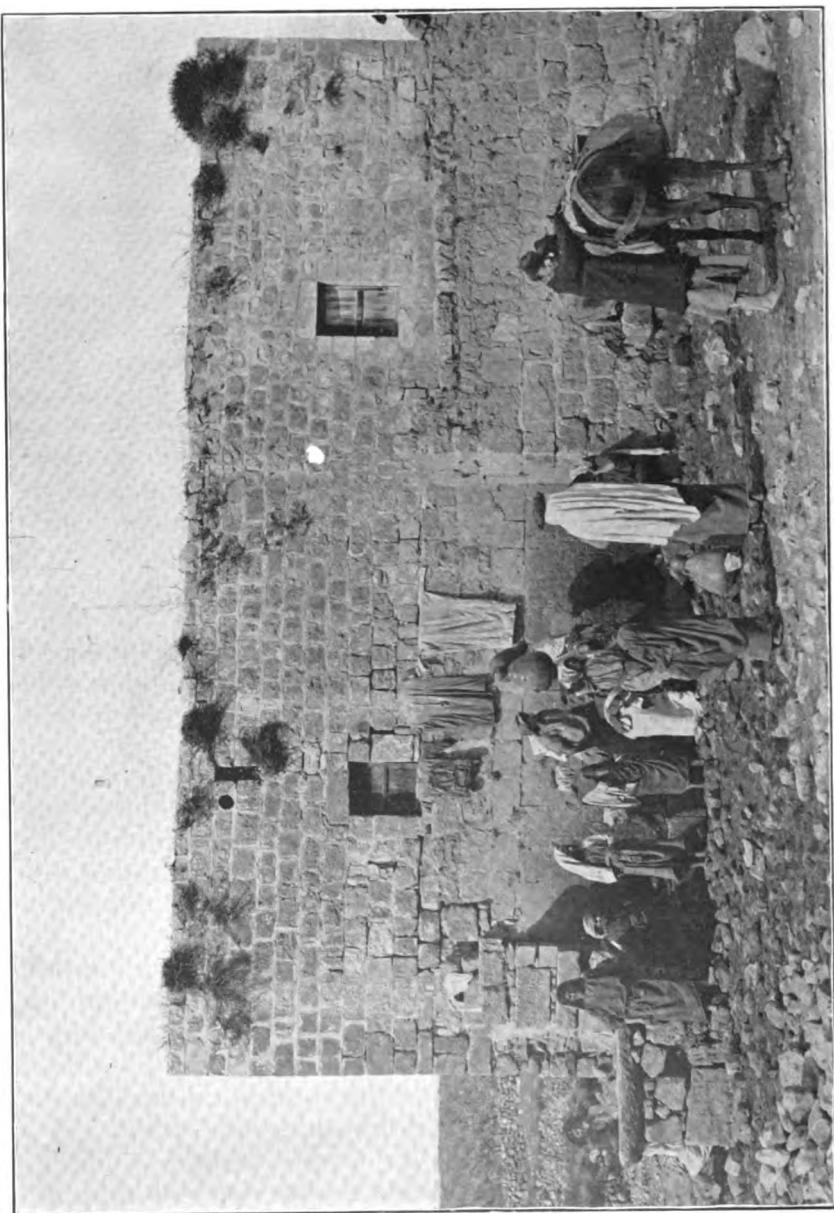
moved, and prompted by His exceptional nature, went towards the temple, the legal centre of religion. He came into the world to make known divine truth and He sought for a prelude to His glorious ministry.

Commonly the companies were very numerous, so that one could easily be lost in the throngs of pilgrims who proceeded on foot or on donkeys, in separate groups of men and women, singing psalms and canticles as they went their way. Jesus who was full of grace and mildness and was beloved by all, probably passed from one group to the other, thus dividing His time between His parents and His friends who delighted in the pleasure of His company. And so it happened that Joseph and Mary, thinking Him in the company of friends, walked all the first day without concern at His absence. The affection with which He was regarded by all was sufficient protection for His youth. Besides, St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin were not together, he being with a group of men, and she with a group of women, so that the former thought the child to be in the company of His mother, while the latter thought Him to be with His father.

At sunset, when the travelers had arrived at the end of their first day's journey they were all re-united at the Khan, or village-inn, for shelter during the night. When every one had taken his place it was observed that Jesus was not present. Great was the consternation of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on perceiving the absence of their Divine Son. They sought Him among their friends; but every inquiry was vain. During the day no one had seen the young son of the Blessed Virgin. How could they pass the night without Him? It was a night of intense anxiety for the Blessed Mother, who had lost her Divine Son, a night of sore affliction for St. Joseph, who had lost the treasure entrusted to his care.

At daybreak both started back and soon entered Jerusalem where they continued their solicitous search until night-fall; but in the crowds that were still numerous and cared but little for a lost child, who himself did not give signs of uneasiness, Jesus was nowhere to be met. It was not until the day after, and consequently on the third day, that the anxious parents found their son in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, asking and solving questions. For three days the divine Teacher had been a disciple of the Rabbies who, surprised at His early intelligence, allowed Him a chair, contrary to common custom, according to which

FOUNTAIN OF EL-BIREH.



disciples should stand during the teaching. Jesus had at once gained the attention of the whole assemblage. Transported with joy the Blessed Virgin could not forbear making Him a reproach; but she did so tenderly and in an endearing manner. "My son," she said, "why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

If the heart of a mother were always guided by reason, we should say that the Blessed Virgin did wrong to grieve, for she was not ignorant of the fact that a son like hers could never be lost. But the impulses of maternal love and its shocks are swifter than reason. In His answer Jesus intended to warn His mother indirectly. "How is it that you sought for me?" He said. "Do you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" These are the first words of our Lord that have been handed down to us by tradition. In their conciseness they tell us the depth of the young soul that knows but the true father — God — and His business, and the place where He should be sought — the temple of God. Neither the Blessed Virgin nor St. Joseph could then understand the words of sublime wisdom which Jesus spoke to them. On the other hand it was not yet time to begin publicly the divine mission that Jesus had come to accomplish on earth. Therefore in the company with His father and mother He left the temple to go again to Nazareth and there patiently await the hour assigned by Providence. His hidden life in the paternal dwelling in Nazareth is summed up in the words: "He was subject to them." God is often pleased to prepare great souls in silence and obscurity, and in this manner accustom them to humility and sufferings, so that they may glorify Him at once when He places them on the field of action. This providential law was followed by the divine son Jesus, and not until after eighteen years more of discipline and obscurity did He begin His public life.

We plainly see that the fifth mystery of the Rosary like the preceding one, had its accomplishment in the sacred enclosure of the temple. As was remarked in the previous article, the temple of Jerusalem was not a single building but consisted of several destined for distinct offices. There were buildings assigned for ceremonies and sacrifices as there were those set aside for preaching and the interpretation of the law. The several porches that surrounded the different courts of the temple were very suitable for religious gatherings. Under these porches every doctor of the law who came to Jerusalem had the right to take his place and

address the people on questions relating to the law and to practical life under certain circumstances. It was there that our Lord paused when, during His public life, He taught in the temple. There was the great school of the synagogue, which was a large room where the high-priest held his meetings and where, especially on Saturdays and feast days, the Rabbies or members of the Sanhedrin proposed their teaching before the multitude and explained the law and the prophets to the people. The room which was located between the court of the priests and that of Israel had two entrances,



THE KHAN OF EL-BIREH.

one entering into the first court, the other into the second. The interior was partly in the former court and partly in the latter, so that the members of the Sanhedrin who did not belong to the sacerdotal order could sit in it without having to cross the boundary of the court of priests. From the time of Gamaliel there were three hundred special places for the disciples of the doctors, the unreserved places being occupied by ordinary auditors. Until the

time of our Lord only the doctors or teachers had been allowed to sit in chairs, the disciples being obliged to stand or to sit upon the ground at the feet of the doctors, as St. Paul relates of himself. Jesus, having shown a knowledge of the law superior even to that of the doctors, had the distinct honor of a chair in the midst of them, whence He was able to answer questions and propose others. Thus we can understand St. Luke when he says that the divine Child was found in the temple, sitting in the midst of doctors, hearing and interrogating them.

The method of rabbinical teaching was by way of questions and answers. In the Talmud we find many curious examples of this method. Even to-day it may be observed in the synagogues of Jerusalem, where the Rabbies are pleased to attract the attention of the congregation by proposing questions for solution which for the most part they are finally obliged to solve themselves. In the midst of such an assembly Jesus was found winning the admiration of all by the correctness of His answers and by the new questions that He proposed — questions which the doctors were unable to answer because they were blinded by a materialistic teaching and a pharisaical hypocrisy. The gospel does not tell us the nature of the teaching given by Jesus, but most commentators think that it was directed to remove the false preconceived ideas that the Israelites cherished of the Messiah.

The curse that weighed upon the temple of Jerusalem has not allowed tradition to transmit to us the very place where Jesus first manifested His divine doctrine. The fanatic Mussulman occupation has always been a hindrance to the erection of a sanctuary in memory of the sacred mystery. Beyond doubt religious records are not so easily forgotten as those of a purely historical order. The latter are commonly entrusted to a limited number of learned men who can forget the truths of history or arrange them according to their own subjective ideas; but the former are communicated to a whole people which faithfully and, we might say, mechanically, transmits them to their descendants. There is a religious tradition which points to a sanctuary in honor of the fifth mystery, intended to supply the want of one within the temple enclosure. It is the sanctuary of el-Bireh, a village where the pilgrims usually made their first stop when returning from the feasts at Jerusalem. There it was that St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin must have first perceived that Jesus was not in their company. It cannot, therefore, but be of interest in connection with this mystery to say something of the place.

El-Bireh — the well — is situated about three hours and a half to the north of Jerusalem, on the way to Samaria and Galilee. On account of the remarkable spring, which gives the village its name, the place has always been a very important one and it has never ceased to be a stopping-place for all the caravans that passed between the north and south. It seems that this village is on the site of the ancient Beeroth, a town of the Benjaminites. Its position is elevated. From it one can see the towers and minarets of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, from the summit of which there now rises a high tower lately built by the Russians. Its surroundings are wooded with olive and fig trees and covered with rich vineyards, giving it a beautiful appearance from a distance. The valley close to the village is ever green, and its verdure indicates the great supply of water. The springs, the trees and the fertility of the valley make the village one of importance in Judea. At present it is peopled by about eight hundred inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Mussulmans, the remainder being schismatic Greeks. Their dwellings are small houses roughly built of stones taken from ancient ruins, and the interior of the village offers nothing that is striking and superior to the many miserable Eastern villages. But the ruins which may still be seen are worthy of study; they are sad witnesses of a happier time, wholly different to the present.

Where the road from Jerusalem turns into the village, there is a great kahn with vaults supported by piers, of which the original construction dates back for several centuries. It is nearly square: the vaults and arches are of well marked ogive style and the massive bases of piers are built of heavy chiselled stones. Opposite the kahn there is a mosque built of ancient materials which covers the very spring that flows at the entrance of the village. Near by are two great water tanks partly destroyed and filled with rubbish on which herbs and thorns vegetate and bud, so that they cannot be minutely examined. They are at least one hundred yards long. In several places throughout the village are found remains of fortresses or castles that are good evidences of the glorious times of Palestine under the reign of the Crusaders.

But the most remarkable ruins are those of a church, which, notwithstanding the deplorable state to which it has been reduced by the action of time and by Mussulman fanaticism, yet very plainly indicates the magnificence of the sanctuary which was dedicated to the fifth mystery of the Rosary. A very ancient tradition tells us that the usual first station for the pilgrims of Galilee returning



THRESHING FLOOR.

from the temple of Jerusalem, was at this place, and that it was here that St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin perceived the absence of the divine Child and began their careful search. According to this tradition the expression of St. Luke, they went a day's journey—*venerunt iter dici* — does not mean the entire distance that can be made in a whole day but only the distance of a first day's journey, be that long or short. The building is the work of the Crusaders whose usual marks are seen upon the stones. It was finished in the year 1146 and was placed under the charge of the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, who also had charge of the adjacent hospital. But, as I have already stated in another place, the Crusaders were not in the habit of building churches except in places where they found traces of former churches. Among the stones at the base of the building there are several embossed blocks of which the age must be anterior to the time of the Crusaders, and which are probably remains of a former church dating perhaps from the time of Constantine.

The church, which is rectangular in form, covers an area of 32 x 18 yards. It is divided into three aisles terminated on the east by three apses. The facade has been partly ruined by the

inhabitants of the village who took stones from it for their miserable dwellings. Of the side walls and the apses of the aisles a great part is still in good state of preservation, but it will not be long before even this remainder will be despoiled as was the rest. The roof has long since fallen down into the interior of the church. The unfortunate monument is on the way to a complete and unavoidable destruction, as no one intervenes to hinder its demolition. Schismatic Greeks have bought the place with the intention of making some repairs about the sanctuary as they have already done at the well of the Samaritan women, or Jacob's well near Naplouse. It is to be regretted that Catholics do not do this; but on the other hand it is better than no reparation at all, for thus the sanctuary will not be suffered to disappear entirely. The Catholics to whom is entrusted the care of the holy places seem satisfied to keep in one way or another the sanctuaries they already possess, but they evidently care very little for others that they might easily acquire. There is a difference between an abandoned sanctuary falling into ruins from one that is even modestly kept. In the first place man's sensitive nature is stirred, tears come to his eyes and he goes away from it with a heartfelt oppression. In the second case his soul is excited by different emotions according to the history of the sanctuary that has been preserved. He who has experienced this understands what I say.

As to the tradition itself, without declaring myself absolutely in its favor, I will add an observation that may aid in clearing up the question. It is a fact often verified that the native travelers going from Jerusalem to Samaria and Galilee always follow the road which passes the village of el-Bireh. It is the only direct one and, beyond doubt, was made by the former inhabitants of Palestine. For several years past I have observed that travelers who go on horse-back generally leave Jerusalem in the morning, take a short rest at el-Bireh, and then go on their way as far as Loubban, where they pass the night. But travelers who go on foot or who ride donkeys — the latter are the most numerous — prefer to leave Jerusalem soon after noon and pass the night at el-Bireh where they find fresh water in abundance. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph who traveled in the company of others who were probably poor like themselves must have stopped at el-Bireh in the same manner as, even to-day, the caravans do, especially when there are women and children in them. In the choice of stations water is the principal thing sought for, so that on the way to Samaria

el-Bireh will remain, as it always has been, the station for natives who go in groups. Thus the tradition of el-Bireh seems to be well founded.

The fifth mystery of the Rosary offers us a twofold lesson, the one taught by our Blessed Virgin, the other by the divine child Jesus. The Blessed Virgin teaches us the zeal and care we should take in seeking for Jesus whenever we happen to lose Him, even if it be not through our own fault. Jesus teaches us a complete submission to parents. Together they teach us to go into the temple — into God's house — where flow the springs of grace and where we are sure to find Jesus again, full of generosity to add to our sanctity, if we are already in His grace; full of mercy to forgive our trespasses, if we are sinners. Subject to His parents He teaches us that under paternal eyes we must acquire progress in perfection and grace as in age and strength.

Let us follow the Blessed Virgin, who was deeply troubled at the loss of her divine Child; she was not quiet until she had found Him; until then she felt in her heart an emptiness that nothing could fill though she abounded in grace. Now, when we lose Jesus through our own fault our heart is empty, and only weak nature remains to us; we stand alone in front of an enemy who will very soon overcome us, because we are powerless to go on alone in the ways of salvation. We must beg the Blessed Virgin to be our guide in seeking Him. She suffered so much in losing Him that she will hear our prayers. She is our mother and in her love she will aid us, and with her we shall know how good He is to those who seek Him and how dear He is to those who find Him.



CHURCH OF EL-BIREH.

A WAR INCIDENT.

H. CECIL-BERRIEN.



WOUNDED boy lay dying, on fair Santiago's hill,
 'Mid dense and tangled underbrush at dawn when all
 was still;
 For shells had sown their harvest and "the reaper
 death" was there,

Where wounded men were lying, some without a thought of
 prayer.

O! who can tell the anguish of that dying, lonely lad?
 With no human voice to cheer him, could a death-scene be
 more sad?

Yet not alone, for in him burning bright, was faith's true light,
 And the dear Lord sent the comfort, that was precious in his
 sight.

Just then the bushes parted, and a stranger bent to see,
 What object there was lying, friend or foe perchance might be;
 And the dying eyes fast closing, opened slowly as he said:
 "Have you here the dear Lord's image?" and the stranger
 bowed his head.

For his voice was choked with sorrow, as he saw that dying
 boy,—

Some poor mother's cherished darling, and perchance her
 only joy.

Then he held his war-worn crucifix to lips fast, growing cold,
 And the dying face shone brightly, as he tried the cross
 to hold.

So on Santiago's hillside there was *death*, not *loneliness*,
 For his dear Lord watched by him and soothed his sore distress,
 And the soldier, (death now conquered), answered in his
 Father's home,

The roll-call, in the dawning, safe at last, no more to roam.

A member of the 6th Cavalry, just before dawn, (the day after the battle of San Juan), found a young soldier dying in the under-brush, who feebly asked if the soldier had a crucifix. The latter taking from his pocket his war-worn rosary, he held to the lips of the dying boy the crucifix for which he so longed. A bright smile lighted up the face of the lad and clasping the rosary in a firm grasp, never to be relaxed, he answered the heavenly roll-call in the Dawn of Eternity.

LIFE OF FATHER ROCCO, FRIAR PREACHER.

Narrated for the Italian People by CARDINAL CAPECELATRO, and done
into English by EDWARD LINTHICUM BUCKEY.

VI.**THE FIRST CEMETERY—EXILE.**

MONG the works of love to which Father Rocco applied himself, one of the first was that of visiting the sick in the hospitals. Inasmuch as Jesus Christ has said, "Blessed are the poor," and, "Blessed are they that mourn," and, with infinite love, did Himself seek out the sick to console and heal them, the infirm have become to us peculiarly dear, especially those who are poor and friendless, for then it is all the more pleasing to Him, if we succor and relieve them. Father Rocco therefore, walking in the footsteps of the Saints, used to visit very frequently the sick in the Neapolitan Hospitals of San Giacomo, dell Annunziata, and dezli Incurabili. In this last there was a greater number of unfortunates than anywhere else, and here he was wont to go more often than to the others. It is worth noting that in pursuance of the genius of his apostleship, he not only instructed and consoled the wretched people, supplying them with a knowledge of religious truths and infusing in their sad souls the hope of heavenly joys; but he made every effort possible to alleviate as well their present wants, and assuage as far as he could their daily pain. As a good father would care for his sick children, so he inspected their food and saw that it was good; their beds, that they were comfortable, often ordering them to be made afresh in his presence; he was particular about their cleanliness also, so necessary to the sick, examined their medicines to make sure that they were genuine and secured for them, where he could, a more frequent attendance on the part of the physicians.

It is true he had no official right for authority in the hospitals, his sole authority being his virtue and the high regard which he enjoyed. The times too seem to have been indulgent to this kind of circumspection and certainly he never met with any opposition.

Everybody obeyed him gladly. "Father Rocco has said so," was an expression which always carried with it, in the city, the weight of a command. The hospitals in the time of our dear brother were not all that they should have been, and even in our own day, though they have multiplied so greatly, it is a question perhaps whether they are all yet models of sanitation and Christian care.

Among the miseries, however, of those times there was one from which, thanks be to God, we in our day are happily delivered. Attached to every hospital was a deep ditch, which they called a *piscina*, in which they used to bury indiscriminately all who died within its precincts. As often as the pit was opened, it was impossible to prevent the escape of a horrible stench, which immediately poisoned the air, nauseated the sick, and greatly increased their sufferings. Moreover, it was a very material agent in the spread of disease. Now it happened one day that Father Rocco was present in the ward for incurables, when they were making preparations for some burials, and so became thoroughly aware of this appalling state of affairs. With heart overflowing with neighborly compassion, he forthwith began to say to himself: "But why should not a remedy be found for such an evil; are not these wretched patients the brethren of Jesus Christ, and consequently ours too? What avails it to say that they are poor, and the hospital is only for the poor; should not these be all the more urgent reasons why they should receive at our hands even more loving attention?" These and similar thoughts took possession of the soul of the charitable friar. Thereafter whenever he had an opportunity he would present the subject to his friends, and try, first one and then another, to aid him in finding some proper and adequate remedy. One day when he was calling upon the Marquis Pignone del Caretto, Governor of the Hospital for Incurables, it happened that this nobleman was reading by accident some foreign communication dealing with the inhumation of the dead, and describing a burial place outside the walls of the city, which was to receive not only those who died in the hospitals, but in private houses as well. Father Rocco did not wish to hear more. Any charitable work inaugurated in any other city before Naples, seemed to him a reproach to his own city, and he forthwith began to urge del Caretto, importuning also as many influential people as he could, to promote the scheme of a public burying ground. His solicitations were not unkindly received, though there must needs arise the usual complications and set-backs which retard all new and startling schemes, such as the

novelty of the idea, the funds required to purchase the necessary amount of land, the cost of the maintenance, the choice of a site, disagreements among the governing board, etc.

But when a good idea entered once into the mind of Father Rocco, it never failed to fructify; it grew and grew, and spread itself, like a spark which, falling on a shingle of a roof, ends by igniting all. He tarried not, he rested not, until he had obtained the royal warrant authorizing the construction of the cemetery he desired. Father D'Onofico relates that our good brother, happening once to be with many notable people in the council chamber of the Marquis del Caretto, superintendent of the hospital, wishing to make sure the success of his cause, assumed in his speech, a prophetic tone and addressed them somewhat as follows: "The day will come, believe me, gentlemen, when the cemetery now urged by me with so much earnestness, will be the salvation of a great part of Naples. You may not believe me, and you may laugh, if you please, at my words. But they will be fulfilled, however, in their due time. Then, indeed, you will not tarry, but hasten to lend a willing hand to the proposal. For is an epidemic so impossible? Have we not had the plague in Naples? Are such evils so rare and unknown among us? If then, in punishment for the many sins which we now commit, some such misfortune should overtake us, what then will happen? Could we give proper attention to this matter then? Could we find the time to apply the necessary measures of relief? Could a cemetery be made to order at a moment's notice, the site selected, the plans drawn, and the money forthcoming for its construction? It is easy enough to make a cemetery of wax or clay, for such can be made in but a few days, but a cemetery to arrest and keep away dreaded contagion, I tell you no. Hear me, gentlemen, for charity's sake! Act quickly and do not lose precious moments. Your Father Rocco speaks to you and tells you that now is the time. My heart warns me that this scourge of God is near, and it seems that the dear Babe in the manger, the Madonna, and my Saint Janarius, would all affirm it too. God may be making of me a false prophet, but what I feel within me, that I must say with all sincerity, for the sake of the dear people that I love."

This impassioned speech had its effect. The board of Regents and particularly del Caretto, its president, resolved to act. Del Caretto went immediately to the Court, and making use of the same arguments adduced by Father Rocco, secured the publication of a

decree, three days afterwards, authorizing the immediate prosecution of the work to be used chiefly as a burial place for the hospitals. A model of wood was soon prepared, and the site chosen, Tririce, outside the city. Thus was built the cemetery which is still in evidence, and which has as many trenches as there are days in the year, and when one considers the times when it was erected, he must needs praise the government which executed it, and honor especially the memory of Father Rocco, whose idea it was, and who worked so hard for its accomplishment. Its beautiful inscription was composed by our learned Canon Mazzochi, and if the ground had been reserved solely for hospital uses, it would still be ample enough for years to come.

When Father Rocco had succeeded in bringing about this happy event, which was at the end of the year 1761 and the beginning of the following year, King Charles III. had already been absent from Naples nearly two years, and the government was in the hands of a regency, during the minority of Ferdinando, still a boy. Father Rocco was truly grieved at his departure and never forgot how much he owed to this best of kings for the aid he gave him in making smooth the way of his apostleship of love.

In the departure of King Charles, Father Rocco sustained the loss of a prince who loved him, and who very often had rendered him most effectual aid in the accomplishment of his plans. Although it has been said that Father Rocco's life was a stormy one, and that enemies were never lacking on account of this pugnacious trait of his, the reason thereof may not yet have been made sufficiently clear. The fact is that he always had enemies, though never a great number at any one time, who came to hate him and oppose him because of his ardent and hot pursuit of evil. Generally speaking the anger of the gamblers, prostitutes, thieves and lost buffoons was spent in threats and menaces of harm, though they doubtless treasured in their hearts a never ceasing hatred of him, cursing him when they could, and calling him all manner of derisive names, etc. Sometimes, it is true, they became so much enraged against him as to entertain serious thoughts of revenge, and his death was more than once plotted and determined on. Even among the better classes, his singular life, his style of preaching, his active interference in temporal concerns, his influence at Court, and above all his zeal, fiery, strong, bold, gave rise to fear, suspicion, and sometimes to but ill-concealed expressions of genuine envy.

Father Rocco was aware of all this, yet he paid no attention to it, and continued on his way as freely and with as much uncon-

cern as the traveller whose mind is so filled with longing thoughts of home, that he forgets to look around. He had long since grown accustomed to attach but slight importance to such oppositions, and never gave them a second thought. In fact, as long as Charles III. was king, no one dared to say nor do aught against him, inasmuch as over and above his power with the people he so manifestly enjoyed the favor of the Court.

But when his enemies saw that King Charles must soon leave, and that a boy king was to take his place, they felt that the time had come when in some way they could rid themselves of this troublesome friar. They employed secret means both perfidious and astute to accomplish their designs, and Providence allowed them to succeed, perhaps in order that his faithful servant might have his full measure of trial and tribulation, since such possessions are said to be the best treasures of God's earthly saints. That Father Rocco should be tempted in all things was well, and so this great trial came into his life, in order to fortify his patience, his humility, and his habit of obedience.

It seems therefore that, upon the departure of King Charles, various combinations were formed against our brother by evil-minded and malicious persons. Some more daring and criminal than the rest, proposed that he should be secretly murdered, but others, more prudent, would not consent to a plan so wicked and hazardous, but suggested instead that means be employed to send him away from the city.

Accordingly a letter was written to the General of the Dominican Order by a person of influence, setting forth that Father Rocco's life and deportment in Naples were not those becoming a monk of his order, that instead of an attendance upon the choir offices and a life of seclusion in the peace of the cloister, as was befitting him, he was always preaching in the public parks, meddling in worldly affairs, and gradually obtaining over the people an authority and influence little short of absolute rule, a perilous position for him to occupy and one moreover which could easily be turned to the prejudice and injury of the whole Dominican order.

The Court itself, it was further alleged, was aware of all this, and would be glad to have the friar removed, although it did not dare for fear of the people to take any initiative in this direction. The letter also purported to have been written to inform the General of the true state of affairs, though hints were not lacking that it would certainly reflect upon the whole order, if Father Rocco were not removed at once from his assumed position as the people's

champion, exposing himself thus to the gravest possible consequences.

This message must have been endorsed by many eminent signatures, for from that moment the General's indecision became known, and even his probable determination to banish Father Rocco from the city he had so much benefitted.

But while the General was considering the subject, a circumstance occurred, which was at that time of peculiar cogency in determining his action. It was the final drop in a vase already full, and induced him to consider as culpable the one man who deserved so much from the representatives of faith and morals. The case was this. Near the Square del Castello, in the vicinity of the street which they call Via dei Francesi, occurred an open rupture between some of the citizens and the police. As is usual at such times, a great crowd quickly collected, to which were soon added soldiers on foot and horseback who hastened thither to enforce quiet and good order. The soldiers acted with some consideration, fearing to increase the evil, and change the tumult into a riot, thus being compelled to inflict some deadly blows. They sought, therefore, to coax the better minded to go away, to separate them as much as possible from those actually embroiled in the fight, hoping gradually to disperse the crowd. Their attempts, however, were in vain. They had stood thus for about an hour, accomplishing very little, while the strife continued its own lively course. It happened that just about this time Father Rocco passed by, and as soon as he saw what was going on, without the slightest fear or indecision, drew forth from his belt his crucifix, and wending his way through the crowd of soldiers and onlookers, went straight up to the spot where the combat was raging, threw himself in the midst of the rioters, and began to scold and threaten them in such vigorous fashion, shaking at them his crucifix, and inspiring them with so much reverence and fear, that very soon the disorder was quelled, and peace was restored. Not satisfied with this he gave orders to the police to go one way and commanded the people to go another, well surmising that in their present heated frame of mind, it was better for them not to meet again.

Now this incident, in all probability much perverted and exaggerated, was brought to the notice of the General and fully convinced him that Father Rocco had undertaken a dangerous mission which might, in many ways, work harm to the good reputation of the Dominican Order. Therefore he commanded Father Rocco, under the precept of obedience, to betake himself immediately to

the Dominican Convent di Somma, in a village of that name, situated near Vesuvius, and about five or six miles from Naples. So the enemies of Father Rocco were triumphant. They did not feel, however, that their victory was secure until they had obtained the royal assent to the decision, which had been sent from Rome, called the "Regio exequatur." This was soon forthcoming, and we have the lamentable fact that Father Rocco, the city's benefactor, was sent into exile by command of his ecclesiastical superiors, and with the full consent of the state.

The people, accustomed to hold the Church in deepest reverence, were thus restrained from blaming overmuch the civil authority for the removal of their dear Padre, while the government on its part was glad enough to be able to allege the ecclesiastical censure in justification of its untimely action.

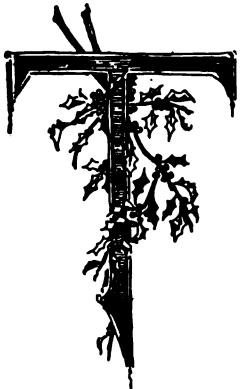
To Father Rocco, whose life had always been above suspicion, and whose conscience was undisturbed, as Dante would say: "Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi pura," the announcement that he must quit his beloved Naples, coming thus as unexpectedly as a stroke of lightning, very naturally terribly distressed him. It was not indeed that he hesitated for a moment as to what he ought to do. To obey promptly and without a reserve was his duty, and this he never doubted for an instant. When Father Rocco was told by his prior the command of the Superior, although he was strongly moved, he immediately knelt down, and though smitten in soul, asked the usual blessing before a journey. As soon as he had received this, providing himself with but one shirt, he undertook his way to Somma, unremarked by any and in one of the simple conveyances of the town. So prompt was he, in his obedience, that he presented himself before his superior at Somma, before the latter had been advised of his coming.

While at Somma his mind often reverted to the history of Noah. He remembered how the patriarch had lived shut up in the ark, which he could not leave until God had signified the time. The obedient patriarch must perforce, so thought Father Rocco, hear the cries and groans of the drowning people, to whom he had preached repentance and a better life, hear them call to him, in the surging flood, for mercy and relief, unable to help them, however much he might have wished. "So," reflected he, "I see the great loss which comes to souls by my absence from Naples. I burn with desire to go to their rescue, but I cannot. I shall leave it in God's hands. Let Him do as seemeth to Him good."

IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

I.



HE summer day, closing in over the teeming earth, repeated the oldest story in newest fashion, and brought Adam face to face with Eve in a garden.

She sat at the foot of an old stone cross — a girl beautiful with the beauty of youth and of hope, soft haired, clear eyed, rather pale but for the scarlet line of her arched and tender mouth. A book lay open on her knee, but her hands were idly clasped above its pages and her eyes fixed on the far off, low lying mountain range which darkened the eastern horizon. The rosy billows of her summer muslin, the foam of her summer laces, overflowed the rough gray stones, and rippled into the green wilderness of leaf and blossom at her feet. A passion-vine, outstripping its fellows, wreathed and bound the rugged shaft with frailest tendrils, and flung out a shower of purple stars above her in the mild breeze. Color and perfume, warmth and sunlight, peace and beauty — she sat in their midst unconscious of them, dreaming and happy.

It was a forsaken garden long, long ago, and Adam, straying into it, travel stained and weary footed, found no barrier to his entrance. But, at sight of Eve, he paused on the threshold, paused and deliberated. Then, reluctantly, as one forced to rest, he sank down on a huge misplaced fragment of the old gateway. Half reclining and half hidden, yet in no wise courting oblivion, he, too, watched the waning day.

He was young, handsome and a gentleman — no more doubt of one than of the other. His loose gray clothes were of cheap material, cheaply made, and his soft bowl of a hat had never been elegant, but there was about him the air of a man born and bred in an atmosphere of ease and assured high station. The lithe grace of his attitude and the perfect relaxation of his slender brown hand, were proofs of a life to which luxurious, unconscious freedom was

habitual, not the holiday sweetening of six days' bitterness of labor. But there were lines and traces of care on his delicate, dark face, graven only by anxious thought of that bitterness, and the slow deepening enjoyment of the present moment was eloquent of clouded, if not stormy, seasons in the past.

The garden lay on the side of the mountain, a long, irregular, sloping plateau, enclosed by rude walls of stone. Traces of its angular walks were yet visible, and its once cherished vines and shrubs, run wild and tangled into hopeless, beautiful confusion, still marked its former character. Below it, the mountain side dropped abruptly, and the valley lay in beautiful repose, shadowy, fruitful, wide spreading to the dim blue rimming of the sky, the outline of a less ambitious range of hills. The clustered houses of the nearer village, and the more distant town, wore that aspect of perfect rest which comes upon the most inanimate objects when the time for toil is past, and the occasional sounds, which faintly, brokenly, yet harmoniously stirred the lovely stillness, only increased the calm of the hour.

The sun sank lower and lower into the shadows, the cool night winds wandered at intervals into the perfumed bowers. The girl closed her book, drew her light wraps around her and rose slowly. The man turned his face directly toward the reddened west. Thus facing it, delicate, yet radiant, refined, yet aglow with the evening brightness, she saw him first, with a startled thrill and tremor which was not fear. The next minute he had sprung to his feet. She had dropped her book.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I have alarmed you. You did not know there was anyone so near. I have had a long tramp, and I really was forced to rest. Am I trespassing?"

"Oh, no!" she answered briefly, but with a still, sweet composure in her voice that belonged to her eyes. "This is St. Hilary's garden. The convent was burned to the ground years ago, and the Sisters have gone to the other side of the mountain. No use has been made of this spot since that time. You are welcome to it, with every other passer-by."

"I have heard of St. Hilary's," he said thoughtfully. "I did not know I was so near it. One moment, please."

She was passing on, but he put out his hand and stayed her steps. Holding her light drapery around her, and looking back at him with questioning eyes, she stood in a green archway of the darkening woods, the embodied spirit of the passing day. As the

thought occurred to him, he hesitated. He wished he could detain her even a little while.

"I have crossed the mountains from Greensburg," he said. "I was told it would shorten the road to Mentone. But I fear I have taken the wrong turning, for I see no landmarks such as were given me. To all intents and purposes, I am 'lost in the woods,' unless you can help me."

"You are near Mentone — much nearer than you think. Either this path or that leads to the valley road. You can see the village."

She pointed as she spoke.

"Is that Mentone?"

"Did you expect to find it more of a place? It is the veriest village."

The wistfulness in his question touched her with some feeling very like to pity, and drew forth her comment. She flushed deeply, with a sudden perception of his utter strangeness and her volunteered conversation, and with a hurried "good evening," she was gone.

He stood looking after her until the deeper twilight of the wood received her wholly, and, then, resumed his seat wearily, resting his head on his hands. The sunset glory faded quite away. It grew chill. He shuddered and stood up. "It must be!" he exclaimed half aloud. "Now, as well as later. But — the sight of that girl has made it harder."

He drew a long breath, threw the strap of a light traveling satchel over his shoulder, took up a heavy walking stick, and struck into the path she had taken.

It was rough walking in the shadows of the dense wood, but he soon came out upon a wide road leading along the valley. At a short distance, he saw the first houses of the village, an irregular outline of dark roofs and white walls. Close beside him, on the other side of the road where it swept round an angle of green sward, there stood a long, low, rambling house with a high, steep roof and many gables. In the dim half light, he made out odd nooks and corners, deep bay windows and shallow little porches, jutting out hospitably or coyly retiring behind vine covered lattices. The wide hall door was open, a red light burning dimly within it, and a great square window near it blazed with color like some fabulous jewel.

He paused to look wistfully and admiringly at this home by the wayside, screened by the cool darkness, and, suddenly, the win-

dow was thrown wide. Against a background of lights and silver and glass and flowers, he saw once more the slender figure of the girl he had seen in the garden, and heard once more the sweet girl tones in answer to a laughing chorus of other voices.

"But, indeed!" she said, "he is a gentleman. Do you think I do not *know?*" with a fine scorn.

The listener moved on quickly. The shadows fell deeper and deeper, the chill night wind blew sharply there in the mountains, but he trod the earth with a firmer and lighter step. The heavens above him seemed to brighten. It was his fancy that she had spoken of him.

The village grew less and less inviting as he neared it. Just on its edge, a carriage whirled out from the inn yard and passed him at full speed. A pale face looked out at him, standing grimly in the dust thrown up by its wheels — a face so pale he marked its pallor even in that glance.

"It might be her ghost!" he said in a startled tone. "And to-night — this weary eve of a new life!"

He stood a moment in deep thought, then started on.

"Ah, well! I have before me the certainty of a supper and a bed, at least. After that, the deluge — perhaps!"

He turned in at the door of the inn, and the night saw him no more.

II.

The stage from the Junction swung round the corner and drew up before the Eagle on the evening of July 8, when all nature was adust and aglow in the golden light of the sunset. A hostler crossing the stable yard and the landlord coming slowly and heavily from an inner room, were the only signs of life, except, far off, a very little child toddling with uncertain steps, down the wide street where the dust and the glow and the golden light were brightest.

"Warm day!" remarked the landlord laconically, supporting himself with a hand on either door-post, and leisurely surveying the arrival.

"Yer right!" assented the driver, slowly letting himself down from his perch, pulling out the steps of the stage, and opening its rickety door. "Now, ma'am, here we are!"

From the front seat, prepared to descend a middle-aged quadroon, of such singular purity and peacefulness of expression as amounted to real beauty.

"Wait, Elizabeth!" cried a fretful, plaintive voice from the opposite corner.

"I will not get out until I am sure everything is right. Such a tiresome way of getting to a place! And it does not look in the least like Bay Mount. *Do* ask the man where we are, Elizabeth!"

The quadroon placidly sat down and looked at "the man," with soft, excusing eyes.

"Yer right!" he assented with exactly the same emphasis and tone he had used to the landlord. "This aint much like Bay Mount 'cause its another place. This here's Mentone, at the Eagle. Bay Mount folks 'll meet yer here."

"Then, why don't you get out, Elizabeth? I am tired to death!"

"Any of 'em here from Bay Mount?" questioned the driver, as Elizabeth quietly descended.

"Well — no — not now," answered the landlord, loosing his hold on the doorposts and coming slowly forward. "But they'll be along 'fore many minutes, I reckon. They're mostly here about stage time."

The back curtains of the stage were down. From behind them a faint rustle broke the stillness, but no one appeared.

"Come, Miss Alice," gently urged the patient Elizabeth. "The gentleman is a waitin' for you, honey."

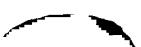
"Dear me, Elizabeth! how can you expect me to hurry when I cannot find my things? Where on earth is my book? And my umbrella?"

"Here they are, Miss Alice. And your handkerchief, and your cup, and your fan."

"But my shawl and my bag? I am sure I see them on the seat over there."

"All right, ma'am! So you do. I'll hand 'em out to your young woman when you git down. An' I won't keep you waitin', nuther. I'm a goin' furder 'fore I come to a stand."

Slowly and feebly, the embodiment of the plaintive voice now descended the steps of the stage, aided by the driver and Elizabeth, who still supported her after she had reached the pavement. She was very small and slight, with hands and feet that might have belonged to a child of twelve. The rich material and dainty appointments of her dress evinced the lavish expenditure of wealth, but her fretful and pallid face, her haggard eyes, and the carelessness



of her whole appearance forbade the idea of its enjoyment. Elizabeth's care of her was such as a very tender old grandmother might show towards an invalid child, and, spite of her fretful complaints, she clung to her nurse with the confidence born of affection rather than power.

The landlord led the way into the dark little parlor, lighted a lamp, made known the resources of the house, and withdrew to attend to the immense pile of baggage deposited on the pavement.

"Bay Mount folks comin' over the hill now," he announced. "Stage got in a leetle early fur 'em. Goin' to make a stay, I reckon?"

"If my mistis likes it," answered Elizabeth respectfully.

"Been sick, hain't she?"

"My mistis is never very strong. I must go tell her the carriage is comin'. She thought she'd have to hire one."

The landlord looked after her retreating form and shook his head.

"It's well she's got you," he said, sotto voce. "An' she's a tearin' trouble to you, I'm dead sure!"

"Anyone for us come in the stage, Hurst?" hailed a voice from the advancing carriage.

"Yes, there is. An' its my opinion, John, she'll about fill your house to bustin'. She's small, but she's mighty, now, mind, I tell you!"

He gravely withdrew to give notice in the parlor, and John Barnstead pondered smilingly over his words while busying himself with his horses. He had a better understanding of their meaning long before he had Mrs. Fairlie well seated in his comfortable, old-fashioned carriage. That took a long time. The plaintive voice might still have echoed around the dark old building when a gentleman, carrying a light traveling satchel and swinging a heavy walking stick, turned in at the door and approached the landlord, who, heavily subsiding into his accustomed arm-chair behind the bar with a long sigh of relief, looked up at him without moving. He had just "settled" Mrs. Fairlie's "things" for the last time, and had seen her on the road to Bay Mount — without regret.

"Warm, ain't it?" said the landlord, appealingly and apologetically, wiping his damp forehead.

"Yes, it is, indeed. I fancy we are in for a heavy shower some time in the night. Can I get supper here? And a bed?"

"That you can, sir. Come afoot?" he continued, as he rose once again and moved off to the inner quarters of the house.

The stranger made no answer. He walked to an open window looking out on the country side of the house, and taking off his traveling satchel, hung it over the nearest chair, and tossed his hat on the table. Then he sat wearily down, and leaning his head on his hand, watched the night.

The landlord soon returned, glancing with curiosity at the new-comer, but quietly resuming his chair. The lamps burned dimly, the quiet deepened, in the short half hour which passed before "Supper!" was announced, and Mentone, of all inanimate villages seemed most inanimate.

"Now then, sir, you'll find your supper ready for you, if you'll just walk out to it," said the landlord. "Jim, is yer mother there?"

"Ya'as!" came from the yet dimmer recesses of the dining room. The guest followed the voice, and found a table spread and a small neat woman waiting beside it to serve him. Jim, with a very red head in close proximity to a small lamp on another table, was reading a small and dirty paper.

"I say, Pop!" he called out, while supper was being served, "this here Weekly Democrat says there's a new man a comin' to the Colonel's works."

"Ya'as, I know it," called his father in reply. "I heard 'bout him a week ago. The Colonel told me when he was in here. He's new to the business, but the Colonel thinks he can push him along. He's lost his money and his other business and has to put up with anything, I reckon."

The conversation ended here. The stranger finished his supper and rose from the table with a deeper shadow on his face.

"I have walked a long distance," he said to his host, and I think I shall relish my first sleep as soon as I can fall into it. Pretty country you have around you! I hope to get well acquainted with it this summer."

"Goin' to stay with us some time?"

"The probabilities are that I shall."

The landlord's placid eyes measured the retreating figure with shrewd wisdom.

"That's the Colonel's new man," he concluded. "He ain't half as hard to manage as *she* is — not half nor quarter. I'd ruther John Barnstead than me!"

And he fell again to a study of the little lady and her whimsical ways.

If the traveler was ready for his first sleep, he was longer



courting it than his words implied. He sat long in the dusk — for the summer night is never really darkness — thinking and planning. To-morrow would see the beginning of a new life to him. The words of the landlord returned to him again and again: "He's lost his money and his other business and has to put up with anything." It was true enough. What he was about to undertake was so far removed from anything he had known before, that it might indeed be termed "putting up" with the last resort. But he was not a coward. He had accepted his fortune before to-night, and it was only that, at close quarters, every disagreeable thing rose into distinct and glaring prominence, and oppressed and depressed him so singularly.

He rose at length, stretching his arms into the night as though casting away a burden.

"All that is past is past," he said. "What lies before me, I cannot imagine. I can be honest and clean — I am sure of nothing else — and there must come out of that what there will."

Then he did really go to bed and to sleep.

And to dream of St. Hilary's garden and the lovely Eve he had found amidst tangled bowers. The beauty of the scene as it presented itself to his view came back in his slumbers with a vividness that belongs alone to dreams. The massive cross, wreathed with the delicate tendrils and blossoms, and casting a shadow over her unshadowed presence, filled him with a vague sense of uneasiness. As he watched it, the garden seemed to grow chill, the wind rose, the heavens were darkened, and over the girl's glad beauty there fell a wan and pallid blight. "Thus shall it be with the gladness and beauty of youth," he heard in mournful tones, and awoke.

"Where did I hear someone utter that sentence?" he thought. "And what was there in it, commonplace and trite as it is, to impress it on my mind?"

The dawn was breaking, and he decided "to meet it on foot." To shorten the time of vague speculation, and abridge the dreaming fancies, it was best to begin the day. It is curious that every evil is most evil at dawn and every difficulty hardest to surmount when prostrate, and unprepared to encounter the public. By the time his clothes were on and his night's heaviness brushed aside by the exercise of dressing, there was nothing in the world of such a dull and hopeless aspect as to-day's new duties had worn during the last twelve hours. Mentone looked beautiful, fresh and almost inspiring in the glory of the morning.

A WORD TO OUR GIRLS.

THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

MARIE AGNES GANNON.



N the beautiful old Cathedrals of Europe there are many nooks far above the unaided reach of human sight, which the use of the modern opera glass or field glass shows to be as delicately carved and finished as any of the work which is within the range of vision.

The old time artists and architects, especially those who were employed in building churches, dedicated themselves and their work to God, and so there were no little parts that could be slighted, no little makeshifts or pretenses because "they would never show." The workers took themselves and their work in earnest, and realized that what they were doing was for the Eternal Builder, God, who has perfected little and hidden things; so the bits in shadow and really out of sight at the time they were wrought, were even more carefully designed and finished, for the very reason of their hiddenness — being done for the Divine Perfection alone.

We cannot think of this without feeling admiration for the noble impulses that inspired these long ago artists and builders; and admiration always holds something of emulation in it. Not that we aspire to carve beautiful cherubim and exquisite foliage on high vaulted ceilings and roofs — but the spirit of it all wakes us for the time to the beauty, the happiness of doing something *altogether* for God, untainted by any praise of our companions which so readily fans into flame our self-love.

And when we think over this a little we find that we have many just such opportunities in our lives, no matter what our position may be in the world; no matter what our circumstances are; every day we build a little of our own lives, and some of our work is plainly in view of those around us. But there are many little corners out of sight of all save ourselves and our Father, and these are our very own, to make beautiful for God, or to slur over in carelessness because "no one will see."

Once upon a time there was a young girl who had worked hard all day to set the house in spotless order and have the meals on time.

There were a number of "extra" things that she had done that day that every one experienced in housework knows of; and when all was complete she would have liked a word of praise for her efforts. One thing she had neglected — forgotten — the glass globes over the gas jets in the dining room were, in all the glistening cleanliness around, noticeably dusty!

Her brothers and sisters were all employed during the day, and the gathering around the table in the evening was usually the occasion for discussing the ups and downs of the day with all of them.

As soon as our little housekeeper could get in her experience she said :

"Well, I've been just as busy as I could be all day. I fairly *scoured* the house — doesn't it look nice and bright?"

One of the boys — not an unkind brother, but he had never kept house, you see — leaned back in his chair and glanced up at the dusty globes.

Poor, tired little girl! When she told this afterward to a sympathetic friend she laughed a little bitterly.

"It is always the things that are *not* done," she said, "that are seen and commented on. I don't believe half of what I really do well is ever noticed!"

She had not thought of the builders of the old Cathedrals, you see, and their good lesson for our learning. It is a comfort to feel that "some one" *does* know and see, even the little trifling things. And taking the view that the old builders had, *everything* becomes well worth taking pains over. We can go on building our lives, making them as beautiful as it is in our power to do, in the unseen as in the seen portions. It cannot help but make us happier, and being happy we will be cheery, and bright to all around us; and it is such great help to any one to meet a really bright, cheerful woman.





THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

(BY DEGER.)

"ACCEDET HOMO AD COR ALTUM."

Ps. 63.

EDITH R. WILSON.

HEN the Lord came down on earth to sup,
He bore in His bosom a gleaming cup,
A gleaming cup of ruby red,
That the souls He loved might all be fed;
But they turned from His side in angry heat:
"Shall this Man give us His Flesh to eat?"

"Come eat of My table," the dear Lord pled,
But they would not taste of the Living Bread,
So He yielded Him up to their wicked will,
For He said, "My Blood shall cleanse them still,"
And He stretched His arms, on the Cross, out wide
And blessed His murderers, ere He died.

Then they drove a spear through His Sacred Heart,
Cleaving the chalice of love apart,
Making a way for the Precious Blood
To fall on souls in a saving flood;
And the Church was born of that mystic tide
Which flowed, in death, from the Crucified.

The dear Lord reigns on his throne above,
But He cannot rest in His home of love,
For He saith, "I must go to feed My own,"
"Is not the Altar, too, My throne?"
"I must surely go to feed My sheep
With the blood that wells from My red wounds deep."

So He comes in His vesture of red and white,
Veiling His glory from mortal sight,
Tenderly drawing each soul apart
To proffer the cup of His Sacred Heart;—
Was ever a chalice that held such wine?
Was ever a love like our Love Divine?

THE PERPETUAL ROSARY.



N the late Encyclical addressed to the American bishops, the Sovereign Pontiff commends the various religious orders for the signal services rendered to the Church by their zealous, untiring labors in the apostolate. "Out of their number," saye he, "not less, indeed, than from the rest of the clergy, the Christian world finds the preachers of God's Word, the directors of conscience, the teachers of youth, and the Church itself the examples of all sanctity." But whilst extolling the merits of the active orders, our holy Father does not exclude from his tribute of praise those religious who devote their lives to prayer and mortification. "Nor should any difference of praise," he adds, "be made between those that follow the active state of life from those others, who drawn towards solitude give themselves to prayer and bodily mortification. And how much indeed of good report, those have merited and do merit is known surely to all who do not forget that the continual prayer of the just man avails to appease and bring down the blessings of heaven, when to such prayers bodily mortification is added."

Now among those religious, who are thus contributing and in no small degree, to the common good by their prayers and austeries are to be included the religious of St. Dominic of the congregation of the Perpetual Rosary. In their quiet, peaceful cloister, throughout the long hours of the day and the silent hours of the night those saintly recluses each in her turn, are prostrate before the altar meditating on the mysteries of the holy rosary. What countless favors have been drawn down from heaven by this apostolate of prayer, this apostolate of the Rosary, will be known only at the last day. Since the first American foundation at West Hoboken, the good religious have kept up this uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary. And in union with them, among the faithful thousands are found affiliated with the pious association, thus making not only in the cloister but also in the world, the recitation of the Rosary even in the literal sense, perpetual.

For the benefit of those, who may wish to be enrolled in the organization, we give the following information:

I. ORGANIZATION OF THE PERPETUAL ROSARY.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, in his encyclical letters urges us to recite the Rosary without ceasing and to *never interrupt that holy exercise*. To obtain that end it is not necessary to create a new association, neither to organize the Rosary under a new form. The Perpetual Rosary established in the Church, centuries ago, agrees admirably with the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is, in fact, an association in which the Rosary is recited day and night uninterruptedly to render homage to our Blessed Lady and to obtain for us her unceasing protection.

The Association is divided and sub-divided into *Divisions* and *Sections*. A *Division* is divided into thirty-one *Sections* to correspond to the number of days in the month. A *Section* is composed of a number of members who are appointed to the twenty-four hours of the day and night. This Society in its organization and in its practical workings, resembles very much the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; it is MARY'S REAL GUARD OF HONOR.

II. DUTIES OF MEMBERS, CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

I. The practice of this Devotion is very easy, very simple. One day only is assigned, every month, to each parish; each person chooses an hour of that day. But when all the hours of a day are filled in a parish, and all the days of the month are thus organized in other parishes, the Rosary is truly perpetual.

II. *One hour*, either day or night, *once a month* only. During that hour, the whole Rosary of fifteen decades, that is, the chaplet three times, must be said, whilst meditating upon the mysteries as noted below; the litany of the Blessed Virgin closes the hour.

III. You may choose your hour: if you work every day, you may choose your hour in the morning before work or in the evening after work. It is recommended that the members pray during the whole hour assigned them, though nothing is binding under sin.

IV. If you can go to church, it is better. But if you have no time or opportunity, it is not necessary. You may recite your Rosary at home, and even whilst traveling, provided it be done with piety and recollection.

V. To gain indulgences granted this Association, it is necessary to belong to the Confraternity of the Rosary,* and to fulfil its obligations. The Perpetual Rosary is not a distinct work, but the complement of the Rosary Confraternity.

VI. Each member on entering the Association receives: 1st, a diploma appointing the hour of guard; 2nd, a list of indulgences; 3rd, a notice explaining in detail the obligations of membership. Every month, he will receive a leaflet containing particular intentions to be prayed for, explanations of the Rosary and practices of piety.

VII. This Association has no fixed subscription. Each member gives an offering on entering the Association, when he receives his diploma, etc., to meet the expenses of propaganda and printed matter, and an offering every year to receive, each month, the monthly leaflets. *Every member gives what he likes on entering the Association, and every year.* THEREFORE THIS ASSOCIATION IS CONVENIENT TO THE POOR AS WELL AS TO THE RICH.

VIII. A convent of Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary is established in West Hoboken, New Jersey. This convent is the center of the Perpetual Rosary in America. Special prayers, masses and communications are offered by the community for members and for their relatives living and dead. Moreover the last Saturday of each month, the Sacrifice Mass is celebrated specially for the dead members.

III. DUTIES OF HEADS OF DIVISION AND SECTION.

I. *The Director of a Division* should: organize the days of the month in such manner that the 31 days be taken up by 31 Sections with their Heads.

II. *The Head of a Section* should: 1st. Secure members for the twenty-four hours of the day assigned him; one person will suffice for each hour, though more may join; 2nd. He will make out a list of members with their residences; 3rd. He will, each month, distribute intentions to his associates; 4th. He collects on the day in which new members are inscribed and every year the offerings of the associates and sends them to the Reverend Father Director, Convent of the Perpetual Rosary in West Hoboken; 5th. He will permit members to choose their own hour. Experience has proved that those are particularly blessed who choose a night hour. What indeed is a night hour once a month for the true children of Mary?

IV. ADVANTAGES OF THIS ASSOCIATION.

I. *Indulgences.* — 1st. All the indulgences of the Confraternity of the Rosary contained upon the little sheet sent to each member. 2nd. A plenary indulgence on the day of one's hour of guard, even without communion, provided the Associate is in the state of grace. 3rd. Another plenary indulgence, on the day of one's hour of guard, even without communion on that day, provided holy communion is received once in a month on any day; the hour of guard must be kept on the appointed day. 4th. Two plenary indulgences more if one receives holy communion on that day. — The Heads of Division and Section and Zealators gain 300 days' indulgence every time they enter the name of a member on their lists or whenever they do any other good work for the Association, provided they recite the hymn "*Veni Creator*" and three Hail Mary's. [Pius IX., April 12, 1867.]

II. *Union of Prayers with millions of members.* Since its organization, the Perpetual Rosary has counted among its many members several Popes, a large number of Bishops, and thousands of religious communities. At the present day there are several millions of members in the world. How many prayers are offered for us in life, at the hour of our death, and will follow us into Purgatory to help appeasing the just punishment of our sins!

III. *Participation in life and death in the masses of the Order of St. Dominic.* Every week, in all the convents of the Dominican Order, a mass is celebrated and the divine office chanted for the repose of the souls of those who are affiliated to the Order of St. Dominic. Members of the Perpetual Rosary have a part in these suffrages. Besides all the Dominican priests celebrate thirty-three masses for the same intention every year. In return all members are requested to pray for the Order of St. Dominic, and in particular for the Father Director of the Perpetual Rosary.

V. APPROBATIONS OF THIS ASSOCIATION.

The Perpetual Rosary has been approved, blessed and recommended by several Pontiffs who were themselves members of it. At the beginning of this century, Pius VII gave a new impulse to it, and Pius IX granted indulgences not only to the members, but also to everybody who contributes to extend this devotion. Lately Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII sent the Apostolic blessing and approval to the Reverend Father Director, to the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary and to all the faithful members of this Association in America.



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

JOAN OF ARC.

Adapted from the French by H. TWITCHELL. With illustrations from "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain, loaned by courtesy of Harper & Brothers.



THE appearance of Joan of Arc seems to have been considered in the past only as a fortunate incident of the Hundred Years War. Most historians speak of the heroine to whom Frenchmen owe so much in brief phrases like the following: "A young girl placed herself at the head of the army, delivered Orleans, gained several victories over the English, and had Charles VII. crowned. Captured by the Bourguignons, she was sold to the English, who, after securing a condemnation against her, burnt her as a sorceress." They forgot she was the most beautiful figure in our history. To-day, only, after four hundred years, France renders homage to its liberator.

I was five years old when the marvelous story of Joan of Arc was first read to me. From the first it interested me more than any fairy tale. And indeed, no fairy tale could be more extraordinary than this story of a young girl leading soldiers to victory like a great general and afterwards dying a martyr's death.

Later, I visited every spot where Joan had ever been. After traveling over a beautiful stretch of country whose broad prairies were watered by the Meuse, I reached the little village of Domremy. It is situated in that part of Lorraine which is still French. I went at once to an old house separated from a church by a garden filled with flowers. In this shabby house, January 6, 1412, was born the child who was destined to save France. Above the door, an escutcheon cut in the stone shows three fleurs-de-lis and the arms of Joan of Arc with the words "Vive Labeur," the device of the Arc family. I entered. In the first room, that in which Joan was born, beside the chimney-piece, is a stone statue representing her in her war costume, kneeling, her sword at her side and her hands clasped. It is a copy of the one made a few years after her death and now in the Museum at Nancy. Another statue stands in the middle of the same room. It is a reproduction of the master-piece

of the Princess Marie. Joan is holding in her arms a sword in the form of a cross. Marble slabs cover the walls; they bear the names of the cities where Joan fought.

How many evenings, the little Joan, sitting before the fireplace between her father and her mother, had listened to the tales of the poor peasants who had been driven from their homes by the Bourguignons. These were the appeals which preceded the "voices" she was to hear later.

I went into her chamber. It is a gloomy room, dimly lighted by a little window looking out on the church. But what inspiration Joan received there! There she held communion with Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Marguerite. Old rafters cross the blackened ceilings. In the great invasions of 1815 and 1870, the English and German soldiers cut fragments of wood from them as souvenirs.

As I wished to transport myself back to Joan's time for a moment, I went out into the fields where she had tended her flock or toiled with her brother. Then I went into the Chesnu forest. The tree of the fairies around which the village girls danced is gone, but the spring is still there. Everything suggests the little shepherdess who roamed over the hill four hundred years ago.

For a long time Joan resisted the mysterious command which bade her leave France. She could not resolve to go away from Domremy and the home where she was needed. At last, the voice said: "Go!, God wills it!" Then she gave herself to God and to France. When she embraced her friend Mangette, and begged her to console her parents whom she did not inform of her intended departure, she said, weeping:

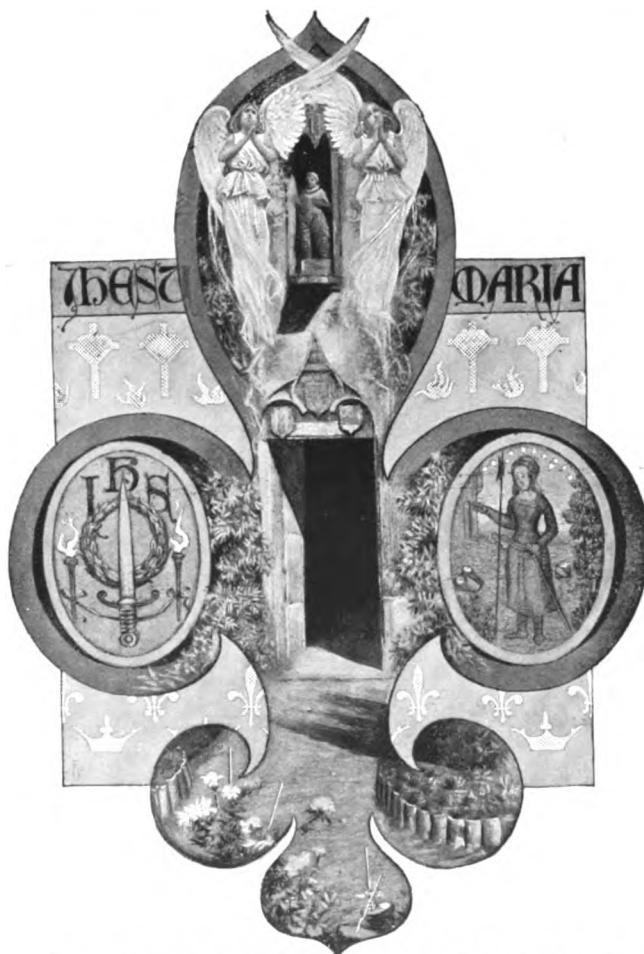
"I would rather stay and spin beside my mother than go away; but even if I had a hundred fathers and mothers and were to wear away my limbs to my knees, I would still go, for God commands it."

She went first to Vaucoulers to ask aid of Captain Robert de Baudricourt, governor of the town, and lieutenant of Charles VII; the king sheltered at Chinon, "gayly lost his throne, contenting himself with being king of the Bourges."

I followed the footsteps of Joan as she fled from Domremy. I paused at the hermitage of Notre-Dame de Bermont, where she so often had come to place flowers at the foot of the statue of the Virgin, which is still there. The chapel stood in the midst of a little forest. The silence was absolute. Nothing could disturb Joan's meditations. The sight of the little sanctuary affected me

like that of a great cathedral. I could well understand the feeling which prompted Claude Saincère to repair the hermitage and hollow out a grave for himself in a little garden behind the chapel. He died in 1848, and was buried in the spot he so loved. On the stone was engraved these words: "Respect this chapel in memory of the heroine who wrested France from the hands of the English."

Joan doubtless knelt here for a last prayer before going to seek her cousin, Durand Laxart. She reminded him, on seeing



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**EMBELLISHMENT OF DOORWAY OF HOUSE IN WHICH JOAN OF ARC
WAS BORN.**

him, of the ancient prophecies which foretold that France was to be saved by a maiden from Lorraine, and added: "I am she!"

Laxart at first ridiculed the idea, but was finally convinced by the irresistible force of this girl of seventeen, and he believed in her. Joan begged him to present her to Baudricourt. The latter refused an interview, saying to Laxart: "Take your idiot back to her parents, but not without first punishing her soundly." Joan was not discouraged by this. She persevered in her efforts until at last, partly through curiosity, and partly from impatience, the rude captain deigned to receive her. Though still incredulous, he no longer considered her an idiot. Finally, in spite of himself, he believed in her, persuaded by the faith which shone from her eyes.

Two gentlemen, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, came to see the one of whom such marvelous things had been predicted. They believed in her, and promised to accompany her to Chinon.

"When do you wish to go?" they asked.

"To-day rather than to-morrow, to-morrow rather than the next day," was the reply.

The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs bought her an armor, Laxart gave her a beautiful black charger, and Baudricourt gave her a sword, saying: "Now, go, come what may."

This was in the month of February, 1429. As she passed through the gates of the city, Joan replied to the crowd who applauded her but feared for her: "Do not pity me; I go to accomplish that for which I was born." From the crest of the hill, she took a last look at Domremy, then quickly turned her head to shut out the sight.

After crossing seventy leagues of territory occupied by the enemy, Joan and the six armed men who accompanied her reached Chinon. The Dauphin was at once singled out by her in the crowd. Bowing before him, she said:

"Sire, I am sent to you by God to help you save your kingdom. My mission is to deliver Orleans and lead you to Rheims to be crowned." Then in an undertone she added: "I tell you in God's name, you are the real heir of France, and the son of the late king."

These words drove a dread doubt out of the mind of Charles VII., and "caused him as much joy as if he had received a visit from the Holy Spirit."

She was sent to Poitiers to be questioned by the theologians. The little peasant responded to the most difficult questions without the least hesitation, and so familiarly that they said:

"You forget that you are in the presence of scholars who have studied books."

"I know neither 'a' nor 'b,'" she replied; "but there is more in God's books than in yours."

"Do you pretend that you can read in God's books?"

"Yes, in a book which no scholar has read, no matter how learned he may be."

When asked to perform a miracle she replied: "Take me to Orleans; the miracle shall be done there."

She compelled the admiration of the learned doctors who had been so prejudiced against her. They acknowledged her sent by heaven. She made all sharers of her enthusiasm. She departed, and on April 29, at eight o'clock in the evening, she entered Orleans, which had been besieged eight months by the English. That she was able to do this much was a marvel. The inhabitants surrounded her, wild with joy and hope.

"Be of good cheer," she said; "God has taken pity on you, brave countrymen, and he will deliver you."

May 4, after several appeals to the enemy, she gave her first battle. It was also her first victory. The next day she assaulted the Augustin fortress. Successively she seized all the English outposts. Her banner, — representing the Lord sitting on a throne in the heavens with the world at his feet, two kneeling angels presenting him with a fleur-de-lis to be blessed, and bearing the words, *Jesus, Maria*, — her victorious banner made Frenchmen follow her and the English flee.

"Forward!" she cried. "All is yours!"

They scaled the walls "as one goes up a staircase," and they fought as if "they believed themselves immortal." As for Joan, she did not use her sword, and she could not look upon the blood of Frenchmen without shedding tears. After the combat, she remained on the field of battle to pray for the dead, console the dying, and bind up the wounds of both friend and foe.

On Saturday, May 7, while placing a scaling-ladder against the rampart of Tourelles, her shoulder was pierced by an arrow, which she herself drew out. Then she plunged into the fray with more ardor than ever.

"When you see my banner touch the wall, enter. Everything is yours."

Her standard touched the wall. They entered by scaling the ramparts. At the same moment, a bridge upon which the English General Glasdale and his companions had taken refuge gave way.

After the delivery of Orleans, she went at once to the cathedral to pray and chant the Te Deum. The following day, the vanquished

ones beat a retreat, and under the guidance of Joan, a procession followed to the bride of Tourelles.

For 466 years the anniversary of that day has been observed. On its eve, the garrison of Orleans file past a reproduction of Joan's banner, brought from the Museum to the Cathedral. The regiments seem to still follow the heroine. The sound of bells mingles with the noise of trumpets and drums. It is in honor of her who might be called "the saint of the army." On May 8, a panegyric is pronounced before the departure of the procession. Of all the ones I have collected, the most singular is that of an English bishop, who came in 1857 to "confess the crime of his fathers and the tardy reparation of justice."

A month after the raising of the siege of Orleans, the campaign of the Loire was begun. Jargeau, Mung, Beaugency, Patay recall Joan's victories.

The march to Rheims was a glorious one across the centre of France. The enemy retreated before her who had so often beaten them, and abandoned the great cities they had taken and sacked."

At last Charles VII. had reconquered all of his kingdom. On the day of his coronation, standing on the steps of the altar on the king's right, her standard in her hand, Joan of Arc appeared in all the splendor of her glory. When the Archbishop of Rouen placed the crown upon the head of the young king, a thrill of gratitude ran through the assembled throng. In the corner of the old church a man, whose joy exceeded that of all the others, contemplated the girl with emotion and pride. It was Jacques d'Arc, who had come to embrace his daughter.

After the ceremony Joan went to an inn to meet her father and hear news of Domremy and home. She had but one ambition left; that was to return to her mother. The "voices," however, forbade it, and her father went back alone. Her mission was to be ended only at Rouen.

After the coronation, all France was filled with enthusiastic admiration for the young girl for her heroic deeds. But the courtiers, jealous of her fame, prevented Charles VII. from listening to Joan's further counsel, and she, simple and ignorant of evil as she was, suffered greatly on account of this neglect.

September 8, she reached the walls of Paris. She wished to present the king with his capital. Every time I pass the statue of Joan in the Place des Pyramides, I fancy I see her at the very spot, wounded in the knee, but still at the head of her army, planting her standard at the edge of a moat. The English amused

themselves by displaying banners above the walls bearing the picture of a distaff and these words: "Let the beauteous maiden come!"

It was before Paris that Joan for the first time felt abandoned and isolated. With a few armed men, she gained her last victory at Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier.

In the month of May, 1430, she went to the defense of Compiègne, besieged by the Bourguignons. The "voices" had told her that she would be captured, but "she knew neither the place nor



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THE MARTYRDOM OF JOAN OF ARC.

the hour." One day in the Saint-Jacques church, she was seized with profound melancholy, and she said to those about her:

"I have been betrayed and sold; I shall be put to death. Pity me, friends, for no longer being able to serve my king and my country."

A few days after she was taken prisoner. She was bought from the Bourguignons by the English for the sum of 61,000 francs. After being dragged from dungeon to dungeon, she reached Rouen in December.

"While that woman lives, we shall be defeated," said the English in rage. An ecclesiastical tribunal composed of French priests, bribed by the English, and presided over by the odious Cauchon, was given power to try her. For what? To find a charge was difficult. They could not pardon her for saying her mission was from heaven, and they tried to make her deny it. Listen to her defense.

"All that I have done was commanded by God, and revealed to me by Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret."

"I well know that the English will put me to death, but they will not have the kingdom."

"In seven years the king shall have his greatest triumph, and all the English will be driven from France."

So great did she appear before the tribunal that an Englishman could not help exclaiming: "The brave girl! What a pity she is not on our side!"

Joan had been great in success; in adversity she was sublime. While in prison she suffered the most bitter anguish. But the dark cell was often illuminated, for the angels did not forsake their martyr. The cell has disappeared now so no one can weep where she wept, but the tower which held the instruments of her torture still stands.

"Though you tear me limb from limb, and take my heart from my body, I could not speak differently," she said to her judges.

On entering this tower I seemed to hear the echo of these words.

One cavalier only remembered his comrade. The brave Xaintrailles tried to capture Rouen and deliver her. The enterprise failed, but he had the consolation of being shut up in a dungeon-cell adjoining Joan's.

The king forgot her who had saved his kingdom, the army abandoned the heroine who had led it to victory, and France let

its liberator die. She should have been mounting a triumphal car when on Wednesday, May 30, 1431, at nine o'clock in the morning, she rode through the streets of Rouen in the executioner's cart. On seeing the pile placed in front of the old market-place, a cry of fear escaped her lips.

"Ah, Rouen, Rouen, are you to be my last home?" Then she wept.

Her saints appeared to her and renewed their promises. She was assured of the near deliverance of her country; her martyrdom was to be the price. She listened calmly to the sentence pronounced by Cauchon. She mounted the scaffold; they bound her hands; she asked for a crucifix; then they lit the pile. Every one of the ten thousand present wept, even Cauchon! Many fled, unable to bear the sight. In the midst of the clouds of smoke and the lurid glow of flames, she forgave all, and said her last prayer.

"Yes," she cried: "my visions came from God; my voices did not deceive me....Jesus!"

And her spirit was borne aloft by the waiting angels.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

H. C. SCHUYLER.

*G*MIGHTY mountain, thou, to Heaven's height
Upraised, whose peak no misty mantles hide,
But ever brighter gleams the sun-bathed side;
And strangely, too, e'en in the darkest night
There plays about the lofty crown a light
Supernal, glittering constant far and wide;
And many weary pilgrims bless that guide,
For else their feet had wandered from the right.

Unsullied soul, youth's special patron pure!
The heart that ever bright examples sway,
Most needs in early years from passion's lure,
A life ideal to guide with steady ray,
A beacon bright, as thine so truly sure,
Unfolding in itself the perfect way.

HER FIRST PARTY.

CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.



MIS Julia, Mrs. Fitzgerald's cousin, sat before her desk looking over a list of names on the sheet of paper in her hand.

Mrs. Fitzgerald came into the room tying her bonnet strings.

"Mary," said Miss Julia severely, "who on earth are these people?" She held an interrogative and accusing pen-point to "Mrs. Bud Lipe, Mrs. Pink Puddephatt, and Miss Lady Thimble", adding in deeper tones: "I never saw such names in my life. They must be peculiar to this region, or probably Leila has made a mistake."

Mrs. Fitzgerald laughed merrily, peering over Miss Julia's shoulder thro' her eyeglasses.

"No, it is all right, Cousin Julia, they are genuine. I want them invited. Mrs. Lipe is a dear old soul, the carpenter's wife," Miss Julia gasped, "Mrs. Puddephatt is my vegetable woman, and Miss Thimble appropriately sews for the children. I am sure her name suggested her occupation."

"Mary Fitzgerald," exclaimed Miss Julia with unconcealed irritation, "you certainly do not expect me to send these people invitations to your reception?"

"Yes, I do, Cousin Julia"

"It is ridiculous. Excuse my candor, but no matter how laudable your motives may be the persons themselves are eminently unfit for social diversions of the kind"

"And therefore may not come," interrupted Mrs. Fitz, laughing again, "tho' please do not think I am hoping they will not. Our Blessed Mother was a carpenter's wife, Cousin Julia, and you remember she was invited to 'social diversions'."

"She was a lady in every sense of the word," said Miss Julia with comical earnestness, "but those times were different"

"I do not think they were," said Mrs. Fitz cheerfully yet gravely, "of course our Dear Mother conferred distinction wherever she went, but apart from that we have Our Lord's express command to invite those to our festivities who cannot invite us in return."

"Very well," said Miss Julia, neither silenced nor convinced, "these people, I trust, will have the good sense to stay at home. If they *do* come they will certainly be most uncomfortable."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Fitzgerald softly, "Will we make them so?"

"Of course not," replied Miss Julia startled, "I was speaking generally. They will find their surroundings uncongenial thro' no fault of ours."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Fitz gaily, "I intend to make the rooms as pretty as possible. If you are puzzled over any of the other names just ask Leila about them. It is so kind of you to attend to this for me. Get them off as soon as you can, please. I am in a great hurry, so goodbye for the present."

She went off to interview the baker, the florist and the confectioner in regard to the reception she was to give Madrid society the next week.

Miss Julia resigned herself to the inevitable and with a sigh or two over "Mary's impracticability", proceeded to write the addresses, her outraged sense of propriety deepening from "Alston, Mrs. Ralph", to "Xavier, Mrs. F. V."

"How can Mary be so foolish?" she thought, as she wrathfully tucked into their envelopes the three offending invitations, "we cannot be 'early Christians' in the nineteenth century. She will find out. — The idea of wasting these on such people!" She looked at the envelopes. They were beautifully decorated in watercolors and had cost Mrs. Fitzgerald a tidy little sum of money which had rejoiced the heart and pocket of a local tho' clever artist.

Even Leila had remonstrated over these.

"Why, mamma, I can paint as well as Miss Gibbon can."

"Are you sure of that?" said her mother, who loved to tease, with a twinkle in her near-sighted eyes. —

"But you could have saved all that money, mamma . . . "

"Judas! . . . I preferred to give it to the poor. But give is not the right word. Miss Gibbon earned every cent of it. You might have painted them as well as she has done, but I do not think you could have designed them, Leila."

"No, I couldn't," said Leila truthfully, "with me originality is the highroad to ruin."

"Never mind," said her mother caressingly, "'Be good, sweet girl, let those who will be clever.'"

Now the notion of sending these thro' the postoffice was scouted by Miss Julia who was nothing if not up-to-date, as her criticism of early Christianity proved. The Fitzgerald factotum known to the

world at large as "Pigeontoed Bob", and to his employers as "Roberts", was detailed to carry them in a gilded basket from door to door.

Miss Julia's disgust had been extreme when, desirous of calling this individual after the English manner by his surname, she discovered it to be *Sorry!* So was she.

However she consoled herself by persuading the Fitzgeralds to put him into a petunia livery, the ensemble of which was somewhat marred by Roberts's refusal to get into knee-breeches.

"No, ma'am, Mis Ma'y, I haint gwine to be tooken fuh no by-cycle scorcher showin' my shanks on de public street. En hev a whole passel o' impudent low-down, po' w'ite trash chillun afollin me about, shoutin' en' callin' ob names. Yuh kin tek hit outen my celery, fus, Miss Julia."

Despite this sublime protest he generally headed a procession whenever he took the air, owing to his brass buttons and his splendor of bearing.

But on this occasion, mindful of the importance of his errand, he was indifferent to, if not indeed flattered by his kite's tail, for he was stopping at the doors of the quality.

When these doors were opened he presented each invitation with a flourishing bow and, "Condiments ob Madame Fitzgerald" to Mis' Smiff or Jones," as the case might be, for Roberts could read pretty well.

When he came to the L's on the list and had delivered the La-tham and Leigh cards, he picked up the next one, spelled it out, struck a tragic attitude and glared at it.

"Mis' Bud Lipe! Dar mus' be some mistook," he said aloud, "sho'ly de Fitzgerald's haint fallen so low ez dat comes to. Dey haint dat bad off fur frien's an' 'quaintances. Miss Julia Lee de las' pusson to espec' me tuh unhook de fast'nin ob de Lipe gate!" He sniffed audibly, stuck the offending card at the bottom of the basket and took up the one to "Miss Lucille Lothrop."

"Stylishes' young ev'ite lady in dishyah town," he said complacently as he promenaded up the Lothrop gravel-walk. The Pudd-elephatt and Thimble invitations had been delivered to those ladies in person by Mrs. Fitzgerald. Both of them had shed tears of joy and deplored the fact that circumstances over which they had no control prevented their acceptance, but that they would pray fervently for the success of the reception. Which they did; much to Miss Julia's relief.

As Roberts was returning home he passed a little shop whence

issued the cheerful sound of hammer and of plane. He hesitated, then pushed open the door and went in. Mr. Bud Lipe, a man who at sixty-five had not outgrown a childish nickname, was bending industriously over a board.

Two small girls with improvised wigs of shavings over their dark locks, playing "ladies" in a corner, looked up and laughed openly.

Roberts ignored them magnificently, and addressed himself to Mr. Lipe.

"Madame Fitzgeral' persents by me pussonally, her condiments to yo' lady, Mis' Bud Lipe, an' deques' me to deliber dishyah notification ob de *vestibule* to be bilt at her *residence* on de comin' Fursday ob de commin' week, sah."

The beautiful envelope with its funny address in Miss Julia's fashionable angular writing, was bestowed with the usual flourish upon the bewildered carpenter, who dusted off his hand and took it gingerly by one corner.

When the petunia vision had disappeared as grandiloquently as it had entered, he turned the "notification" over and over, put on his rusty spectacles to be sure he read the name right, then beckoned one of the shaving nymphs to him.

"Lobelia, honey, tote thisyer over to yo' gran'maw. I kaint make head ner tail of it, ner the nigger's haranguement. But mebbe she'll understand. Women-folks is quicker at these kin' o' things than us men."

Lobelia ran across the street, tossing her shaving curls, admiring her shadow in the sun, and gave the invitation to Mrs. Lipe with a brilliant description of Roberts' appearance. Mrs. Lipe opened it with trembling fingers. It had been ten years or more since she had received a letter. It seemed to her that in her day letters were sealed and stamped, but perhaps this was a new fashion.

She puzzled hopelessly yet admiringly over the decorations of sheet and envelope, and after many readings discovered the drift of the "printing."

"Well, gran'maw," said her husband, as he sat down to supper that evening, "what's the letter about an' who's it from, you got to-day?"

He held his knife and fork perpendicularly in each hand on each side of his plate and blinked at her with childish curiosity.

"It's an invitation to a reception at Mrs. Fitzgerald's next Thursday afternoon, November the fifteenth, from four to seven," replied Mrs. Lipe glibly. She had committed the notification to memory.

"You don't say!" said Mr. Lipe in dazed admiration, "how much do you have to pay for a ticket?" Mrs. Lipe's face fell.

"I don't know — I — I reckon I'd better ast Mrs. Leary."

They applied themselves to the cold pork and corn bread and "biled coffee" in silence, but Lobelia, with a chignon of dancing pine-ringlets, kept up a chatter that would not have disgraced an English sparrow.

"Do you reckon you'll git to go to the Reception, gran'maw?" she inquired, at the end of the meal.

"Like ez not," replied Mrs. Lipe carelessly.

Lobelia gazed in openmouthed admiration at her. One would have thought she received invitations every day in the week. In reality she was intensely excited and much worried.

She "belonged" to the Fourth M. E. South of Madrid; was, one might say, a charter member of that feeble sect of a sect. Mrs. Fitzgerald was not only a Catholic, but a prominent one. Could she, Mrs. Lipe, as a member of her denomination in good and regular standing, give her hard-earned money to the support of another church and that church the Catholic? Both she and the Fourth M. E. South were struggling institutions, but, — here her eyes filled up — Mrs. Fitzgerald had been exceedingly delicate and kind to her when Mr. Lipe had been ill in the summer. Indeed, but for her kindness Mrs. Lipe knew they would have been in dire straits.

She appreciated Mrs. Fitzgerald's occasional social calls, also, and had sold her six dozen eggs in the last two days. They were probably destined for the Reception refreshments.

"I might have given them to her if I'd known," the old lady mused, regretfully, "and then I wouldn't feel obliged to go to the Entertainment."

After supper, Lobelia aiding, she cleared away the dishes and went next door to interview her neighbor, Mrs. Leary.

"I hear," said that lady vivaciously, "the Fitzgeralds be after giving a Reception. It's myself that's been doing up table-linen and petticoats for th' occasion. It's beautiful indeed, the leddies will be lukkin the afternoon, Mistress Lipe."

"Will they — will they dress much, do you think?" faltered the visitor.

"Will they? Well, you'd be thinking that same could you see the ruffles an' frillin's an' thrimmin's an' lace-edgin's on the petticoats an' "

"I mean *outside*," corrected Mrs. Lipe timidly.

"Of course. But it's by the *underside* ye know the leddy. An'

I daresay it's the company an' Father Campbell will be enj'yin the ice crame, an' maccyroons, an' patty cakes, an' whatnot. I'm tould's been ordered already of Mr. Moore. 'Tis a free hand an' a full pockut wid Madam Fitzgerald."

"Then it's for the Church?" faintly murmured Mrs. Lipe.

Mrs. Leary mistook "then" for "when."

"Sure, indeed. The Blessed Virgin is always at home in the Fitzgerald house. But it's not for that you're carin'. Mistress Lipe?" This rather pointedly, with a keen look at the little old woman.

"I don't forgit how good Mis' Fitzgerald' has been an' is to me an' mine," replied Mrs. Lipe with unusual spirit, rising to go, "it don't make any difference to her when it comes to kindness, Mis' Leary, an' I'm not one of the forgettin' sort, either. Air ye agoin' to the Reception, Mis' Leary?"

That lady chuckled at the recollection of her invitation from Leila that morning. "Indeed, I am that, Mistress Lipe. Me an' Mistress Moone ixpect an' iligant time receivin' the dishes in the kitchen."

Which was only natural, Mrs. Lipe thought, remembering an occasional church supper in which she had taken a similar part. So she went home, robbed her egg-money of a quarter, and put it away out of temptation to spend it before Thursday.

The great day at last arrived. Madrid being a country town Mrs. Fitzgerald had set her wits to work to evolve something original for the affair, as her acquaintances were of the most variegated description and her first social diversion should offend no one. She discovered that in order to please everybody she must appeal principally to the invited eyes and stomachs.

Leila Fitzgerald and the young women who were to "receive" with her, had just descended to the drawing-rooms and were prinking and preening like so many pigeons before the pier-glasses, when the redoubtable Roberts, who had been mercilessly drilled by Miss Julia, drew aside the portieres and bawled into the parlors: "Mis' Bud Lipe."

Poor little woman. Thus ceremoniously and heartlessly ushered into society precisely on the stroke of four, she stood with the yellow silk curtains behind her, the very image of shrinking despair.

Her dress of once brilliant purple barège, made in 1864, spread its faded breadths over a genuine hoopskirt of the same date. It stuck out equally in all directions with a little upward tilt in front,

and its purple canopy was enlivened by a Greek key-pattern in narrow velvet, once black but now brown, around its entire circumference. The basque, scalloped gracefully around its short peplum and long "angel-sleeves", had a further garniture of minute black fringe whence all the beads had flown. A large magenta bow and hair-brooch held in place a flat cotton lace collar around a very skinny little yellow neck. Upon her small gray head Mrs. Lipe had placed a rusty scoop bonnet that probably antedated the dress by a decade, this was decorated with a purple feather and a short crape veil that dangled limp in the rear. On her small toil-worn hands, with her wedding ring on the right forefinger, were a pair of equally rusty openwork mitts.

The young ladies before the mirrors were convulsed at this apparition. Several laughed aloud, one put up a brand new lorgnette, worn for the first time, and begged to be told "what it was?"

But Leila Fitzgerald advanced at once to the distressed old lady with:

"We are glad to see you, Mrs. Lipe. Will you not come with me?"

She took a trembling mitt in one warm hand and led the comical figure away from the giggling girls, through the room in green, where Mrs. Lipe thought she was in fairyland, through the room in pink, where Mrs. Lipe felt that she was in paradise, and to the room in white, where the old lady knew that she was in Heaven.

This last was arranged to resemble a snow-grotto, all shining under wax candles, in white and silver and crystal. A marble statue of Our Immaculate Mother was the very focus of the brilliant illumination, and seemed to smile upon the innocent festivity, as she did of old upon the wedding guests.

Mrs. Lipe gasped and sat down flutteringly upon an ivory colored divan beside a dazzling table. Her conductress, all in white and silver also, needing but wings, in Mrs. Lipe's opinion, to be entirely celestial, floated away with a gentle:

"I will be back in a moment."

"The old lady clasped the mitts convulsively in her barège lap, sat up like a ramrod and literally feasted her eyes, photographing every single detail of the marvellous sight on her active brain.

Presently the Angel heaped before her cream and white cake thick with icing, bonbons in silver and satin, mysterious and alluring objects almost too beautiful for human consumption. — And there the little woman sat — and looked — and ate, and looked and drank. And ate again.

Lingering over each separate bonbon and experimenting with ever-increasing delight with each delicious thing set before her.

The sound of music, of singing, of laughter, of many voices, came thro' the wide doors. People in gorgeous attire, or so it seemed to Mrs. Lipe, pushed aside the jingling crystals of the grotto-curtain and entered to eat ice cream and to laugh, and to look with curious amusement at the little purple figure bolt upright in the corner.

Mrs. Fitzgerald had glanced at the absorbed, enraptured face, started violently at the extraordinary costume, then smiled and whispered Leila, who smiled and whispered in return. "Everything she could want, mamma. Doesn't she look absolutely happy?"

Then she inquired sweetly if the visitor would not like to sit awhile in the pink or the green room?

"Thank you kindly," said the little woman tremulously, "but I'd like the best in the worl' to set right here a while longer. It's just heaven," she added with a burst of rapture.

After an hour or more of bliss she ventured into the pink paradise, sniffed delicately at the profusion of roses, declined with prudence a fresh offer of miracles in rose-color, and went cautiously into the green fairyland. There she rested for a while under a spreading palm, and marvelled at the arrangement of ferns and foliage. A great glass bowl of candy in green ribbons proved too much for her. She could not eat it herself, but there was Lobelia, so she nerved herself to affectionate desperation, took a small handful of the brittle sweetness and stuffed it into her reticule after wrapping her handkerchief around it. Then she slipped back into the grotto and decided that if ever Mr. Lipe built the house for her, every room in it should be a white one. Lobelia would probably like the pink, and Mr. Lipe might evince a sudden preference for green, but as for her, give her the white every time. And if "white ladies", like the Beautiful One smiling on her, did not "come too high, she'd have one sure."

About half past six quite a number of Madrid's "smart set" had gathered about Mrs. Fitzgerald to congratulate her upon the success of her decorations, the younger women to beg for a little dance later in the evening.

"Such a shame, you know, dear Mrs. Fitz, not to have the men see the rooms."

"I agree with you," said Father Campbell laughingly, as the girls crowded about him to beg his advocacy, "It's a very clever color scheme indeed. Introduction in the green room, flirtation in the pink and proposal in the white — eh? —"

Just here there softly appeared a purple figure who tapped the hostess timidly on her shoulder and said faintly:

"Won't you go with me to the door, ma'am?"

"Oh — Mrs. Lipe —"

"I will go, Mary," said Miss Julia, rising with much rustling of silk.

But Mrs. Fitz smiled at her, shook her head, and went with the guest, wondering at the expression of her face, — a combination of illumination and decision.

At the door the mystery was solved.

Mrs. Lipe thrust a hand into the ancient reticule at her side and fished out a quarter of a dollar and the green candy at the same time.

The latter fell in a broken shower to the floor, the first was poked into Mrs. Fitzgerald's hand.

"But, I don't understand. What is it for?" inquired the bewildered and amused hostess.

"For the Entertainment," chirped Mrs. Lipe anxiously, "you didn't say, but I reckoned 'twould about kiver the price of the ticket. I know it's wuth more'n double the amount. In fac' money couldn't pay fur the time I've had, no, ma'am. But I kinder figgered on it's bein' about a quarter fur the ticket."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lipe, this is not to be paid for. You were invited."

"It aint free fur nothin'?" exclaimed Mrs. Lipe, "I thought it was fur the Church. You didn't invite me to come to a party jess so? At yore house? Free, gratis, fur nothin'?"

"Indeed, I did. I am very glad you came. That is, if you have really enjoyed it."

"Enj'yed it! . . . 'Twas beautiful! . . . 'Twas plum beautiful. I thank ye kindly, ma'am." She paused for a moment, then laid a rusty little mitt confidently on her hostess' arm, "It's the fust party I was ever ast to in my life," she said whisperingly, betwixt a smile and a tear, "It's the very fust."

Mrs. Fitzgerald's eyes filled. To Roberts' unspeakable horror she bent down and kissed the wrinkled cheek.

"I am so glad you came. So very glad."

"But the candy, ma'am!" exclaimed the mortified Mrs. Lipe observing the ruin on the carpet. "I'd never have took it if I hadn't expected I was agoin' to pay fur it. An' now it's fell onto yore best carpet."

She would have picked it up, but Roberts forestalled her.

"Wait just a moment," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "I want to send something to your little granddaughter."

She went away followed by Roberts who presently returned haughtily, bearing on a waiter a box tied up with ribbons.

"Thanky, sir," said Mrs. Lipe, bobbing a courtesy. And off she trotted, hoopskirt tilting, basque fringe fluttering, angel-sleeves flying, eyes bright with rain and wet cheeks pink. She found Mr. Lipe sitting before a cheerful fire with the vivacious Lobelia perched on his knee.

"Why, gran'maw!" shrilled that young lady, "it aint sevin, yit! What's the matter? Didn' you like the Reception?"

"It was the grandes' sight you could ever imagine of, Lobelia," chirped the old lady, "an' jus look what Mis' Fitzgeral' sent you an' yo' gran'paw, honey." The beautiful ribbons were untied in a jiffy.

"Oh! . . . Gran'maw! Pink an' green an' yaller an' white candy! An' cake with *icin' two inches deep!* Oh, my!"

For once words failed Lobelia to express her thoughts, but Mrs. Lipe's tongue wagged for a solid hour. She sat with her mitts and bonnet on, with a delightful sense of visiting in her own house, describing with heartfelt eloquence and wonderful exactness, everything she had heard, seen, and eaten.

"An' there sat Mis' Fitzgeral' lookin' jess like a young girl, with her arms all bare and the loveliest sparklers in her ye'rs . . . an' a pink silk frock on that could reach from me to the door."

"Oh, gran'maw!" squeaked Lobelia, clasping her hands, her little wide red mouth full of *icin'*, "wasn' you glad you looked so fine? Jess 'sposin' you had a-wore the *black alapaccy*?"

"Mamma," said Leila as she unhooked her mother's pink frock and took out the "sparklers", late that night, "I told Cousin Julia about Mrs. Lipe."

"Oh, did you?"

"Yes; — I thought you would not mind. And . . . mamma?"

"Yes!"

"I think she is going to 'sell all her goods and give alms' tomorrow. I never saw any one so conscience-smitten."

They both laughed and kissed each other.

"I had a nice time," said Mrs. Fitz gaily.

"And I had a lovely time," said Leila, "but Mrs. Lipe had *the* time of the evening, thanks to you." She squeezed her mother tenderly in both arms.

"I pray Our Blessed Mother every night that I may be such a woman as you are, dearest."

SOLITUDE.

DANIEL J. DONAHUE.



LOVING soul of Solitude, sweet maid
 Of meditative mien, and tender grace,
 Wooing thy smile, oft through the pleasant shade
 I seek thee in thy secret dwelling-place.

I hear thy foot-fall on the dewy green;
 I feel thy presence near me as on wings
 Of jubilant angels, soaring all unseen
 Among the stars, thy voice swift pleasure brings.

I love thy sacred haunts; the sylvan stream
 That sings among the pines her solemn song
 Of birth and death; the ever-varying dream
 Of joy that fills the woodland all day long;

The music of the breezes in the leaves;
 The murmurous hum of bees among the flowers;
 The chirp of insects in the golden sheaves;
 The birds' wild songs that cheer the morning hours;

Such sounds, O Solitude, awake the soul
 To holy thoughts, above all touch of earth;
 God opens wide His skies, the clouds unroll,
 Strange splendors, wondrous glories spring to birth.

A thousand pleasures in thy presence live
 Beyond all dreams of wealth and earthly greed;
 No hope is sweeter than that thou canst give;
 Truth and the love of love's thy lover's meed.

Bright daughter of eternity, thy clime,
 Though silent as the sun, is full of song;
 Thy voice is prayer; the crimson hue of crime
 Stains not thy brow, O Mother of the Strong.

ROSARY MEDITATIONS.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRE, O. P.



CROWNING WITH THORNS—LOVE OF REPARATION—WHAT REVELS OF CONTEMPT, INSULTS, BLASPHEMIES, CRUELTIES.

Y Jesus, treated a while ago as a criminal, now becomes the sport of the wretches who, before the execution of His sentence, should have protected Him from every injury. And the greater His patience, the more ingenious in inventing opprobrium and contempt, do they show themselves.

But do what they may, O King of love! the mantle of ignominy, the sceptre of derision, the cruel crown of thorns, the mocked genuflections, the ironical salutations, nothing can hide Thy Holy Majesty from my sight: I recognize Thee, I adore Thee, I love Thee.

Father of my Saviour, Thou Who wert so severe against the profaners of the old law, when there were but weak figures in the temple; Thou Who struck Osa with death because he feared not to touch the holy ark ⁽¹⁾, shalt Thou let the outrages go unpunished with which they load Thy dear Son — august reality in which all Thy promises are accomplished, — living ark, really, personally, substantially filled with Thy Divinity? Rise, O Lord, call upon Thy justice and pitilessly strike the enemies of Jesus!

But, O Sweet Victim, my indiscreet zeal offends Thy merciful designs! and Thou dost address to me, as to Thy disciples, the reproaches of Thy love: Nescitis cuius spiritus estis: ⁽²⁾ "You know not of what spirit you are."

Enlighten me, O Lord! If even in the interest of Thy glory I must renounce every desire of revenge, speak, what wilt Thou have me do

In the depths of my heart I hear Thy answer: — Reparation through love! Which means that in proportion to Thy humiliations and Thy sufferings must my love increase.

May it indeed be so. O Christ, humbled, insulted, blasphemed, illused, I love Thee, and would wish to produce, each moment of the day, as many acts of love as Thou hast received insults in the frightful mystery of Thy crowning, as many acts of love as there are blasphemers in the world and blasphemies in their heart, as many acts of love as there are sins committed against Thy glory since the world is in existence.

Alas! O my God, I cannot do so, and I mourn my want of power. Accept, at least, as reparation, the desires of my heart and the homage of whatever is good in my imperfect life. To supply to my own misery, I wish to become a zelator of Thy glory and preach reparation to all souls of good will, who are able to understand my pious torment. I will show them Thy Heart wounded by the iniquities of men, and with a holy passion will say to them: Let us love Jesus! to console His ignored and betrayed love. Let us love Jesus! to make Him forget His sufferings. Let us love Jesus! to restore to Him the glory of which sin robs Him. Let us love Jesus! to draw His mercy upon sinners. Let us love Jesus! to prove to the world that Christ, in spite of His humiliations and approbrium, is still and shall ever be the King of Hearts. Let us love Jesus!

Let us love Jesus!

(1) II Reg., VI., 6, 7. (2) Luke IX., 55.





HER LITTLE BABY BROTHER.

E. S. L.

Have a baby brother;
It's very hard to keep
Him out of harm and mischief,
Since he's learned how to creep.

He scarcely cares for rattles,
Or any other toys;
Grandma says he's only like
The rest of baby boys.

He doesn't care for rubber dolls,
Nor pretty colored blocks;
He likes a scuttle full of coal,
Or else the blacking box.

He likes old, broken dishes,
And also bits of wood;
A knob or old tin saucepan
Will surely keep him good.

Oh, he's an awful baby
For any girl to mind;
To watch him, you must go in front,
And also go behind.

Sometimes he has his troubles,
His poor head gets a bump;
You couldn't help but feel right bad,
He is so nice and plump.

But how I'd miss our baby,
If God took him away!
With all his pranks and mischief,
I'd cry for him all day.



PETER THE GREAT.

MRS. MUNRO'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF THE CIVILIZATION AND REFORMATION OF RUSSIA, BY A WONDERFUL BOY CALLED PETER, KNOWN IN HISTORY AS PETER THE GREAT.



HEN Peter returned to Moscow, he levied a large tax, on the nobility and clergy, so as to build and maintain a large fleet upon the waters of the "Sea of Azof," which he had conquered.

He drove the Tartars who came from the north of China, from the Crimea, and he opened up a way through Circassia and Persia.

Thus he had begun his mighty work for his beloved land! His foot at last touched the ocean!

Next step he took was to make Le Fort an Admiral, as well as a General, and that energetic man at once set about with Peter's consent, having ships made, to justify his position; so he employed some Dutchmen, and Venetians, in building a number of long boats, and two ships of 30 guns each, at the mouth of the river Waronitz, which flows into the river Don. These vessels were to go down the river, to the Sea of Azof, to keep in order the Tartars, whose fighting had begun again.

Now comes in 1689, Peter's treaty with China, for he was determined some sort of boundary should be definitely settled on by the two nations, in order to prevent fighting in the future.

But how was this to be managed? Peter did not know Chinese, nor did the Chinese understand Russian.

This difficulty was removed by two Jesuit priests, Father Pereira, a Portuguese, and Father Gerbilloa, a Frenchman, who came forward at this juncture.

These two priests set out from Pekin, with the Chinese Ambassadors, and were themselves the real negotiators. They conferred in Latin, with a German, belonging to the Russian embassy, who understood this language.

The chief of that embassy was General Galowin, who was governor of Siberia, and who displayed a greater magnificence than the Chinese themselves, thereby giving a high idea of the grandeur of the Russian Empire, to a people who thought themselves the only powerful nation under the sun.

These two Jesuit priests defined the limits of both Empires, and then quietly and simply returned to their duty in that far-off land of China, with the grantees of that country, with whom they had come.

Now I want my children here to notice, how the Church comes into *all* the great works of the world.

After this great treaty had been signed, Peter had peace with China, but he had to fight the Tartar, for taking away from him "The Sea of Azof." General Gordon, a Scotchman, who in his turn had been welcomed to Russia, and raised an army of five thousand men, marched towards Azof, followed by Le Fort, who was now a General, and he had his regiment of twelve thousand men, then there was a body of Strelitzes, under the command of two Prussian colonels, and this made the force which was to attack the Turk again, the man who held the key to the southern door of Russia.

After splendid fighting they won the victory, and as I have already said, "The Sea of Azof" became the property of the Czar.

Peter now wanted his people to understand how heroes ought to be honored, and on the victorious return of this expedition he ordered the troops to march through Moscow in triumph, and all sorts of fireworks and floral decorations were to be given to do them public honor, and only fancy, my children, in this superb procession, Peter, the Emperor of Russia, came last, for he said, the men who raised the regiments, that fought so well, as well as the troops themselves, should be honored, more than he, and that the only way to acquire military honor, was to deserve it.

On this occasion was struck the first medal, in Russia, with this wonderful legend on the face of it, "Peter the First, august Emperor of Muscovey," and on the other side of the medal, "Victorious by fire, and water."

The next thing this wonderful Russian boy did, was to send sixty young Russian soldiers, of Le Fort's regiments, into Italy, most of them to Venice, some to Leghorn.

"I want you all to learn how to build ships," he said to them, "if you love your country and your Czar, you will make good use of your time, and come back to be a help and blessing to your country."

He sent forty others into Holland, that they too might learn the foreign methods of navigation. He also sent men into Germany, to serve in the army, and learn anything they could of the military

discipline of that nation. To each and all he said, "Please me, and help Russia," and each and every one felt how the Emperor trusted and loved him, and went away to his year's exile into foreign lands, with a light heart.

At length Peter took a resolution to absent himself for a few years from Russia, in order, as he said, to learn to be a better governor of his kingdom.

He proposed to travel, not as the Emperor, but as an unknown, humble Russian citizen, so that none of the pomp of royalty might bother him, and impede his efforts in gaining knowledge of those special arts, sciences, and industries he wanted to perfect himself in.

He determined to travel through Denmark, Prussia, Holland, to Vienna, Venice and Rome. France and Spain were not in his plan; Spain, because the things he was in quest of were not attended to there, and France, because Louis XIV was too fond he thought of silly pomp and display, and all his life Peter hated the follies and fripperies of fine society.

To accomplish his wishes about travelling he put himself into the retinue of three of his ambassadors, in the same manner as he had walked the very last in the train of his generals, at their triumphant return from fighting with his southern enemy, the Turk.

Now the three ambassadors with whom he chose to travel, were General Le Fort, General Gallowin (who you remember, children, was the Siberian General, whose magnificence made such an impression on the grandes of China, when the famous treaty was signed and Russia's boundary made by the two Jesuit priests), and a Russian statesman called Wonitzin.

These three ambassadors had a grand retinue of secretaries, pages, etc., to the amount of two hundred souls, and Peter just traveled with the crowd, as a common man, giving strict orders no outward respect was to be paid him, that the public could find out who he was.

Peter was only 25 years of age when he took this step.

The journey was begun in the month of April, 1697, by the way of Great Novgarod. When they got to Riga, the Emperor instructed his generals to request permission to visit the fortifications of that place.

But Count D'Albery, governor of Riga, refused their seemingly innocent request.

From Livonia they proceeded to Brandenburg, Prussia, and there the king received the Russian embassy with great pomp and respect.

Remember, no one knew the Czar himself was in that embassy!

The long Asiatic robes of the Russians, with their caps buttoned up, with pearls, and diamonds, and their queer-looking scimitars hanging at their belts, amused the German people very much.

Presents were exchanged between the Russians and the Emperor of Germany, and a great deal of useless ceremony and high-flown twaddle went on, as is wont in most diplomatic circles.

Peter loathed it all! "I shall soon leave you," he said to his generals, "I can not stand this sort of thing. I know it must be, but it sickens me, this atmosphere of insincerity; but their food is splendid, and I shall certainly enjoy that."

He did, and as he was a terrible glutton, he got very sick, and he drank one day so much, he quarrelled with his faithful friend, Le Fort, and drew his sword on him, just because that friend suggested he was eating and drinking too much for his health.

When the Czar came to himself, he asked Le Fort's pardon. "Alas," he said, "how can I reform my realm, when I can not reform myself!"

Peter left his embassy at Königsberg, and went directly to Amsterdam, in Holland.

There he put on the clothes of a common workman, and hired a small room from a sailor.

He soon became a most accomplished shipbuilder. His first trial was on a small yacht, which he had purchased and refitted upon his arrival, and on which he spent all his leisure moments, sailing about in the harbor, and visiting vessels in port, and astonishing the slow, stolid looking Dutchmen, at the way he ran about, jumping here and there, peering into everything, and asking a hundred questions.

"That Russian barbarian monkey is crazy," they used to say to each other, shaking their fat shoulders, in mingled amusement and astonishment, "what does he want anyhow?"

"Knowledge," howled Peter at them, "nothing but knowledge"; and before he left Amsterdam he had designed and helped to build with his own hands a sixty gun ship, which was declared by skilled seamen to be the best of its kind made for many a day.

Besides finding out all things pertaining to ships, Peter studied civil engineering, mathematics, the science of fortification, learned completely the Dutch language, and acquired the extraordinary accomplishment of tooth-drawing, and learned also a great deal of medical science so at a pinch he was a very good surgeon and doctor.



THE KREMLIN.

He also visited every public institution, charitable, literary or scientific. He examined manufactories, corn mills, saw mills, paper mills, oil factories, and all of these he studied practically, for he intended to introduce all these branches of industry into Russia upon his return.

Before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, just for the purpose of examining the whale ships, as he wanted to instruct his subjects about that method of making a living also.

"Wat is dat?" was his eternal question to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with astonishment at this boisterous foreigner, flying round like a harlequin, and when men would not move quickly enough out of his way, he used to whack them over their broad backs with a stick which he generally held in his hand. He made fearful faces, too, at them, for he was of an intensely nervous temperament, and he had a restless activity of body and mind, which seemed incomprehensible.

"Give me knowledge," was his continual cry, "let me know everything." — and they at last avoided him as if he were the

plague, and it was said at last that when Peter was seen in any of the streets the citizens fled away. "Here comes that crazy Russian prince, with his eternal 'Wat is dat?'" they said, and they gave him that nickname at last.

But Peter cared nothing for their private opinion of him, he would ask them questions, and cuff them well when they refused to answer him.

At last to their great delight he left them, but the information which he collected while living among them, bore a rich harvest in his own land.

He then visited England.

Now the principal reason for letting the light of his dark, hairy countenance shine on that land, was, that he had heard the English were the best shipbuilders in the world.

King William knew who his queer visitor was, and paid him the greatest attention, helping him in acquiring the knowledge he was seeking, and giving him an intelligent companion, the Marquis of Carmarthen, to take him wherever he wanted to go.

But Peter wanted to stay near the sea, and took possession of a gentleman's house, for which he paid him a handsome rent, and some of the owner's servants remained to minister to his wants.

An account of this strange new tenant was sent to his master, by one of the gardeners. It was thus he wrote of him: "The Czar sleeps in your library, and dines in the parlor next your study, and he dines at ten o'clock at night, when decent people should be in their beds. He seems crazy about the water, and jumps about like a monkey. He wheels a wheelbarrow every morning in the garden, for about an hour, and crushes my best flowers, and borders, and when I complain he roars at me, and flings his stick at me, and makes awful faces. Is he all right? Do you not fancy he may be mad?"

Now, Peter who was always practical, wheeled that barrow about to keep himself in exercise, but that Mr. Evelyn's gardener did not know.

"I am going to take some of your best engineers away from you; I shall pay them well," he said to the king, who smilingly nodded assent.

"I will open an artificial communication between the rivers Volga and Don, and the Caspean Sea," he added.

Again William smiled. He would have had the same smile on his face if Peter had announced he was going to engineer his way to the moon.

For he, like others, thought the Czar mad, and capable of any folly.

During Peter's stay in England he visited the university of Oxford, and many of the cathedrals and churches; he also had the curiosity to go to Quakers' meetings, and to places of worship of other Dissenters.

Bishop Burnett, who wrote a history of that time, says of Peter: "He was to me a most extraordinary man, very hot tempered and fiery, drinking a great deal of brandy, with jumping motions all over his body, he does not seem able to keep still, has not much education, but most eager to learn, and always asking questions, some of them the most absurd; but after I had seen him often, and had conversed with him and had read his mind better, I knew he was a remarkable character, and I was not astonished that he should be known as 'Peter the Great.' "

He was only 26 years of age at this time, remember children! Compare him with the men of 26 years of age you know!

Here was a comparative boy ruler of a great empire, who had seen the absolute need of a pathway to the ocean, and had got that pathway by a sudden blow, that was, when he sailed down the river Don with his troops, and won the "Sea of Azof" from the Turks.

He was now, as he looked at this simple bishop, and at this smiling King William of England, revolving in his mind the most daring schemes of conquest, over the nations near his country, and thinking of great projects to improve it internally.

He had gone forth in mask of simple man to learn the arts of war in the western world, and also the civilizing arts of peace, and all that he learned was to be for the benefit and glory of Russia.

Talk of patriots! Was there ever a greater one than this — a crowned monarch in the very best of his youth, exchanging his diadem and scepter for the tools of a ship carpenter?

What lay in that young man's brain? The regeneration of Russia!

Had China had such a genius as *he, she* never would have been sliced up like a cold Turkey, as The Powers are doing at this present moment.

When he left England he carried a perfect army of workmen with him, back to Russia. He engaged a large number of scientific persons, at the head of whom was a famous engineer called Ferguson. They were to be employed on the various works which the Czar had projected in his own brain and wanted to see carried out.

As a parting present to William of England, he gave him a ruby, wrapped in brown paper, worth ten thousand pounds.

(To be continued.)

TWIN SISTERS.

MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.

TIT was indeed a beautiful prospect which stretched out before them. A narrow, but deep and rapid stream came tumbling down over rocks and stones, forming sparkling miniature cataracts here and there until it emptied into the mill-race, frothing and churning under the ever whirring wheel which scattered and broke into snowy showers of spray. The old stone mill was entirely covered on one side with dark green moss, which added to its wonderful picturesqueness, while on the three other sides it was almost hidden by luxuriant ivy. Between the dense foliage, three or four long, narrow windows were deeply embrasured. At one of those stood Peter Popher. He called out when he saw the children.

"Come to visit Uncle Simpson? Got any corn to grind?"

"How do you happen to be here, Peter?" said Addie, answering his question with another.

"Come with some corn," he replied, disappearing from the window. In a moment they heard him clattering down the steps.

Presently he stood in the door-way, his horned, good-natured face all one broad smile.

"I reckon the little city gal never seen a mill before, did she?" he said, and Hattie replied:

"No, I never did, and I think it's like a picture, it is so beautiful."

"Yes, it's a real kindly scene, this here," said Peter, "but you git used to it after a while, and can't appreciate it so well till you've been away a while and come back. When I came from the war I made for this spot the very next mornin' after, and I tell you it looked pretty. I used to be fond of fishin' hereabouts when I was young. Lived here the best part of my life, you know."

"Peter was in the army, on the opposite side from papa, though. He was a Confederate," exclaimed Addie.

"I wasn't one for sure," said Peter, "but things got kind of hot around them parts for Union men; so I thought I'd better jine."

"Come," said Addie, "wouldn't you like to go in?"

"Yes," said her sister a little reluctantly, "but I think it is much more lovely outside."

"Lovely!" exclaimed Peter, "there aint nothin' lovely inside of the mill 'thout it's Uncle Simpson. Guess Addie wants to show you how the thing works."

At this moment a very old man appeared advancing through a cloud of dust which blew from an inner room which he had just left. His long white hair fell on his shoulders in silvery waves, his clothes were gray, and his skin of an ashen pallor. But he had a gentle face and a pleasant smile, and when he neared the children he said, extending his hand to Hattie:

"This is the new little sister, I take it. This your twin, Addie?"

"Yes, Uncle Simpson," answered Addie, glancing proudly up into the face of the old man, "this is my own dear sister."

"You have your mother's very smile, my dear," said Uncle Simpson, regarding her attentively. "Just that very way, with her curly head peeked to one side she's looked at old Uncle Simpson many and many a time. You favor your grandma too," he continued, still holding her hand, "I expect you find everything wild and queer in this region, though we folks who live here think it's the finest place in the world."

"I can't tell you how beautiful I think it is," said Hattie. "If grandmother were willing I think I should like to live here always."

"I'm glad to hear you say it," said Uncle Simpson, "it shows you're a sensible little girl, not at all the spoiled city child I was afraid you might turn out to be."

"All city children are not spoiled," said Hattie with a bright smile. "Don't you think it depends on the people who take care of them — the fathers and mothers?"

"You're a clever little Miss," replied the old man laughingly, "and I guess you're about right in what you say. Your father was well brought up; likely your grandmother's followed the same plan with you."

"I have never been punished in my life," said Hattie.

"That's because you've been a good girl," said Uncle Simpson, "I can see in your eyes that you're as good a girl as our own little Addie here."

Both the children blushed and laughed at this graceful compliment, which they felt was sincere.

"Come along," said Uncle Simpson, "and I'll show you how we grind corn."

It must be confessed that neither of them were much interested in the process, as Addie had often seen it before, and Hattie thought every moment lost which was taken from the enjoyment of the sights and sounds of Nature, so bountifully displayed out of doors. Not many moments elapsed before they were again running down the sloping bank near the mill-race, where Addie pointed out her favorite seat, a large flat rock, from which they could watch the revolutions of the giant wheel, and even catch, now and then tiny drifts of spray in their uplifted hands. It was very cool sitting so near the water, a couple of willows drooped their shady branches above them,

the ceaseless flow of the water made sweet music in their ears. Birds were twittering softly in the trees, through the thick tops of which they had glimpses of the blue mid-summer sky, from the mill garden below came the sweet perfume of the brier rose; all was beauty, rest and peace.

For a long time they sat in silence, Hattie occasionally putting a raspberry between her lips in an absent sort of way as though it were the least of the good things it had been given her that day to enjoy. At length she said:

"I could never tire of this spot. Couldn't we bring the grandmothers here?"

"Why, yes," answered Addie laughingly. "Grandma used to come to mill long ago, but she never does now. I think she would love to come if we wanted her to. Some time in the cool of the evening it would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, lovely," rejoined Hattie. "Grandmother would enjoy it very much, I am sure. I wish she would build a house right there, behind the mill, on that knoll. Then we could live here always."

"Don't you think it is just as pretty where we do live, Hattie?" asked her sister a little wistfully, "only for the lack of the stream."

"Yes," said the other, "water is so lovely in a landscape."

"The sea must be a beautiful sight," said Addie.

"The ocean? You have never seen it. How strange!"

"No, but I have imagined it, and I don't believe it would seem a bit strange to me, if I should see it some day."

"Well, you certainly shall, and it may not be so very long either. Do you know, grandmother wants to take you back with us in the fall, if you will come."

"Some ways I would like it, and then again, it would be very hard to leave grandma and grandpa — and for them, well — I can't bear to think how it would make *them* feel."

"But time flies so quickly," said Hattie. "The school year begins, and it is Christmas before you know it. Then comes Easter, and in a little while the school year is over. And then we would all three come back here again for the summer."

"It would only be three months out of twelve," said Addie with a little sigh. "And grandpa and grandma are so old. I don't believe I *could* leave them for so long, Hattie."

"Who is talking of leaving us?" said a voice behind them. "Not you, Addie, surely?"

"Oh, I was just saying how lovely it would be if she could go back with me to school, and then we could come again in the summer."

"I expect that is what it will come to," said Uncle Simpson, looking down into the sweet young faces upturned to his. "Mr. Stewart is not the man to deny Addie what is for her best good.

And neither is Mrs. Stewart, for that matter. But I came over here to ask you if you wouldn't like to see the place your mother went to school."

"Oh, yes," said Hattie eagerly, springing to her feet. "Have you ever seen it, Addie?"

"Many a time," answered her sister. "I went there part of one summer myself, but grandma thought it was too far, and so I learn at home now, as I did before."

"Who teaches it?" asked Hattie.

"My wife, when it keeps," said Uncle Simpson, "which isn't more than four months in the year."

"And did she teach my mother?" asked Hattie.

"Indeed she did," was the reply, "and a clever, sweet little pupil she was."

"Oh, let us go and see her," said the child, with shining eyes. "Do you live far from here, Mr. Simpson, and is school over yet?"

"We haven't had any for three months or more," said the old man. "Take up your pails girls and come along."

They followed him down the hill, and soon came to a little white cottage not far from the mill, but so embowered in trees and shrubbery that it was almost hidden from view until one came very close to it.

"It looks like a fairy tale," said Hattie, as they approached.

"It is just as sweet inside," whispered Addie in reply.

It seemed to Hattie that nothing could be whiter than the house, nor greener than the roof and shutters, nor redder than the trim brick walk that led up from the gate, encircling it on every side.

"It is too clean and pretty to walk on," said Hattie. "Let us go on the grass."

"Oh, no," said her sister, "Mrs. Simpson won't mind."

As she spoke the door opened and a very small, dark-eyed old lady came forward smilingly to meet them.

"I saw you from the window," she said, putting her arms around Hattie, and kissing her two or three times, while tears ran down her withered cheeks. "I can't help it, Mark," she said, meeting her husband's eyes, "she is exactly like my own Hattie." Tears are infectious, and both children began to cry.

"Here now, here now," said Uncle Simpson, "this won't do. I brought these children over to show 'em the old schoolhouse. Just put on your sun-bonnet, Mary, and we'll go over. Or rather you go along with 'em; and I'll meander back to my work."

His wife hastily released Hattie, ran in and shut the door, soon reappearing around the side of the house with a white sun-bonnet on her head. She gave one hand to Addie, but put the other on Hattie's shoulder, drawing her closely to her side.

"You bring back the old days, child," she said. "It is not so

very long, as the years go, since your mother was a little girl like you, not more than twenty, but looking at it in another way it is long."

The children looked at each other — twenty years seemed a lifetime to them. Speaking to them of other days, days in which they had no share, but the story of which was most interesting because they related to the young mother whom they had never known they walked slowly along till they reached the old schoolhouse. Mrs. Simpson opened the door and ushered them into a long, low room with rows of unpainted, worm-eaten desks ranged on either side of a central aisle. The teacher's platform stood at the farther end. In front of it were a couple of tiny benches.

"Here your mother sat the first day she came to school," said Mrs. Simpson, pointing to one. Hattie left her side and went and sat down upon it. "Afterwards she wanted a desk so badly that I put her there, on the lowest step of the platform. I gave her a large pasteboard box for a desk, and she thought it was beautiful. Every afternoon she would get sleepy, and so I would make a bed of shawls and rugs behind my table where she could lie down and have a nap. She was the dearest little creature; so sweet, so loving and so bright, that she soon became the pet of the school. She did not stay with us long, your grandfather and grandmother taught her at home."

"Wasn't she one bit like me?" asked Addie with a pleading little glance at the old teacher.

"Yes, she was," replied Mrs. Simpson, "you both have her smile, and your voice was exactly like hers, Addie."

"Oh, I am so glad," said the child. "Sometimes they say I *am* like mamma, especially when I am a little earnest about anything I am doing."

"When your mother was fourteen years old she prepared the children for First Communion, in this very room. I was sick in bed that spring, and could not attend to it. Father Biers said, when he examined them, that they had never been better prepared."

"I got the medal for Christian Doctrine in my class last term and the one before," said Hattie, shyly.

"Then you are your mother's own girl," said Mrs. Simpson, hastily adding, as she turned to Addie, "and this one has her taste for figures."

But she needed not to fear any incipient jealousy in that true little heart; the feeling was foreign to the nature of both children.

"I am afraid Addie will have to share that honor alone," said Hattie. "I am dreadful in arithmetic."

Thus they prattled on, the old woman feeling her youth renewed as she looked at the children beside her.

When they left the schoolhouse the sun was setting fast. Uncle



Simpson was driving up to the gate of the little cottage as they made their appearance at the back of the garden.

"I saw it was getting late, children," he said, "too late for you to be out on the hills alone, so I thought I'd hitch up the light wagon and drive you over. But your folks won't be uneasy, for Peter Popper went home a while ago. He's a-horseback and he'll be there sometime before we can get there."

"I want you to come over very soon and spend a good, long day with me," said Mrs. Simpson, "we'll have a picnic in the woods, if you like."

"O they will like it, Mary," said her husband, as he lifted the children into the wagon.

"Indeed we shall," they replied with one voice. "And we shall be sure to come *very* soon, Mrs. Simpson; Peter will let you know when to expect us," said Addie.

And then with many "goodbyes" the sisters, with their arms about each other, drove home in the fast gathering twilight, Uncle Simpson entertaining them with stories of war time, when the neighboring country was one large battlefield. But the time was far away, and they were only children; it seemed to them something that had happened ages ago, and was fraught with very little meaning to their innocent hearts, surrounded by love and peace as they had been through all their short young lives.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD'S JUNE THOUGHT.

M. E. J.

HE year that once was young has brought
A precious month to me;
The month of Jesus' Sacred Heart,
And I must think and see

If I've been patient, loving, kind,
Like that dear Heart; if I
Have turned to God when I have failed,
Resolved again to try;

If I've seen God in everyone
He places over me,
And been obedient to all,
As child of God should be.

Dear, Sacred Heart! How oft I've failed!
How strong is my self-will!
And yet I want to be like Thee,—
Forgive me! Help me still!

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

S. E. MCKEE.



T must be so," wailed a little black Cricket sadly, as she examined a crust of bread that lay on the hearth stone where she had just decided she would make her home for the coming winter. Sure enough, there were the marks of the mouse's teeth.

"It is said," she went on in her peculiarly shrill little voice, "that Mice and Crickets never live together in the same house; that one always eats the other, and I *think* that it is the Mouse that eats the Cricket, but I am not certain. I have never seen a Mouse. Yes, it must be the Mouse, for these are monstrous teeth that gnawed this bread," and she removed an infinitesimal portion with her mandibles and bolted it.

"Will I have to go back to that musty old strawstack and live all winter in the darkness and cold, when here is such a nice, roaring fire?" throwing an appreciative glance at the few ash covered embers, "and such beautiful cracks among the bricks in which to hide away from the broom? No," she cried with a sudden resolution born of a great desire, "though he be as big as a grasshopper, as big even as a toad, I will disarm this Mouse with my music or die in the attempt. As the sirens sang to the Greek heroes will I sing to him, and as he probably has nothing with which to stuff his ears as Ulysses did, he will fall an easy victim. I will charm the heart out of his great body, and if it does not kill him I will keep him for my huntsman, my Orson, and he shall forage for us both," and she skipped gaily to the reddest brick in the hearth, one that would show off her glistening blackness well, and immediately tuned up. While in full song she heard the patter of his coming feet, but beyond a slight trembling of her antennae and an added shrillness to her song she made no sign.

"This is a fine move I am making," said the Mouse to himself as he trotted through the dewey weeds from one negro cabin to the other, "and I do not mind it much that Mrs. Whiskerando decided not to come with me. Our families are always so large, and though I like the little things well enough when they are nicely

dressed in their well fitting little gray suits and have their brilliant eyes open, I frankly confess I do *not* like them when they wear pink and their eyes stand out with a thin film over them, for all the world like a man with goggles on; and Mrs. W. would grow absolutely furious if I made one of them squeak, and they always squeaked at the merest touch.

"I know what Mrs. W. is when she has a nest full of those little blind mice, and know just as well what that lazy old tabby cat will be now that she has a nest full of little blind kittens. As soon as she is able to leave them for any length of time she will be out hunting mice to feed them on, and then Mrs. W. would better look out! I well remember how my feelings were hurt by seeing my whole family — the first one I ever had, too — destroyed by one of those mother cats. Why, I barely got away myself, and my wife, a beautiful Mouse with the longest tail I ever saw, could have escaped too, but she must needs stop so long by her little ones. It was terrible, and I shall never again allow my feelings to be so tortured."

He stopped on the threshold of his new home to shake off a tiny dewdrop that glittered like a diamond on his delicate ear, and at that moment he heard the music of the Cricket on the Hearth.

That slender thread of melody awakened sweet memories of the old strawstack where he was born, where he and his little gray brothers played and fought in the tunnels their forbears had made, where he first met that beautiful long-tailed Mouse, the too faithful mother of his first-born and of the days of long, long ago, before he was a gray-whiskered old Mouse running away in the night time from a viragoish spouse and an old cat with a nest full of young kittens. He used to hear the Crickets sing in those old, happy days, when life was young and all the world was rose colored, and he decided at once that he would not eat that Cricket unless he got *very* hungry, much hungrier than his exploring trip last night through the plentifully supplied and illy kept cabin promised.

So the battle for the Cricket was already half won, and when Whiskerando entered and his little, black, bead-like eyes took in the scene, — the neat little figure in black sitting on the reddest brick in the hearth singing her cheery little song, with the dull red gleam of the firelight touching her shining blackness into ruby spots, and the generous crust of bread standing out in bold relief in the foreground of the pleasant picture, he was enchanted.

Approaching with a suave smile he said, "Good evening, Mrs.

Cricket. I am most happy to meet you. I was not aware that you were a resident of this mansion."

She gave a little start of well affected surprise, as she turned and swept him her prettiest courtesy. "Why! Good evening, Mr. — ah —"

"Whiskerando," said the Mouse promptly, with a really graceful bow.

"Ah, yes; thank you," she went on in her shrilly sweet little voice, "I came here a few days ago for quite an extended visit with these good people and shall remain for some time. They are very hospitable. Permit me to offer you some refreshments," and she hopped with a most elegant air to the crust of bread, for she thought he would be sure to eat it any way and she might as well have the credit of offering it. Besides, she had reasons of her own for not wanting the newcomer to feel hungry.

"Thank you," he replied courteously, "but won't you join me?"

"I would with the utmost pleasure but that I have already dined," she answered, prudently and politely withdrawing from the immediate vicinity of the crust as he advanced.

"My! what monstrous tusches he has," she said to herself as, from a safe distance, she watched the Mouse nibble off fragments of the bread with his little atoms of ivory. "I don't suppose an elephant's tusks are any larger, and not half so white. They are lovely teeth, but fearful to look at. I am fascinated, but I shiver," and the Cricket placed herself close to a deep, narrow crack in the hearth as the repast was finished and the Mouse looked round.

"I also have received an invitation to stay with these same hospitable people," he said, looking first at the high post bed in the dusky corner where in peaceful slumber lay these "hospitable people," and next at the broad crack beneath the door as being his invitation, "and I think we may spend the time very happily. I am extremely fond of music — it's a family trait — and I think you have a very fine voice."

"I never indulge in vocal music," said the Cricket with a faint tinge of hauteur in her manner. "I never sing with my mouth like a milkmaid. My music is purely instrumental, and some of my partial friends have been good enough to say that it greatly resembles Paderewski's, but of course I am a brunette and have not the golden locks with which he bewitches his audiences," and she put her head on one side and looked down with a coquettish simper, for she knew that if the Mouse made any pretensions at all to good breeding she would receive a compliment.

The Mouse was equal to the occasion, and said that for his part he preferred a natural musician, and not one so *unnatural* that he only felt bored when whole rows of beautiful young women knelt before him in adoration, and as for a tousle of yellow hair, it only

made him think of his last wife — of the nest of a friend of his who always gathered in such a heap of things before the nest was ready, and from his youth he had admired brunettes, and in the warmth of his admiration he advanced so close that the Cricket hopped into her safe, deep crack. Then he was in despair at startling her so, but the Cricket assured him that it was such a pleasant place she had decided to remain for the present, and graciously invited him to share her retreat. The Mouse could not begin to get into the crack, and the artful Cricket knew it, but politeness is a coin that passes current everywhere, and buys so much pleasure that it is a wonder it is not used more largely.

The Cricket disguised her fear of the Mouse so well that he began to be a little afraid of her. She might have designs on his exquisitely fitting gray suit. His wife had attempted the larceny of some hair from his back one day when he was asleep, boldly asserting when remonstrated with that he had not done his share in making a warm nest, and he thought perhaps the Cricket would like a few of those delicately fine silver gray hairs with which to line her nest. He had heard people complain of Crickets eating holes in their curtains, and how would Whiskerando look going around in a ragged coat: so he went off to a little round hole in the far corner of the room where he felt safe.

Gradually, however, this feeling of mutual distrust wore off and they became good friends. The Mouse, if he found a piece of cracker in the yard, dropped from the fingers of the black pickaninny, would remember the Cricket and bring home a piece for her, and she in return would sit and chirp on the hearthstone, keeping watch while he toasted his shins before the fire or slept comfortably.

Peace and plenty reigned. The black mammy whose guests they were dropped crumbs here and there and hid goodies from the children in unused pans and kettles, and if the children failed to find them the Mouse and Cricket did not. The broom seldom disturbed them, and only once did the hot water dashed on the hearth one wash-day disable the Cricket for a time, so that if it had not been for the good offices of the Mouse she must have starved. They lived a wholesome, happy life while it lasted, but

Alas, and alas, one fatal day
That mother cat from across the way
Came over with one of her children gray.
“The fates are kind,” we heard her say,
“Gather them in now while we may.”
The Cricket was the kitten’s prey
And Whiskerando, the bold and gay,
Looked his last on the sun that day
As that mother cat, in savage play,
Crushed out his life forever and aye.

Puzzles.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

First Puzzle: I am a word of seven letters, and a strange contradiction—*Tenants*.

I am limited in number—ten ants.
 I am not limited at all—tenants.
 I am small in the circle of creation—ten ants.
 I sometimes rise to six feet and more in height—tenants.
 My intelligence is wonderful—ten ants.
 And I am sometimes a fool—tenants are sometimes silly.
 My legs are numerous and my eyes stick out—ants.
 If I answered that description I should be a monster—tenants.
 I can be killed with impunity—ants.
 The law protects my life in every way—tenants.
 I am a delight to the real estate man—tenants.
 I am a *horror to him—ants.
 And my whole in both meanings of the word are to be found in all cities—tenants, ten ants.

Second Puzzle: I am a word of three letters—*Ink*.

My 1st, 2nd and 3rd is black—ink.
 My 3rd, 1st and 2nd is white—kin.
 My 2nd, 1st and 3rd is wicked—Nik.

* House was a typographical error, which was printed in the May issue.

JUNE PUZZLES.

FIRST PUZZLE.

I am a word of nine letters:

My 1st, 2d and 3d is used in winter.
 My 5th and 4th is used by travelers.
 My 6th and 7th we all have.
 My 7th and 8th we all do.
 My whole we all use.

SECOND PUZZLE.

I am a word of four letters:

My 4th, 3d, and 2d and 1st belongs to the rubrics of the church.
 My 1st is a lovely river in Scotland.
 My 2d and 3d are nothing.
 My whole is most necessary to a house.



True devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus consists in imitation. It is easy to indulge in an exhaustive panegyric of the virtues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and scarcely less difficult to utter ejaculations with the lips while the mind is busy with thoughts foreign to the words spoken. But the test of devotion is imitation. Unless our protestations be evidenced by a transformation of self, a conformation of the heart to that Divine Model which we profess to love, they are but meaningless words. Manifestly then imitation of the Sacred Heart is the office of all truly devout clients.

"Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart." From these words of our Blessed Lord it is clear that He wishes us to bend our efforts to the acquisition of meekness and humility.

Nor need we wonder at this, for note, how they stand out in that splendid array of virtues which He possessed. To the insults of the Pharisees, to the hard-heartedness of the Jews, to the misunderstandings, the greed for place and power of even the Apostles, to the betrayal of Judas and to the inhuman cruelty of His torturers, He opposed only His wonderful meekness. There is not a period of His life, nor scarcely any act of any period which does not serve to emphasize His surpassing meekness. And we love Him for it, for it is a virtue, no matter in whom it be found, that wrests from us admiration and love. It is but one virtue, but it is the well-spring of a dozen others.

And even so is it with humility. The saints have said that in proportion as we dig the fountain deep in such proportion will the superstructure of our spiritual edifice arise. It is a truth that we know from observation in the affairs of our daily life. In the commingling with our fellows we put it into

practice, for we are always eager that he should be raised up who makes himself lowly, while we do not always regret the fall of him, who, without warrant has placed himself on a pedestal.

In the heart of Jesus there grew the very flower of this virtue. By every possible right He was above and beyond everybody and everything else, for He was one with God, the Creator and Conservator of all things, yet who was humbler than He? In the circumstances of His birth, life and death, there was the very quintessence of humility. Thus he preached it from beginning to end in every phase of His life, and lest we should fail to catch the drift of it all He put it into so many words, unmistakable, few and to the point:

"Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

This is our task, our duty especially during this month of June. May God bless our efforts in this direction.

The Catholic literary world has suffered a great loss in the death of Sara Trainer Smith. A convert to the true faith, she realized fully what a precious boon it was and she determined to consecrate all her energies of body and mind to the task of making all others realize it as fully. Hence she was indeed a Catholic writer. Her talents were of a high order and were carefully and thoroughly developed, so that she was possessed of the means of doing effective work in the cause to which she devoted her life.

She was versatile for both in poetry and in prose did she excell. We have promised our readers a serial from her pen. Death has put a stroke through our calculations and we can give only the first installment, which appears in

this issue. It is perhaps the very last of her writings and therefore we have decided to let it appear. Unfinished, being but the beginning of much that was promised, it may serve as a symbol of life and its fragmentary and uncertain character. May God rest her soul!

In the neighborhood of Rome, beyond the "Porta Angelica," in the parish of Monte Mario, there are at least twelve thousand souls whose spiritual wants need attention. They have been without a church, a privation which they would not have long endured had the Holy Father not been so restricted in his means. A piece of property has now been secured and on the eighth of December of last year, Monsignor Cassetta, the Patriarch of Antioch and Viceregent of Rome laid the cornerstone of the projected parish-church. At the request of the Holy Father, this church will be dedicated to "Our Lady of the Rosary." It therefore becomes a matter of special concern to Rosarians, and we trust that any assistance that they may be able to proffer, in the way of contributions, be they ever so small, will be generously forthcoming. The Master General of the Dominicans heads the list with one thousand francs, and Cardinal Pierrotti promises a monthly contribution of fifty francs.

The sketch of Bishop Watterson's life which we embody in this number will be read with much interest. His noble life would bring inspiration to any one, but more especially to those whose own career was shaped and guided by his words and example. Of the latter number the author of the sketch is one, and she has brought to her work a feeling of reverence and an honest effort to acquit herself splendidly of a task which partakes much of the nature of a sacred duty.

Conspicuous in the life of the lamented Bishop Watterson were his devotion to duty and his absolute thoroughness in the discharge of the offices that went to make up that duty. As beffited a man, cast in his heroic mold, he died at his post. The warning which failing strength brought with it, and the earnest prayers of his friends that he should spare himself were all unheeded. He went on to the last, dragging himself to his work, with a courage that was splendid, and that spoke much of the

iron will of which he was possessed. And when his strength forsook him utterly, and his great soul passed to its reward, there was a life ended that was fine in its beautiful blending of tenderness and strength, of simplicity and grandeur.

How thorough he was in the discharge of the sacred duties that came with his office, has almost become a proverb. With him there were indeed no such things as trifles. Everything that was worth doing was worth doing well. To see him administer a sacrament was as deeply impressive as an earnest and eloquent exposition of its divine institution, of its efficacy in the life of grace. To hear him pray was to learn what prayer meant and to have the manner and mode of its proper utterance forever stamped upon one's recollection.

A glorious tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Watterson of Columbus, was the sermon delivered in the Columbus Cathedral by the Reverend John T. Murphy, President of the Holy Ghost College of Pittsburgh, on the occasion of the month's mind of the death of the Bishop. Strong, clear, earnest and built up of material such as only a ripe scholar could find and choose, it wore the stamp of the master hand, and was precisely of such kind as ever gladdened the heart of him whose virtues it was made to celebrate.

For upwards of an hour Dr. Murphy discoursed upon the high qualities which a true bishop should own and in a manner that carried conviction with it, he showed what all were eager to admit that Bishop Watterson's character was but the sum-total of these qualities.

A memorial calendar made up of a number of excellent contributions of poetry and prose that were occasioned by the lamented death of Bishop Watterson, was specially issued by the Reverend F. A. Gaffney, O. P., the rector of St. Patrick's church of Columbus, Ohio. It presents on its cover, a fine reproduction of one of the latest photographs of the Bishop, taken in his episcopal robes, while on one of the inner pages will be found a picture of the remains as they lay in state in the Cathedral.

The leading number of this calendar is the sermon delivered at St. Thomas' church, Zanesville, Ohio, on the Sunday following the Bishop's death, by the Reverend L. F. Kearney, O. P. the Provincial of the Dominicans.

It is a just estimate of the great character of the Bishop, with all the warmth and glow that a deep and

strong affection begotten of high esteem can throw about it. It is the utterance of one who knew the Bishop well, since for many years they were bound by a close friendship—a friendship that sprang from the fact that in gifts of mind, in the ideals for which they strove, and in the courage of their convictions, there was much in common between them.

The Dominican Sisters of the congregation of S. Catherine di Ricci have just taken possession of a splendid property in Saratoga, close to Congress park and in the principal springs. These sisters are of American foundation, with their Mother House at Albany, N. Y., and are devoted to the work of Spiritual Retreats in the widest sense. Their Albany convent is an active centre of circles, classes and bands. In the heart of Saratoga they will carry on their work of adoration and reparation and their unceasing prayer for "drunkards, blasphemers and all souls exposed to sin," while receiving, like the earliest Dominican nuns—those of Prouville—ladies and young girls who wish to follow the exercises of a spiritual retreat or to spend a few peaceful days or weeks in a Catholic atmosphere.

This specious and commodious new building will meet a need greatly felt in this country by Catholic ladies of quiet tastes who desire a refined home amidst spiritual advantages. A limited number of such will be received as residents.

It is a curious fact that this highly contemplative community is the only one which has ever succeeded in establishing itself in the famous watering place.

Brother Dominic Mullahy, our solicitor, will call upon our subscribers in Newark, N. J., during the month of June.

For those interested in Reading Circles we publish the following circular: Catholic Reading Circle and Study Club Bureau.

Youngstown, O., May 20, 1899.

Executive officers of reading circles, study clubs, literary societies, libraries, and university extension centres, are requested to report under the following heads a detailed account of their organization, system, and general results, so that some definite knowledge may be had of the scope, aim, strength, character and importance of the Catholic educational movement outside of schools and colleges, etc.

Such a report, we are satisfied will reflect most favorably on the zeal,

earnestness and intelligence of our Catholic people in their efforts to attain a higher status of intellectual culture. The report will also be a great satisfaction to those now engaged in the work and an inspiration and a guide for many to affiliate with the movement.

We respectfully urge that the report be forwarded to the Catholic Reading Circle Bureau, Youngstown, Ohio, and that uniform sheets of foolscap paper be used, and written on one side of the sheet only.

As great labor will be required in tabulating the reports and preparing them for publication, it is earnestly requested that every reading circle, study club, or other definite Catholic literary society co-operate with us, by responding in the manner and within the time indicated.

As time and means will make it impossible for us to make repeated requests for this information, we trust that this first will be sufficient.

City.

Name of club or circle.

Year organized.

Time of beginning season's work.

Time of closing season's work.

Meetings; number, frequency.

Total number of papers.

Total number of readings.

Subjects of study, with number of meetings devoted to each.

Books used.

Members—Men, women.

Average attendance—Men, women.

Number of volumes in library; reference, circulating.

Fees.

Officers (with addresses), president, secretary, director.

Lectures—Number, subjects, lecturers.

If circle or club is not in existence, when was it discontinued?

Remarks.

Note—Where exact information can not be given, make an approximate statement, and place a question mark (?) after it.

Past officers and members of disbanded circles are requested to give information under as many heads as possible, and state the year in which the circles disbanded.

WARREN E. MOSHER,
Secretary.

Professor Jerome Green, of Notre Dame University, has recently made some successful experiments in the way of wireless telegraphy, according to the Marconi system. These experiments were made at Notre Dame, Indiana, and at Chicago.

The Chicago experiment in spite of disturbances occasioned by the veritable mesh of wires, the number of steel buildings, etc., was quite satisfactory.

Of course, the thing is still in its incipency but the possibilities it holds out for the future are very great.

Professor Green is a young Catholic, a native of Perry county, Ohio, where his ancestors were the pioneers of

Catholicism. He is a young man of excellent parts and with his enthusiastic love for his profession, the great power for work and the industry of which he is possessed, we may expect much from him in the future.

MAGAZINES.

Harper's for May opens with a continuation of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge's article on "The Spanish-American War." "Civil Service and Colonization," by Francis Newton Thorpe, is a plea for Imperialism, so called, and the extension of the civil service to our conquests beyond the seas. The writer does not enthuse over the practical operation of civil service here in America and admits that the system is more or less "academic"; but extended to our colonies (shades of Washington!) it would prove a first rate thing. To be sure many of our public officials are notoriously dishonest, and political corruption flourishes in high places and low and under the very eyes of highly organized "bureaus"; but in the Philippines all would be changed! There might be some difficulty in applying civil service in Manilla; but the "Anglo-Saxon" is all powerful, if not altruistic, and the finger of Destiny points to the rising sun. In a well written article Julian Ralph describes "Keeping House in London," and gives some interesting chapters from his own domestic experiences in the English metropolis.

Kentucky has never occupied a backward place in the production of great men. And now comes Matthew Harris Jouett, "Kentucky's Master-Painter." Charles Henry Hart gives an interesting sketch of this remarkable man whose genius rose superior to his environments and gave him an honorable place among the artists of the country. But he seems to have been to fame unknown until the Columbian Exposition.—and to fortune always, like most of his profession. The writer well says that the conditions existing in the Blue Grass region in the 20's were not favorable to artistic development. The observation might be extended to the entire country and include our own day. But things are rapidly changing for the better. Much has already been achieved and the future is rich in promise. If any class of men in the late war merited the gratitude and admiration of their countrymen it was the American newspaper correspondents. They ex-

hibited a spirit of enterprise in keeping with the great interests they served, and kept the people informed of the true state of affairs at the front, often with great personal risk and no little hardship. They proved that they could play the hero's part in battle as well as thrill the world with a description of it. Richard Harding Davis gives, in his own inimitable way, a brief sketch of the leading "War Correspondents in Cuba and Puerto Rico." At a time when visions of standing armies and foreign conquest loom up, mirage-like, before us, it is well to revert to the modest beginnings of our military life and contrast the spirit which animated the Revolutionary soldier who flew to arms in defence of his country's rights, with the blustering, commercial spirit with which the noisy politicians and their satellites would inspire our countrymen to-day. We have paid dearly for our liberties; and the memory of the heroic struggles of our forefathers will be a never failing source of loftiest inspiration to all true Americans. What stuff the army was made of and the difficulties that beset the patriots in the dark days of the Revolution are well brought out by Horace Kephart in a readable article on "The Birth of the American Army."

The May number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains several papers of uncommon interest and importance. Prominent among them is the opening article "Santiago since the Surrender," contributed by Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, the military governor of Santiago. It reveals in language remarkable for its directness, modesty and candor the great and extensive reforms accomplished in Santiago by the United States military authorities since its surrender last July. The condition of Santiago when our troops took possession of it and assumed the direction of its affairs was most appalling. Everything was topsy-turvy and contaminated. The streets were literally covered with heaps of decomposed or decomposing filth and refuse; abandoned houses exhaled a pestilential odor; the only water ob-

tainable was thoroughly polluted and unfit to drink; and out of a total population of 50,000, no less than 15,000 were victims in some form or other of that deadly tropical malarial fever, commonly known as "yellow fever." The rest of the people were on the verge of starvation. With that energy, vigor and efficiency, which has characterized our soldiers all through the war, they, under the able supervision of Gen. Wood, in a marvelously short period succeeded in drawing order out of the universal chaos, in re-establishing internal traffic, and in facilitating the renewal of commercial relations with the outside world. The necessities of the indigent were relieved, the water-work system improved, a police force instituted to maintain order throughout the province. The streets were scrubbed, and in many cases entirely repaved. The city from one end to the other was fumigated and relieved of everything injurious to health. All of which, considering the materials which were available, is an accomplishment unparalleled in the history of military government. The article is the first account of the work at Santiago, emanating from an authoritative and reliable source, which has been published, and is accompanied by profuse illustrations, contrasting the old Santiago with the new. Another noteworthy contribution is the graphic paper on "The Installation of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India." Accustomed, as we are, to frequent presentations of the dark side of British rule in India, this portrayal of one of the phases of its bright side is truly refreshing. It gives a pleasant insight into the personalities of the new Viceroy and Vicereine, who it is interesting to note was an American girl. The writer of the article is Mr. G. W. Steevens, extensively known as the author of "With Kitchener to Khartum." Senator Hoar continues his "Some Political Reminiscences." The present installment is taken up with a narrative of several hitherto unrelated incidents in the career of Charles Sumner. Senator Hoar combats the prevailing impression that Mr. Sumner was not a practical politician. He also throws considerable light on the history, legal and constitutional, of the trying presidential period of 1876, when the controversy as to whether Hayes or Tilden was the constitutionally-chosen president, raged, and when the Union seemed likely to be rent in twain once more by a disas-

trous civil war. Col. Roosevelt in his "The Rough Riders" describes the troops as they were after the battle of San Juan. He also takes occasion to introduce to us the many diverse specimens of Americans which composed his Rough Riders. "Between Showers in Dort" is a charming description of life in the quaint Netherland town of Dordrecht as seen by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith.

The *Review of Reviews* for May has a very good presentation of "The Scandinavian Contention" by Julius Moritzen, with portraits of those particularly interested in this great controversy. "Our Delegation to the Hague" gives a short sketch with portrait of each of the members chosen by the United States to represent this country in the Czar's peace conference. "American City Government" is well treated editorially. It is rather difficult, however, to obtain an adequate idea of the governing of a city since we have either to obtain our information from the "powers that be," who consider the municipality in perfect order, or we get the opinions of the "powers that would like to be," whose pessimism, begotten of disappointment, predisposes them to see fault in everything pertaining to their respective district.

"Curse in Education" is the title of an able article by Rebecca Harding Davis in the May *North American*. This paper merits wide reading and consideration. It shows the terrible defects our school system contains, and how false are the ideals and principles a godless education instills. It is a significant sign of the times that so many prominent outsiders should advocate the introduction of religious training. But it is almost too late to awaken the now well-nigh irreligious American people to their duty. Other notable contributions are contained in this month's number, all of which make instructive reading.

The May *Century* contains a poetically graphic description of a solar eclipse in India by R. D. McKenzie, entitled "The Solar Eclipse at Benares." The seventh contribution of Benjamin Ide Wheeler from his life of Alexander the Great is devoted to "Alexander in Egypt." The war papers fittingly terminate in this issue with "The Story of the Captains." This consists of personal narratives of the captains of the

several vessels engaged in the awful conflict near Santiago Harbor on July 3, 1898. Some very good cuts and portraits accompany this article. Marion Crawford still continues to hold the interest of his readers with the serial "Via Crucis." Editorially, this magazine presents a strong protest against political "bossism" and philosophizes on the necessity of higher moral tone for American citizenship. It is unfortunately but indisputably true, that, in face of the undaunted bravery of our soldiery and the genuine patriotism of our people, there is an extensive quantity of putrefaction in our politics, so much so indeed that politician and

conscienceless schemer have become synonyms. Representative of the people is in most cases a sad misnomer, as the individuals endowed with this title represent, as a rule, interests decidedly opposed to those of the communities whom they have been chosen to serve. Some boss or corporation must be cared for even at the expense of the people. There never will be a remedy for this deplorable state of affairs until each American feels it incumbent upon him to act for the general good and vote conscientiously. The man who can buy his election or he who promises largest to his constituents is not always, if ever, the friend of his country.

BOOKS.

From Benziger Bros. we have received (1) **BUSINESS GUIDE FOR PRIESTS**, by the Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. This is an excellent book to put in the hands of young priests. In its hundred pages they will find practical instructions on book-keeping, such as the business affairs of a parish demand; methods of keeping baptismal, marriage and parish census records; formulae which may be used in asking for marriage dispensations, together with a summary of the reasons for which such dispensations are granted; models of business papers and letters, and hints on church building. Truly does Dr. Stang say that "the secret of financial success in a parish is not exactly the 'business capacity' of its pastor. What makes the American rector a successful financier? A burning zeal for the souls of his people; a tireless energy in preaching the Word of God 'in season and out of season'; a tender devotion to the throne of the Eucharistic King; a boundless patience in the confessional; a sincere love for and unbroken attention to the poor and sick; a radiant affection and a cloudless humor for the little children: these are the qualities of a successful manager of church property." Long years of preparation in the seminary should fit him with these qualities; the business knowledge that is necessary may be obtained by a careful study of Dr. Stang's book.

(2) **THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE**. The author is the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, an Irish priest, and the publishers are Burns and Oates, London, England. Father Sheehan's new novel is a sequel to an earlier work, "Geoffrey Austin, Student," which proved convincingly

enough that he had the faculty for telling a story in an interesting fashion. The present work from the same master hand has a semi-philosophical aspect inasmuch as the author reviews ably the tenets of Greek and German philosophy from Plato and Aristotle down to Kant and Schopenhauer. It abounds in discussions upon humanity, philosophy, theology and literature which are illuminated by a grace of style and strength of diction and often enlivened by sparkling humor. It is not a love story. But it is a strong story, a story for intelligent minds, a book which is a distinct contribution to literature. If there is a purpose in the story it is to prove that culture, taken here to mean education devoid of its religious features, can never satisfy the aspirations of the human heart, that only belief in Christ, submission to His yoke and co-operation with His grace can fully inform, satisfy and properly direct the "reaching out" power of our human nature. Father Sheehan tells how a young man had this conviction forced upon him after passing through many vicissitudes and testing all that un-Christian philosophy offered to appease this heart-hunger. There are many beautiful passages in this remarkably strong story and on every page there is evidence of the author's exceptional erudition and versatility. We congratulate him upon this new proof of his ability and hope this work will be readily read. It is a good book and should have a large sale.

(3) **THE BLESSED VIRGIN**, by Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller. A collection of edifying and pious stories illustrating the various and wonderful ways in which

the mother of God cares for and protects her clients. These stories are orderly arranged according to the many forms of devotion by which Mary's aid is sought and form a collective proof of the truth of those famous words of St. Bernard, that "never was it known that any one who had recourse to the Blessed Virgin was left unaided." The volume entitled "The Sacred Heart" by the same author, notice of which was published in last month's ROSARY, appears this month as a companion volume to THE BLESSED VIRGIN, being made uniform with it in all particulars.

(4) PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. Little need be said of this work, it being a new edition of a popular work compiled chiefly from "Butler's Lives of the Saints," to which have been added the lives of the Saints of the "New World" recently placed on the calender, together with those whose names have been enrolled in the catalogue of Saints by His Holiness Leo XIII. A pious reflection has also been appended to the life of each saint. The volume is such that we would ask for it a place in every Catholic home library.

(5) THE COLLEGE BOY, by Anthony Yorke, the gifted author of Passing Shadows and other well known stories. It is a readable story of college life that cannot fail to instruct and entertain the youthful readers for whom it is principally intended. The chapters treating of a football match and a baseball game are worthy of mention and will doubtless appeal strongly to our boy readers. The book is substantially bound and deserves a hearty welcome from our young folk.

(6) A little volume entitled CATHOLIC TEACHING FOR CHILDREN, written by Winifride Wray. This book is intended as a supplement to the small catechism, and as such is commendable, for it contains much Catholic doctrine and Sacred History written in a style that can be easily understood by the young reader. It is neatly bound in cloth.

(7) THE CHILD OF GOD, or WHAT COMES OF OUR BAPTISM, by Mother Mary Loyola, the author of "First Communion." The work was written for the young, for whom it is well suited. The duties of the child are clearly pointed out and the principal aim of the author is to awaken in children a real interest in behalf of their

souls. The language is well adapted to their youthful minds. In every chapter stories are told with such simplicity as must elicit the attention of the reader. Frequent references are made to the Bible. Historic facts therefrom are so related as to captivate the child, and this must give him a liking for the study of Bible History. Notwithstanding all the moral the work teaches, no child will find the reading of it uninteresting. We bespeak for THE CHILD OF GOD our best words of praise.

We have received from B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., (1) THE "OUR FATHER," by Rev. F. X. Wetzel. Persons who seek a good, instructive exposition of the "Lord's Prayer" may read with much relish and great benefit the nine short chapters on the nine invocations of the "Our Father" which go to make up this useful little book. The above is a translation from the German.

(2) THE YOUNG MAN'S WAY TO HAPPINESS, from the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. A moral lesson of the very highest order to our young men. We very earnestly recommend every young man to read and study it and practice what it teaches; for it contains lessons which the young men of this country more than of any other may learn with profit. The author has proven himself a master in this line of writing. His appeals to all that is honorable and upright in youth can only fail to find ready ears and willing hearts where the tide of perversion is too obstinately on the flood. Frugality, economy and contentment are lessons which our youths need most of the civic virtues. They are indeed the keys to happiness in nations as well as individuals and if only applied would solve some of the most intricate of our social problems. Such are the themes discussed in the work before us, and they are, we believe, important enough to claim the interest of the most indifferent reader.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Jacques Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, translated by F. M. Capes; with an introduction by the Rev. William T. Gordon, of the Oratory. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London. The translator of this work has performed a most important and valuable service in placing in the hands of English Catholics this mag-

nificent collection of sermons on the Mother of God by the great and gifted Bossuet. There is no dearth of works on devotion to Our Lady — such as they are; but of books such as Bossuet's the world has too few. Logical, eloquent, scholarly and devout, the famous Frenchman presents the Church's doctrine in regard to Mary in a manner that carries conviction to skeptical minds and deepens true devotion in the clients of God's Mother and ours. Mary's relation to the Incarnation formed an integral part of the Divine plan of Redemption. Devotion to Christ's Mother is no mere sentiment or addition to Christian piety, but rests on a foundation deep as the mystery of God Himself, love of Jesus.

From the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, we have received a charming little book of verses entitled *THE PROMISE OF MORNING*, by Henry Coyle. Mr. Coyle, at least in this book, is a subjective rather than objective poet, intent, as he is, upon soul-analysis rather than the dealing with the facts of the outlying world: "His mental eye is inward turned." He sings, sometimes joyfully, sometimes sadly, but always sweetly of his joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, aspirations and disappointments. To him one could not apply what he says in his "Philosopher": "With all his knowledge, lore and art, He could not fathom his own heart." In a word, he is essentially lyrical. The author conveys the impression of a calm and serene poet, sure of his theme and its expression — both of which are felicitously wedded. His verse trips along with the grace, freedom and melody of the brook, as it flows along making merry, gurgling, liquid music, and reflecting through its limpid depths the rocky substratum of solid thought. His coloring is brilliant and vivid, — not tawdry; his imagery is both true and plentiful, though not profuse. The Muse is proverbially a coy, wilful maiden breathing but when and where she listeth, and no amount of wooing avails to change her sweet will. It is advisable for the poet, in such an emergency, to lay aside the pen. A few of Mr. Coyle's poems, we presume, must have been penned at such a moment, as they bear evident marks of having been written *invita Minerva*, for they border very closely upon the prosaic put into poetical garb. The message conveyed by the author is a healthy, manly opti-

mism. He does not ascribe events, as do so many of our latter day poets, to a "Fate Inexorable," whose iron hand crushes men, but rather he sings of a God, fatherly, good, kind and merciful, who tries His children through trials and suffering, as "gold is tried by fire." In conclusion we would add, that, in artistic conception, thought-condensation, and suggestiveness, the most noteworthy of Mr. Coyle's poems is that which we subjoin entitled: "Ships That Pass in the Night." It is like a charcoal sketch by an artist of genius: — a deft line here and there and that is all; no details, no elaborate description, — that is left to the imagination to supply; — and what an astounding picture is the result! This would come home more forcibly to one familiar with the ocean. Note too how he applies it to life, and with what truth!

"Ships that pass in the night!
No word,
No sound from either can be heard;
They speak each other with a light
As signal—then pass out of sight."

"Ships that pass in the night!
A sigh,
A smile, a glance from the stranger's eye;
A signal mute from heart to heart,
And then we drift for aye apart!"

BETTERING OURSELVES. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co. Out of the treasure house of her wisdom and ripe experience Miss Conway brings forth this little volume which she addresses to young women, — but older ones can hear its message with profit. Those who are familiar with the other books of this series will appreciate the rich suggestion of such chapters as: "Making the Best of It"; "The Invaluable Ready Penny"; "Statutes of Limitation." Many a young woman in the army of bread winners will be cheered and encouraged by the perusal of this excellent book, and the happiness of all women promoted by keeping before them the lofty ideals proposed by its gifted author.

From the Philippine's Company, New York, we have received *MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*. This is a pamphlet filled with facts of all kinds about the topography, resources, peoples, etc., of the archipelago. Strangely enough but two instances of bigotry and ignorance appear; one, a side-sling at the Mexican ecclesiastics; and the other, a quotation from the U. S. War Department Report, which informs us that the religion of the people is antiquated, and a modern one would be much better!

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